

Trees Fall

Tindersticks

The hum, somebody turned off the hum
Has the juice run out again?
Shall we sit in the dark and tell our old stories?
Oh no, not that one again
But we were happy then
Now we laugh the laughter of a laughter remembered

And oh, trees fall with no one to hear
Tears fall into our beer
And we laugh that laughter remembered

And oh, it's so dark on the stairs
The air is thick and stale
The laughter bumps through the walls
And oh, are we tied to those moments for good?
The way the light was
The salt of our skin and the smell of the ocean

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