Killer Trees

Wussy

Fast asleep, fast awake, they reach down so they can shake me
In their arms, in their hair, fast enough to disappear
Fruit of the spirit on the trees, milk and honey in the breeze
So much I can't hold it in, love is running down my chin
Get me out, cut me down, get me out
As often as you take this sip, locks around your fingertips
Tied up in the weeping leaves, do this and remember me
I can't find him for the trees
I think they'll get there before me
Now they've got him by the hair
The prince is hanging in mid air
Get him out, cut him down, get him out
Three times through the beating heart
This is how things fall apart
Guess I thought I saw you smile
Tell the kind I'll be a while
I can't find him for the trees
Milk and honey in the breeze
So much I can't hold it in
Love is running down my chin
Get me out, cut me down, get me out

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