

Wood

Kamchatka

Sprung from earth just like a tree
A man with no identity
Flesh and bone like you and me
Exept for two extremities
From elbow down in hickory
It's like genetic castaway debris
Was thrown together hastily
To form this mindless entity
The man with the wooden hands
The man with the wooden hands
The man with the wooden hands
The man with the wooden hands
Through watching too much MTV
He found who he wanted to be
Thinking songs in C-D-E
Seems to be the recip
With these new clothes and accessories
It must be himself he aims to please
As it sure won't work on you or me
A sorry sight half man half tree
The man with the wooden hands
The man with the wooden hands
The man with the wooden hands
Do the wooden hand now
It goes something like this...
The man with the wooden hands
The man with the wooden hands
The man with the wooden hands
The man with the wooden hands

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