

Birch

Big Red Machine

The way I woke up
Was old
Was all fucking choke

And it ain't easier
After a week
Or that I won't hide there
Standing

If you cannot tell
I'll tell you right away
If I'll stay a spell
Or if I cannot stay
I am less at ease
Not the best at these
See the forest trees
Call what's these what's these

What's these
What's these

Hey Madeline
Thanks
For to case out the fog
For Jennifer
Seems she needed you badly

So I beg on knees
Can we share ID's?
Will you always need?
We have common needs
We can sure deplete
We can be replete
Address table needs
It is swift, your speed

The way I wake up now
Is a brand new way
And no it ain't that way, it was before

So I cannot leave
Yes, I must here stay
'Cause I know what's good
And I'll die that way
No, I cannot seem
To get a moments peace
If there's a man like me
His birch ain't my tree

The way I wake up now
Is a brand new way
It ain't the way it was before