

Ben Kweller, Family Tree

Bop bop.

Care about the moonlight
and holding you tight
and asking my questions.
Everyone loves a situation.

Long walks on the beach.
The press will impeach.
Lately I'm finding
I am the book and you are the binding.

I guess they'll read everything about you.
Though the press might shoot me down I'm still true.
I sell my book for free. That's what you do to me.

Oh, you are my family tree.
Be good to me
Take care of me.

Bop bop.

There's hotels in the sea,
Trash in the sky,
The net-dustry's growing.
Stick to love songs kid, that's all you're knowing.

They push you away
or tie you up.
It don't really matter.
But if your head is up you won't get much sadder.

But who am I to preach a word or two
when I can't lift my own head without you?
If my mental state kept you from coming around
I hope the world would shoot me down for losing you.
A broken branch I'd be if you weren't grown to me.

Oh, you are my family tree.
Be good to me
Be good to me
Be good to me
Take care of me.

Bop bop.