

Woodcutter's Son

Paul Weller

Sugar town yea has turned so sour
It's people angry in their sleep
There's more small town, oh paranoia
Sweepin' down its evil sheets

Give me the chance
I'll cut you down with a glance
With my small axe, so help me
Though I'm only one and though weak I'm strong
And if it comes to the crunch
Then I'm the woodcutter's son

Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone, yea

You can tell yea, it's witching hour
You can feel the spirits rise
When the room, goes very quiet
Oh and there's hatred in their eyes
(Hatred)

Give me the chance
I'll cut you down with a glance
Yeh, with my small axe, so help me
Though I'm only one an' though weak I'm strong
And if it comes to the crunch
Then I'm the woodcutter's son

Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone
Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone, yea

There's a silence when I enter
And a murmur, oh when I leave
You can see their jealous faces
Oh I can feel yea, the ice they breathe
(Ice they breathe)

Give me the chance
I'll cut you down with a glance
Yeh, with my small axe, so help me
Though I'm only one and though weak I'm strong
And if it comes to the crunch
Then I'm the woodcutter's son

Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone
(So)
Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone
(Yea)
Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone
Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone
Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone