

The Treehouse Song

Ane Brun

When I woke
I took the backdoor to my mind
and then I spoke
I counted all of the good things you are

and that list of charms was
longer than my chain of broken hearts
and when the day was done
I figured I had already lost
from the start, from the start

I was gonna love you till the end of all daytime
and I was gonna keep all our secret signs and our lullabies
I was made to believe that our love would grow old
we were gonna live in a treehouse and make babies
and we were gonna bury our ex-lovers and their ghosts
baby we were made of gold

so many times
we drank fine wine in one swallow
and in those late nights
we painted our walls bright yellow