

Nina Nastasia, Treehouse Song

Our address was in the sky
Just a roof of woven reeds
You and I
On the highest front
Of a very tall tree

Months and months we'd stay up high
Because all the climbing takes such time
And we'd live on the blooms carried in by the breeze

Every night I'd promise you
We'd go down to see the friends we once knew
But every night I'd make an excuse

And I never came down from the roof
I awoke and you had flown
Just an impression of you next to me
And the terrible sound of the clapping of leaves

Every night I'd promise you
We'd go down to see the friends we once knew
But every night I'd make an excuse
And I never came down from the roof.