Rest

Syd Matters

It crashed in the forest
Tearing off the trees
and my pockets full of leavesHave you seen my brothers lying on the green?
Have you seen my brothers as they swam against the stream?Did you try to rescue them with your pagan poetry?
Who'll come and bless them in the middle of the sea?
With the winds-a-blowing right to the bone
When the pipes are calling, will you take our bodies home?
Sleepy man, get over it, and come to your senses.
Sleepy man, pass over us, and above the ocean trees.
Resurrected Jesus in the river up to your knees.
Waiting for the rest of us to fall from the trees
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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