

## Better For Us

Grant Lee Buffalo

Soon we'll count the rings inside all one by one  
Wondering if I could point to the place  
Where we first slept 'neath it's branches  
Oh oh

Leaves once rose like an ocean we swam when we were boys  
This one was all things a mansion a fortress  
And as we matured it was shade for  
The secrets that we passed along

But this oak has grown old wither-wrung  
It threatens to fall  
Better for us if the axe splits the trunk they say

On your tip toes a ten-penny nail jutting high in the bark  
Relics of tree houses built and torn down  
Places we hid after dark oh  
Oh oh

Please please lend some belief to this hard wasted ground  
Where little green soldiers and Indians fought  
This is the burial mound of  
My youth and my innocence

This oak has grown old wither-wrung  
It threatens to fall  
Better for us if the axe splits the trunk they say

Oh oh oh

Better for us  
Better for us  
Better for us  
Better for us yeah  
Better for us  
Better for us

Oh oh oh