The Trees

Mick Jenkins

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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