The Twig & The Tree

Mounties

In the wilderness you run 'til you scream
The boy and the gun
You lay on spruce bows
And you drink from the stream
The boy and the gun
You've seen the future
Go from good to obscene
The boy and the gun
Your K9 sense leave
A scent an the trees
The boy and the gun
Your stone age instinct knows
The winter is here
The boy and the fox
Cat got snowshoes
Dragged away in the dear
The boy and the fox
Beaver pelt offering
To show you're sincere
The boy and the fox
In minus 40 air is perfectly clear
The boy and the fox
Shoot 'em my boy
The fall is coming and the lichens rejoice
The Twig & the tree
The intensity of hunger leaves you
Without a choice
The Twig & the tree
You touch the berries to your lips for the moist
The Twig & the tree
The tired moon light
Speak to your inner voice
The twig & the tree
Shoot 'em my boy
This is where he almost died.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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