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)

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Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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