

# A Tree too Weak to Stand

Gordon Lightfoot

I see a place where candles burn and lovers rest tonight  
The hollow sound inside me now keeps telling me to write  
But songs of love will never leave love's feelings undefined  
The tide has turned, the waves roll in, the waters fill my eyes

The price of lust has risen till the ceiling will not stand  
The tears I shed were not in shame, the world was in my hands  
If trust was just a simple thing, then trusting I would be  
But deep within my soul I know it's better to be free

The days fly by, the waves roll in but freedom has not come  
I fear my faith will soon give out, my senses come undone  
My role is played, the demon dogs come stealin' over land  
And foolish I would climb once more a tree too weak to stand

I see a place where candles burn and lovers rest tonight  
The hollow sound inside me now keeps telling me to write  
But songs of love should not be sung where staying is not planned

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