

Handsome Family, Where The Birch Trees Lean

now that there are green sprouts pushing through dead leaves
and fat yellow jackets float on the breeze
the waves kiss the shore and the air is warm
but birch trees are falling now that you're gone

once we walked the crumbling cliffs
where the birch trees lean
once I kissed your apple lips
high above the sea

a year ago it was since the last clover grew
under creaking birch trees I would wait for you
we kissed in the salt air beneath the leaning trees
white slender branches bent to the sea

once we walked the crumbling cliffs
where the birch trees lean
now who will kiss your apple lips under the salty sea