

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
Cos it's all been sold
I live with you
To die in a jamais vu
I love you
But this isn't true