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 stinted 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