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
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Between Martin and me.

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