

Youth Group, Piece Of Wood

All I am is a piece of wood
Cut from something living
Touch me I don't feel too good
I'm cold but I'm not shivering

You say I do not know, to say

All I am is the tail of a worm
Cut from something squirming
Pinned to the earth I twist and turn
For soil and roots I'm yearning

All I am is a fingertip
Some angel's placed in cotton
And the syphalactic doctor says he'll make it fit
But all his learning he's forgotten