

Timber

Eaves

I leave my thinking and my family at home
To work the timber till my arms get num
I will be gone some day
All my dreams and all my pain
Those twisted visions of your own home town
Those countless workers with their heads bowed down
And I can see myself
Cleaning gardens at that old hotel
And I want to give you everything you deserve
And relieve you of those pressures that you feel
And as the cold comes and covers the minds
I want to know that your body is real
It's dark in the day and black in the night
I got no money but I'll be alright
Give me a 'come' and I'll work for number
I'll fix your dream for a price
Them boys up the street they would steal for their hunger
What did you do with their lifes I pick the splinters from my fingers to find
How many worries on my days and mind
So I can hold my own
The real reason why men must grow
I want to give you everything you deserve
And relieve you of those pressures that you take
And as we dine on the bones of our beds
We will discover what the music can make
And all my mind knows we face
I'm only telling us to leave this place
Give me a 'come' and I work for number
I'll fix your dreams for a price
Them boys up the street they would steal for their hunger
What did you do with their lifes Oh play me a song and I'll pay you in liquor
And taste like you're wasting your time
Old man crying on the bank by the river
Says goodbye to his children and wife
Goodbye
One day the words I'll speak
All mean nothing to me
No

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