

She Talks To The Trees

The Cinematics

Did you dig up that dead duck
To see if the earth had got to if yet?
You buried if deep
But heaven cannot keep
All of those toys you leave behind
Did you get your fingers in a mess
Get dirt on your pretty party dress?
Well, I'm sure you'll still wear it with pride

She come here looking for me
When she comes here, she talks to the threes
She comes here looking for me
When she comes here, she talks to the trees
She things I think she cannot see me
So she talks to the trees
She comes here looking for me
When she comes here, she talks to the threes

You're a cracked actor at nineteen
You may never grace the silver screen
So you curse the parts that you'll never play
And swear in all the lines that you'll never say

Do the old ones understand you?
And does this drive you wild?
Did they throw away their party cards
While you were still a child?
And did they tell you all the stories
Of all the things you wish you'd done?

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