

Moe., Brittle End

Seasons creeping
sun growing cold
feeling brittle and old

White bark trees bending over in the snow
It's natural I'm told

When the thaw comes
they stand straight and tall
and their leaves die in the fall

Not like me
they say I'll never bend
I'll just meet my brittle end

My brittle end (X3)

Endlessly
I chop for wood
in my garage when I was young

Friendlessly
I think I is good
better watch my tongue

Push me once
my momma said
better hope Jesus saves

Push me twice
if you didn't die
You'll be in your grave

You'll be in your grave(X3)

(JAM)

What the Fuck!?
I said too much
adios my friend

Fuck a duck
Your tough luck
I'll be here till the end

I'll be here till the end (X3)

Maybe just in your head

One day this white tree won't bend