

Grant Lee Buffalo, Better For Us

Soon we'll count the rings inside all one by one
Wondering if I could point to the place
Where we first slept 'neath it's branches
Oh oh

Leaves once rose like an ocean we swam when we were boys
This one was all things a mansion a fortress
And as we matured it was shade for
The secrets that we passed along

But this oak has grown old wither-wrung
It threatens to fall
Better for us if the axe splits the trunk they say

On your tip toes a ten-penny nail jutting high in the bark
Relics of tree houses built and torn down
Places we hid after dark oh
Oh oh

Please please lend some belief to this hard wasted ground
Where little green soldiers and Indians fought
This is the burial mound of
My youth and my innocence

This oak has grown old wither-wrung
It threatens to fall
Better for us if the axe splits the trunk they say

Oh oh oh

Better for us
Better for us
Better for us
Better for us yeah
Better for us
Better for us

Oh oh oh