

Treehouse

Nada Surf

i can see the things she does for me
i'm living in a treehouse
i live in constant fear
awakening must be near
i'm sleeping in a dreamhouse
a tine in the fork in the road is pointing to heaven
but the sky is old
a tine in the fork in the road is pointing at nothing
cause it's all been sold
i live with you
to die in a jamais vu
i love you
but this isn't true

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