

# And Also The Trees, The Sandstone Man

The sandstone man  
I feel my head fall to the ground  
Gaping mouth and broken crown  
The sandstone man  
Through the bramble snakes  
That scratched away my face  
I see the clouds like blossom round the moon  
The sandstone man  
Nobody knows where I am  
I could utter my name to you  
>From my nettle grave  
The sandstone man  
The rain erodes my crest  
My hands into my chest  
The sandstone man  
Nobody knows who I am  
But you know I am close to you  
I watched a tree grow tall and fall  
I saw you riding down the rainy lanes  
In november  
The sandstone man  
You have forgotten who I am  
The honeysuckle twists across my breast  
And I am happy  
I see the stunted willows by the frozen stream  
And the frost as far as eye can see  
But you have forgotten who I am  
Sometimes the sky is full of birds  
But mostly it is empty