

## False, False

Cara Dillon

False, false have you been to me my love  
How often have you changed your mind?  
But since you've gone and left me, for another fair one  
I'm afraid you are no more mine

But I would climb a tree that is too high for me  
Asking fruit where there weren't any growing  
I was lifting warm water from beneath the cold clay  
And against the stream I was rowing

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But I would climb a tree that is too high for me  
And I'll herry a wild snowflake's nest  
And down I will fall without any fear  
To the arms that love me the best

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