

Chop The Tree

The Icicle Works

When in the winter of our discontent
We found a way
To tie a bond between our hearts
In the open field should there we lay

Found a sharp stone, found a big tree
Found a clear space in the bark
Laughing louder chance a fine thing
Moving slowly off the mark

Out of season given reason
Could we see inclement weather?

Will you want me as I want you as you are?
The autumn is the finest time, the finest of them all
Will you need me as I need you as I did?
As I always should've done, tell me when we're there

Not too long and not too far
My dreams and I were wondering
If we harbor, if we labor
Sweet the fruit that fortune brings

Who will help us through these cold years?
Could I glimpse a rising sun?

Will you want me as I want you as you are?
The autumn is the finest time, the finest of them all
Will you need me as I need you as I did?
As I always should've done, tell me when we're there

Will you love me as I love you constantly?
Wasted in the downpour
Whatever we believe, whatever we believe

Take them under, take them over
Crack the bullwhip, chop the tree