

# The Trees

## Pulp

I took an air-rifle, shot a Magpie to the ground  
And it died without a sound  
Your skin so pale against the fallen Autumn leaves  
And no-one saw us but the trees  
Yeah, the trees, those useless trees  
Produce the air that I am breathing  
Yeah, the trees, those useless trees  
They never said that you were leaving  
I carved your name with a heart just up above  
Now swollen, distorted, unrecognizable like our love  
The smell of leaf mold and the sweetness of decay  
Are the incense at the funeral procession here, today  
Yeah, the trees, those useless trees  
Produce the air that I am breathing  
Yeah, the trees, those useless trees  
They never said that you were leaving  
You try to shape the world  
To what you want the world to be  
Carving your name a thousand times  
Won't bring you back to me  
Oh no, no, I might as well go  
And tell it to the trees  
Yeah, the trees, those useless trees  
Produce the air that I am breathing  
Yeah, the trees, those useless trees  
They never said that you were leaving  
Go and tell it to the trees, yeah  
Go and tell it to the trees, yeah  
Go and tell it to the trees, yeah  
Go and tell it to the trees, yeah  
Go and tell it to the trees, yeah

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