

Timber

Postmodern Jukebox

My love was like a seed that you had planted
The root was not as strong as it could be
And as the years went on, you weren't enchanted
So you fell it like a great big tree Now I'm falling timber
Timber the falling tree.... My heart was not a thing to take for granted
So loosen up your home and let me be
And if I had my way you would be planted
Drowning in the shade with me. Now I'm calling timber...
Timber the falling tree-heeee.

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