

# The Ghost of a Tree

Richard Dawson

Riding through Yorkshire,  
we come upon the ghost of a tree at Buttertubs Pass  
Golden and green, flapping its leaves,  
Though it is winter and there is no breeze.  
Seven little sparrows pale as soldiers  
Hopping in amongst the curling boughs Then comes a shout from one of our party  
Old Albert Bousefield's fallen down a hole  
Hope upon hope, fastened to a rope  
Not able to ascertain how deep it goes.  
"Albert can you hear me? Make a sound!  
If you can't make a sound then clap two stones"  
Leaving behind our friend in the lime pit  
We hurry on in quiet dread  
Into the fog, smothering the Dales  
The raindrops are falling like the bars of a jail  
Buried in the arsehole of the world  
A row of burned out huts we made our beds Lying awake looking up through the black wooden beams  
I can see the Milky Way  
Comes there a scream out of the sky  
A great ball of fire goes hurtling by  
Everyone's awake now. What the hell  
is happening today? It's all so queer Rising at dawn to find Thomas Knox  
has not from his sleep been summoned forth  
Face like a mask, fixed in a gasp,  
We wrap him in blankets and we cover him with grass  
Onward with our journey through Tow Law  
Over Headley Hill, past Hanging Stone  
Called on an inn to fill our bellies  
With dark bloody meat and sour black beer  
There we were warned never to stray  
Far from the road through Kayo Bog  
Several of the children from the village  
Disappeared last month without a trace Three hours later we go in single  
file through a maze of moaning soil  
Reeking of dung, droning of flies  
The moss on the trees glows as we pass by  
There is something awful alive in this place  
We are most relieved to leave behind The moon is a peach in the brown fields of Kibblesworth  
It won't be long 'til we get home

Cramp in our guts, bile in our throats  
Mischief undulating through our bones  
Suddenly the city lights around us  
Disappearing up into the clouds  
Seven little sparrows pale as soldiers  
Hopping in amongst the curling boughs  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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