

Underneath the Big Green Tree

Stan Ridgway

Is there a home, a home for me?
Where the people stay until eternity?

Is there a road that winds up
Underneath the big green tree?

Is there a home, a home for me? Is there a place, somewhere around?
Maybe out in space, or inside a sound?

And is there a room that always
Has a swinging door?

Is there a place? I don't know anymore... I was dreaming 'bout you yesterday out on the pier
And I felt you close at hand, your presence in the sand I could hear you whispering so softly in my ear
Then your words ring true, accept just what you do

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