

## Tree House

Buffalo Tom

Seasons change and I have found you  
Looks like you've been here a long time  
Looks like you're here to stay  
And I reason that that's O.K.  
When though, when will you be leaving  
Way up in the trees  
Afloat on the seas  
I can't afford your voice  
But I have no choice

Your hurt drizzles forth twice nightly  
And I once held on to you so tightly  
You were made of wood  
And cried 'cause no one understood  
But I had splinters in my fingers  
Tears well in my eyes  
No surprise  
Washed swiftly from the sands  
Into my hands  
Into my hands

Tree house, your mind is like a tree house  
I climb up the shaky ladder  
Your bird flies with you  
With claws of orange hue  
And I watch you flying over my head  
You could not care less  
So you got more  
Like driftwood from the shore  
You were rotten to the core  
Rotten to the core

Yeah seasons change  
Seasons change  
Seasons change...