

# Screaming in the Trees

## Arab Strap

We met on mutual ground  
But you avoided my gaze  
Until I lost your face  
In the next morning's haze You're shoes could've woken up the whole street  
They drowned out the birds, screaming in the trees  
We sat down on the stone stairs  
And I watched the scars on your knees We met on mutual ground  
You fell out of your dress  
This bar's not open late enough  
So let's go home and make a mess They smiled and left the room  
To leave us with more space  
But we stayed where we were  
And just had a drink to the chase

Songwriters

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