Tree House

Canon Blue

Seasons change and I have found you
Looks like you've been here a long time
Looks like you're here to stay
And I reason that that's okayWhen though, when will you be leaving?
Way up in the trees, afloat on the seas
I can't afford your voice but I have no choiceYour hurt drizzles forth twice nightly
And I once held on to you so tightly
You were made of wood
And cried 'cause no one understoodBut I had splinters in my fingers
Tears well in my eyes, no surprise
Washed swiftly from the sands
Into my hands, into my handsTree house, your mind is like a tree house
I climb up the shaky ladder
Your bird flies with you
With claws of orange hueAnd I watch you flying over my head
You could not care less, so you got more
Like driftwood from the shore
You were rotten to the core, rotten to the coreYeah, seasons change, seasons change
Seasons change, seasons change
Seasons change, seasons change
Seasons change, seasons change, change, change

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