Picking Up Sticks

Paul Weller

Come blackest crow, start the wheat field blow
In a wind so high, it waves and glows
'Til you can't see the wood for the trees
I'm like anybody on their knees
Trying to find a way to make it fit
Picking up sticksLet's swirl again, take us far away
To the church bell's chime in a far distant field
To a place where so lately so slow
And a time I feel like letting it go
Far away enough to catch our breath
I know where and everyone there
Looking to click, picking up sticksCome crimson rays, paint us all the same
You know the magic is why and it's here again
Now you can't see the wood for the trees
Now like anybody on their knees
Far away enough to catch our breath
I know where and everyone there
Looking to click, picking up sticks[Incomprehensible], it comes and goes
[Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible]

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