

Buffalo Tom, Tree House

Seasons change and I have found you
Looks like you've been here a long time
Looks like you're here to stay
And I reason that that's O.K.
When though, when will you be leaving
Way up in the trees
Afloat on the seas
I can't afford your voice
But I have no choice

Your hurt drizzles forth twice nightly
And I once held on to you so tightly
You were made of wood
And cried 'cause no one understood
But I had splinters in my fingers
Tears well in my eyes
No surprise
Washed swiftly from the sands
Into my hands
Into my hands

Tree house, your mind is like a tree house
I climb up the shaky ladder
Your bird flies with you
With claws of orange hue
And I watch you flying over my head
You could not care less
So you got more
Like driftwood from the shore
You were rotten to the core
Rotten to the core

Yeah seasons change
Seasons change
Seasons change...