

Chop the Tree

The Icicle Works

When in the winter of our discontent
 We found a way
 To tie a bond between our hearts
In the open field should there we lay
 Found a sharp stone, found a big tree
 Found a clear space in the bark
Laughing louder, chance a fine thing
 Moving slowly, off the mark

Out of season, given reason
 Could we see inclement weather?

No, no

Will you want me, as I want you, as you are
 The autumn is the finest time
 The finest of them all
Will you need me, as I need you, as I did
 As I always should've done
 Tell me when we're there

Not too long, and not too far
 My dreams and I were wondering
 If we harbour, if we labour
Sweet the fruit that fortune brings

Who will help us, through these cold years
 Could I glimpse a rising sun?

No, no

Will you want me, as I want you, as you are
 The autumn is the finest time
 The finest of them all
Will you need me, as I need you, as I did
 As I always should've done
 Tell me when we're there

Will you love me
 As I love you constantly

Wasted in the downpour

Whatever we believe

Whatever we believe

Take them under, take them over

Crack the bullwhip

Chop the tree (whatever to believe)

Take them under, take them over

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Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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