

# 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