

# III Trees

## Sub-Urban Tribe

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Trees, trees hum  
and birds sing  
screaming the moon to come  
Moon, smiling wide  
it colours the scene  
blue, red and deep green  
Green, green trees  
they scrape the clouds  
nothing can bring them down  
Down and up again  
white seagulls float  
between zeppelins  
Fight the wars but never on my side  
paint the face of every unborn child  
I feel, fullmoon shines on me  
and on trees  
III Trees  
Dirt, a bucket of dirt  
a barrel of air  
antennas have no roots  
Roots, root are deep  
they spread around  
dig deeper in the ground  
Ground, hollow ground  
made out of bones  
but still it feels like home  
Home, home is green  
green is mud  
and mud is paradise