

Tree

Pond

Mama, mama I have fell
Slipped into the wishing well
Paid my price
I'm now in hell
Bent your rope it seems that I've fallen(?)
Look at the stars that cover day
All the light has turned to grey
I'd better stop or lose my way
Tuck me in and read a story

Seem to want that's every vine(?)
After what we leave behind
It's a life of the daily grind
Forget what all of our hopes and dreams are

Papa, papa please help me
I have swam to far to sea
The water is deep the waves are high
Hold out your arms
I think that I'm drowning

I have climbed the highest limb
Look at what's involved within
Then separated good from sin
Seems I'm on the last tree standing

Growing, sleeping you and I(?)
All the while I wonder why
When we go will someone cry
Remember us when
we're six feet under

Rest your hand on my aching head
Have this feeling the limb is dead
Is it something I am or something I said
Give me the black car calling the land lady(?)