

The Woodpile (Live From Criminal Records)

Frightened Rabbit

Far from the electric floor
Removed from the red meat market
I look for a fire door
An escape from the drums and barking
Bereft of all social charms
I'm struck dumb by the hand of fear
I've fallen into the corner's arms
Same way that I've done for years I'm trapped in a collapsing building
Come find me now, we'll hideout
We'll speak in our secret tongues
Will you come back to my corner?
Spent too long alone tonight
Would you come and brighten my corner?
A lit torch to the woodpile high
Dead wood waits to ignite
There's no spark on a dampened floor
A snapped limb in an unlit fire
Won't you come and break down this door? I'm trapped in an abandoned building
Come find me now, we'll
hideout
We'll speak in our secret tongues
Will you come back to my corner?
Spent too long alone tonight
Would you come and brighten my corner?
A lit torch to the woodpile high
Will you come back to my corner?
Spent too long alone tonight
Would you come and brighten my corner?
A lit torch to the woodpile high
Will you come back to my corner?
Spent too long alone tonight
Would you come and brighten my corner?
A lit torch to the woodpile
Come find me now, we'll hideout
We'll speak in our secret tongues

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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