

Rookery

Ben Howard

Birch tree lost its branch one day in violent winter
I said it was grieving you said "it don't feel nothing"

I bet you think everything's in its rightful place
That sentiment is man's disgrace

Well the rooks in the trees they don't half bother me
Clawing at my mind with every given opportunity

It's spring outside, a perilous sky
And that terrible clattering sound

Go ahead you should go shoot them down
That's what you said, "you should go shoot them down"

So hey, that's me
Shooting at a hundred year old rookery
Oh, look at me
"The definition of futility"
That's what they'll say anyway
Won't they babe

So I'll go back to working through the gentle hours of the evening
Where the weather and the wine and the company treat me easily

Unknowing am I of the wind that took my eye
Unknowing am I of the wind
Unknowing am I of the wind that took my eye
Unknowing am I of the wind