

Boy In A Tree

Nits

When she drops in town a little handkerchief
He picks it up for her
Although he's not a prince of charm
Now she stands upon his shoulders
And looks across the garden
And sees the oak behind the farm

I'm up here in the waving tree
I feel my mother looks at me
She is living near to the bone

There were times when she was so beautiful
She's dancing with my uncles
Her hair was darker than this house
Although it's true that she was proud of him
Standing on his shoulders
She saw the lights of other towns

On Friday night she took the train
On Sunday she is back again
Bringing home stories near the bone

Boy in a tree
Boy in a tree
Boy in a tree
He's been looking round and round (and round and round)

The mirror shows another day
She's 40 years or older
Her hair will fade from black to grey
She drives and drives through the night
A parrot on her shoulder
Until the darkness goes away

She's standing near the waving tree
Looking up she talks to me
All I hear is the wind in the leaves

Boy in a tree
Boy in a tree
Boy in a tree
He's been looking round and round (round and round)
Boy in a tree
Boy in a tree
He's been looking round and round (and round and round)
Boy in a tree

In a time when she was beautiful
She's dancing on his shoulder...

Boy in a tree...