

## How I Was Made

Kenickie

When I was made  
The good Lord rubbed my face  
To give it shape  
He formed a callous  
Thats how my face was made

Oh sweet  
Change me  
Teach me to think like they do  
Teach me to think  
Like you

When I was made  
The good Lord filled my veins  
Up with silt  
From the river  
That's how my blood runs cold

You're sweet  
Change me  
Teach me to think like they do  
Teach me to think  
Like You

When I was made  
The good Lord streched  
My skin across a frame  
Like canvas  
That's how my sense is numb

He says I'm sweet  
Change me  
Change my colour  
Leave me grey  
There are too many moths around  
When I shine