

**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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>