

Man in the Tree

Pearls Before Swine

The man in the tree is staring at me
All of the blood dripping down
He says: where are you bound?
Said: I'm going to town to pawn my crown
And never come back here again

My lady in waiting is weaving a robe
Of silk and moonlight and now
And she never asks how
So pleasant a task she never asks
And she only listens to friends

The man at the store he looks at my crown
Listens to my sad tale
He says it never fails
If the crown is for sale, I'll give you some nails
But you can only use them on friends

The man in the tree was staring at me
As I passed by again on that day
He said I'd got in his way
Said: nails aren't the way to be free to stay
So I traded them all for the end
Went back to my lady in waiting and all of her friends