

## 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