

# The Woods

## Daughter

I asked Saint Christopher  
To find your sister  
And she ran out in the woods  
And she ran out in the woods Oh, it was autumn, and  
We were trying to stop the winter  
Killing all it could  
Killing all it could And I pray aloud for you  
And I look out for you We are what we are  
Don't need no excuses  
For the scars  
From our mothers And we know what we know  
'Cause we're made of all the little bones  
Of our fathers And I pray aloud for you  
And I look out for you And I pray aloud for you  
And I look out for you I asked Saint Christopher  
To find your sister  
She ran out in the woods  
'Cause she ran out in the woods.

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