

Birch Trees

Handsome Ghost

Winter waste the great white north
To the place we both were born
Calendars since we've been back

Follow coast, the frozen shore
Pass on by the empty stores
To the place where we met last

In our twisted journeys you had me worried
I'm sure you already know
To that hidden driveway the same like always
The front lawn, long overgrown

I don't know why
You still make me try so hard
What if now
We give it one more chance and start
Again

Remember early innocence
You and I in those twin beds
Soft footsteps to sneak outside

Then your mother shouting out
I could swear I hear her now
But she's been gone since last July

In these dusty corners the papers torn up
The dead birch trees coming down
And it all feels empty but you still know me
And we can figure it out

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You still make me try so hard
What if now
We give it one more chance and start
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