

The Tree Outside

The Samples

Somewhere in the sky it's harvest time
Looking at the things I've left behind
Crow is singing in the reckled (sp?) light
In the back of his mind something's right
Whisper in my ear, tell me this
That the branch is getting thin
I can see the stop just up one more mile
It's coming 'round the bend

Leaves are crunching underneath the feet
Cold is on the face, red with heat
Bring yourself inside, face the fire
Cold is out there now, frozen wire
See you standing here on the bay
Wind blows your hair, your eyes they're glazed
And I thought I could come down
Stare into the water, see your face again
Or I could climb the tree outside your house