

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

Aidan Moffat, Malcolm Middleton
Published by
Lyrics © Domino Publishing

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>