Tops Of The Trees

The Brothers Comatose

I've got sixteen bounties on this forehead of mine
There's no chance in winning so I might as well try
That big red sun is about to go down
Well I guess it's hard time I got the fuck out of town
Need to find a place where I can rest and be kind
Got too much lager stuck behind my eyes
Need to find a place in the middle of beyond
Well I tell you little angel, you'll never know I'm gone

And as the tops of the trees turn from gold into green
And the river sighs softly to her
Well as the night's rolling in I roll a joint again
And the city cries softly to her

Everyday people are trying to find
Their perfect train to get them where they're going all the tim
e
Me that's the hardest thing I've ever known
So watch for me walking down that big open road
If I don't pay attention I'll be a slave to my mind
Don't need to wait for all my stars to align
The silver dollar moon is the same as mine
She wants to hear it speak, but I'll just let it shine

And as the tops of the trees turn from gold into green
And the river sighs softly to her
Well as the night's rolling in I roll a joint again
And the city cries softly to her

Well sometimes you gotta break from this world
Sometimes a pretty girl's just another pretty girl

And as the tops of the trees turn from gold into green
And the river sighs softly to her
Well as the night's rolling in I roll a joint again
And the city cries softly to her
And as the tops of the trees turn from gold into green
And the river sighs softly to her
Well as the night's rolling in I roll a joint again
And the city cries softly to her