

# Sticks That Made Thunder

## The SteelDrivers

My roots are deeper than the bones, the others  
My colors that change with the sun  
My branches, were higher  
Than anything on the hillside

On the day that I watched them all comeSome wear the color of the sky in the winter  
Some, were as blue as the night

They came like a storm with the light of the morn

And they fell through the whole day and nightColors flew high and they danced in the sky  
As I watched them come over the hill

Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder

Such a great number lay stillWhen the light came again  
There was death on the wind

As the buzzards made way for the worms

And the little white trees that dont bend in the breeze

For the ones that will never returnColors flew high and they danced in the sky  
As I watched them come over the hill

Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder

Such a great number lay stillThose that have fallen, come when I call them  
And answer the best that they can

But all they can see is what they used to be

And thats all that they understandColors flew high and they danced in the sky  
As I watched them come over the hill

Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder

Such a great number lay stillColors flew high and they danced in the sky  
As I watched them come over the hill

Then to my wonder, sticks that made thunder

Such a great number lay still

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