

Chop the Tree

Icicle Works

When in the winter of our discontent
We found a way
To tie a bond between our hearts
In the open field should there we lay Found a sharp stone, found a big tree
Found a clear space in the bark
Laughing louder chance a fine thing
Moving slowly off the mark Out of season given reason
Could we see inclement weather? Will you want me as I want you as you are?
The autumn is the finest time, the finest of them all
Will you need me as I need you as I did?
As I always should've done, tell me when we're there Not too long and not too far
My dreams and I were wondering
If we harbor, if we labor
Sweet the fruit that fortune brings Who will help us through these cold years?
Could I glimpse a rising sun? Will you want me as I want you as you are?
The autumn is the finest time, the finest of them all
Will you need me as I need you as I did?
As I always should've done, tell me when we're there Will you love me as I love you constantly?
Wasted in the downpour
Whatever we believe, whatever we believe Take them under, take them over
Crack the bullwhip, chop the tree

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