

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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