

Boot Height

Fences

I was a laborer
With pine trees
Bringing them down
So they were boot height next to me
Sometimes evil things
Define me
And I stand shivering
Cause all trees lose their leaves

In a past life, you know
I fell in love with you, girl
But I still feel its burn

I was a buried thing
She finds me
And brings me home to meet
Her well adjusted family
Sometimes pretty things
Remind me
And I stand shivering
Cause all trees lose their leaves

In a past life, you know
I fell in love with you, girl
But I still feel its burn

Would you grow old with me
Grow grey slowly
Tell our children how
Their dad was found maundering
And if I died suddenly
Raised up floating
Would you stand shivering
Cause all trees lose their leaves

In a past life, you know
I fell in love with you, girl
But I still feel its burn
In my next life you know
I'll find you, girl
Then we'll follow the burn