

The Leaning Tree

Sun Kil Moon

Scattered relics of your love Just lyin 'round your dusty room
Bearing old souls, old men, old scars, dissonant wallow of guitar.

Burnin' off Indian sun on the water barges hung.
Through the bay window panes, covers magnify and brings.

Sleepy poet's perfect dream, pastel homes along the sea.
This I would, this I will: leave to join you in the hills.
For you I would, for you I will leave this for the auburn hills

,
Find your old peeling house, find you out there...
Hear the owl call from the trees, smell the midnight forest breeze
Shield you from this dark and night, wake you in the morning.

You came to me in a dream walking down the path by the cold, icy stream
The white of the snow, coating the past, in the sierra when a time you disappeared
You left me alone. And the old master room in my mountain home.
And I called for you so many times and longed for one more day with you in my life.
And I longed for one more day with you in my life.
I see you there in my dreams, your poise is perfect, that of a statue as queen.

Your beautiful hair, your ocean blue eyes;
You bear the depth of your losses inside and I begged of you so many times,
forgive me once and for all for all of my lies,
to forgive me once and for all for all of my lies.

Oh mommy, the leaning tree like a diamond
As we pass the long dead grass, thirsty in the sun.
Memories rest beyond the broken fence. Let their spirits be.
The birds have left their mother's nest on the roses' thorns
There they swing over the bleach-white grain, sprawled over the hill.