

Ben Christophers, The Drinking Tree

There's a hiss from the highway
Snakes her hips into everybody's ears
Don't think i've heard silence for years
And i could have sworn i saw you
Walking down the cobbled stones
Beneath the leaning trees yesterday

I know you sailed away some time ago
But we come here to listen to you comfort us
With your lullaby

Underneath the drinking tree
We sail away with our friends
The cemetery is alive tonight
The disappeared the gruesome and the strays
We are invisible ink
As beautiful as you now

There's a sound in your voice
There's a place in your everlasting words
Yet i don't have a clear belief
Yet i could have sworn i heard you sing to me
From my headphones deep into my head like pill

We listen closely