

No Wood Just Trees

Reverend and the Makers

They used to put my lights out
On nights out but days spent in blazin'
Won't help me to navigate
Ways through their mazes
I tried God but he's not
The man I thought he was
He leaves us his Jesus
But we can't be like he was, no

So I phoned friends who pretend
To have ears that they lend
But they tend to offend
With texts they don't send
I read books and got stuck
Concluding that the crooks
Had taken the best stuff
And left all the rest fucked

Where at when I need to chat
Who'll be there when
I'm feeling that?
I'm all lost in the tit for tat
Is it all a trap?
Cos I can't go back

They used to put my lights out
On nights out but waking then baking
Won't help me to navigate
Ways in the mazes
So I left home and I roamed
To places round the globe
But you know where I go
My problem's the same though

Where at when I need to chat
Who'll be there when
I'm feeling that?
I'm all lost in the tit for tat
Is it all a trap?
Cos I can't go back

Which geeze do I need to please?
Should I get down on my bended knees?
Just so I might feel at ease
You gotta help me please
There's no wood just trees

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