

Curt Smith, Trees

It's time to brood
Put up the walls of sound
And practice all the finer points
Of falling down

I'll put aside
The calculated eyes
The even tempered smile
Diffuse again

Given time to discuss these points with
Outside help I could still these friends in my
Heading out to the trees I see myself

I hide in green
Recall the faded dreams
Collide my scope divides
And leaves the team

Beyond the veil
I watch the line extend
A helping hand withdraws
The line again

Given time to discuss these points with
Outside help I could still these friends in my
Heading out to the trees I see myself

Is that an angel on it's side
Next to the postman drifting by
I once had a dream that I could fly
Into the trees

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Put up the walls of sound
And practice all the finer points
Of falling down

I'll put aside
The calculated eyes
The even tempered smile
Collapse again