

# Taken By Trees, My Boys

There isn't much that I feel I need  
A solid soul and the blood I bleed  
But with a little girl, and by my spouse,  
I only want a proper house

I don't care for fancy things  
Or to take part in the freshest wave,  
But to provide for mine who ask  
I will, with heart, on my father's grave

On my father's grave  
(repeat)

I don't mean to seem like I  
Care about material things,  
Like a social status,  
I just want  
Four walls and adobe slats  
For my boys