

# Winter On The Weekend

Julia Stone

He's a dog  
But he's dressed up like a sheep  
Got bones all through the backyard  
But he likes to drink tea

We play scrabble on the weekend  
And he talks about the weather most of the time  
I thought my sacred body with him  
It would be fine

And I walked into the doorway  
He slid across the room  
My heart, it started racing  
I just didn't know what to do

And he laid me on the floor  
And my screams they go unheard  
The lady living next door  
Well, she's 6 feet under the dirt

Daddy, why don't you protect me?  
Someone's gonna hurt me, there's nothing I can do  
Daddy, why don't you protect me?  
Someone's gonna hurt me, there's nothing I can do

He's a dog  
But he's dressed up like a sheep  
He's got bones all through the backyard  
But he likes to fool me

And I travel through the doorway  
I thought I'd be fine  
But it's not the way it's gonna go  
This time

Daddy, why don't you protect me?  
Someone's gonna hurt me, there's nothing I can do  
Daddy, why don't you protect me?  
Somebody is going to hurt me, there's nothing I can do

And all this time I needed you  
And all this time I wanted you  
You can't hear me now, can't hear me now  
Like you do

Daddy, why don't you protect me?  
Someone's gonna hurt me, there's nothing I can do  
Daddy, why don't you protect me?  
Somebody is going to hurt me, there's nothing I, I can do