

The Giving Tree

Plain White T's

All the leaves on the Giving Tree have fallen
No shade to crawl in underneath
I've got scars from a pocket knife
Where you carved your heart into me

If all you wanted was love
Why would you use me up
Cut me down, build a boat, and sail away
When all I wanted to be was your giving tree
Settle down, build a home, and make you happy?

I lie in the dead of night and I wonder
Whose covers you're between
And it's sad laying in his bed
You feel hollow, so you crawl home back to me

If all you wanted was love
Why would you use me up
Cut me down, build a boat, and sail away
When all I wanted to be was your giving tree
Settle down, build a home, and make you happy?

Well, I see a trail that starts
A line of broken hearts behind you
That lead you back to me
The once sad and lonely fool
With nothing left but roots to show, oh

If all you wanted was love
Why would you use me up
Cut me down, build a boat, and sail away
When all I wanted to be was your giving tree
Settle down, build a home, and make you happy?
Settle down, build a home, and make you happy?
