

JM

Strand of Oaks

I was an Indiana kid, gettin no one in my bed
I had your sweet tunes to play
I was staring at the map, feeling fire in my head
I had your sweet tunes to play
I was mean to my dad, cause I was mean to myself
I had your sweet tunes to play
Stealing smokes in my car, with the windows way down
I had your sweet tunes to play
I was sittin in the bath, cleaning off the ash
But I had your sweet tunes to play
And I hated all my friends, I wouldn't let them in
I had your sweet tunes to play
On a long desert train, and a knife in my bag
I had your sweet tunes to play
Under the Market Street Bridge, burning one in my hand
I had your sweet tunes to play
Your sweet tunes to play
Now it's hard to hear you sing, the crow has lost its wings
I got your sweet tunes to play
I'm getting older every day, still making the same mistakes
I got your sweet tunes to play
Either get out or stay in, I won't let these dark times win
We got your sweet tuens to play
Your sweet tunes to play
Yeah

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

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