

The Saw and the Tree

Tim Finn

In this house of wood, among the trembling leaves
Voices carrying through the walls and down the street
A man will lose his head not measuring his words
The story goes from bad to worse.

And I'm sorry if I hurt you like the saw cuts the tree
And I didn't want to bring you to your knees
An instrument of ignorance facing his reality
'Oh, I'm sorry' - cried the saw to the tree.

And I let you down, I tried to cut you down to size
There'll always be a battle when you hate to compromise
I tore your world apart when I b...ed my teeth
Now I know what lies underneath.

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There's no use blaming anyone least of all the family tree
It all starts now with this brutality
A prisoner of his own device making his apology
'Oh, I'm sorry' - cried the saw to the tree.