

Maple Sap

River Whyless

Winter's wood is cut
Three cord I have stacked out back of my house
This woodshed contains
All that I have done
And all that I must burn

Well, is it enough to eat on through bitter winds?
Well, start the black stove now

Sap by tap from the trees
Spilling from my mouth
Filling up the bucket
What a mess, what a wealth lay at our feet

It's all that I have done
And I'm proud to call it mine

Well, is it enough to make something sweet
Start the black stove now

Start the black stove now
Boil down the sap
Let the stove burn hotter
Every year another flame
Am I getting closer
Closer to being alone?
Am I getting older?
Work like a river stone

Winter's wood is cut
And I don't know if it will last through the year
And this woodshed defines
What I am worth
And what am I worth?

Oh, come on, come on, come on
Start the black stove now