

# Ane Brun, The Treehouse Song

When I woke  
I took the backdoor to my mind  
and then I spoke  
I counted all of the good things you are

and that list of charms was  
longer than my chain of broken hearts  
and when the day was done  
I figured I had already lost  
from the start from the start

I was gonna love you till the end of all daytime  
and I was gonna keep all our secret signs and our lullabies  
I was made to believe that our love would grow old  
we were gonna live in a treehouse and make babies  
and we were gonna bury our ex-lovers and their ghosts  
baby we were made of gold

so many times  
we drank fine wine in one swallow  
and in those late nights  
we painted our walls bright yellow