

# A Thousand Trees

## Stereophonics

Standing at the bus stop with my shopping in my hands  
And I'm overhearing elder ladies  
As the rumours start to fly  
You can hear them in the school yard  
In the scrap yard  
In the chip shop  
In the phone box  
In the pool hall  
At the shoe store  
Every corner turn around  
It started with a school girl  
Who was running  
Running home to her Mam and Dad  
Told them she was playing, in the change room of the local football side  
They said tell us again, she told them again, tell us the truth, they find it hard to believe  
'Cause he taught our I was steve, he even trained me, taught our John who's a father of three

Only takes one tree, to make 1000 matches  
Only takes one match, to burn A thousand trees  
A thousand trees

You see it in the classroom  
In the swimming pool  
Where the match stick men are made  
At the scout's hall  
At the football  
Where the wise we trust are paid  
They all honour his name  
He did a lot for the game  
Got his name knocked up above the sports ground gates  
But they're ripping them down, stamping the ground  
Picture gathers dust behind the bar in the lounge

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Wake up, and smell the rain  
Shake up, he's back to stay  
He hasn't been on a holiday  
His growing seeds don't believe  
Why he's been away  
From the school yard  
Changing room  
Playing field  
Bathroom  
Phone box  
Office blocks  
Corners turn around  
They keep doubting the flame, tossing the blame  
Got his name knocked up above the sports ground gates  
And they're ripping them down, stamping the ground  
Picture gathers dust in the bar

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