

The Arborist

Big Wreck

This walk through life is harder than it used to be
Scorching weeds to keep them from growing
The acid soil, pulling up roots, relocate
To a garden bed that's fertile and free

But watch what you're stepping on
And who veils the light
Well there's always a weasel or two and the
Snake's out at night, but I'll

Turn towards the sun
Feel so at ease, and I beg your pardon
Roam, but never run
Ditch old routines or the heart will harden

Once they stood battered and bruised with hell below
With witches broom it's time to fell
The autumn wind blows with a sign of what's to come
Rake those leaves and draw the blinds

You've always been what you're becoming and I
Can't bear to watch, so I'll

Turn towards the sun
Feel so at ease, and I beg your pardon
Roam, but never run
Ditch old routines or the heart will harden

Babe, if we were strolling
Through the memories
You can't pollinate the good ones
Or somehow pull the bad
We set them up, and watch them fall away, fall away!

So I turn towards the sun
Feel so at ease, and I beg your pardon
Roam, but never run
Ditch old routines or the heart will harden

Hey, without ever knowing you
We were hand in hand
Sewing seeds of future
So many plans were made
We set them up, now watch them fall away

Babe, if we were strolling
Through the memories
You can't pollinate the good ones
Or somehow pull the bad
We set them up, and watch them fall away, fall away!