

# Martin

## Attic Lights

He was born in the woods  
Torn from his home.  
Well, he was naked,  
And destined  
To be out on his own.  
And he waited in darkness,  
Hoping someone might see,  
From something so rough,  
What a treasure he'd be.  
Stronger than steel and wood.  
Seen me through the bad and good.  
And when I'm hanging by a string,  
Every little thing  
Is understood  
Between Martin and me.  
Well he's hollow in the middle  
From the shape that he's in.  
He's either filled up with music  
Or locked in his shell again.  
And it takes some fine tuning  
To make him come around,  
But he's a huge piece of me  
And I'll never put him down.

Stronger than steel and wood.  
Seen me through the bad and good.  
And when I'm hanging by a string,  
Every little thing  
Is understood  
Between Martin and me.  
He is a good friend,  
And he has his own voice.  
And you get what you give;  
Sometimes it's just noise.  
But if you treat him well  
He will last your life long.  
And if you're honest and open  
Well, he will write you a song.  
(Write you a song, write you a song)

Stronger than steel and wood.  
Seen me through the bad and good.  
And when I'm hanging by a string,  
    Every little thing  
        Is understood  
And when I'm hanging by a string,  
    Every little thing  
        Is understood  
    Between Martin and me.

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