The Way I Was Made

Griffin House

I was born, and I was made
By the hands of marmalade
I've got legends in my blood
I've got Indians in my veinsAnd in the year of '44
Grandpaw went away to war
He went to Hitler's house and kicked in the door
There began the way I was madeAnd in the year of '47
That Rewey girl came down from Heaven
In '48 a bride and groom
In love on thier honeymoonAnd they weren't doin' nothin' wrong
But it's how my mother came along
And here I am with words and song
Singin' 'bout the way I was madeWhoa, it feels so good
To have your blood in my veins
Whoa, it feels so good
To have your blood in my veinsMy dad, he was a country kid
He loved to smoke and hunt and fish
Mom, she was a city babe
A pretty little girl who never ateThey met at school with broken hearts
And healed each-other from the start
Man and woman play your part
Now we're closer to the way, I was madeWhoa, it feels so good
To have your blood in my veins
Whoa, it feels so good
To have your blood in my veins, yeahLegend says our family tree
Grows black and white and Indian leaves
And if the history books are right
None of us are really white
In fact, I think that means
That everybody's blood is just the sameWhoa, it feels so good
To have your blood in my veins
Whoa, it feels so good
To have your blood in my veins

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