

# Stan Ridgway, Underneath The Big Green Tree

Is there a home, a home for me?  
Where the people stay until eternity?  
Is there a road that winds up  
Underneath the big green tree?  
Is there a home, a home for me?

Is there a place, somewhere around?  
Maybe out in space, or inside a sound?  
And is there a room that always  
has a swinging door?  
Is there a place? I don't know anymore...

I was dreaming 'bout you yesterday out on the pier  
And I felt you close at hand, your presence in the sand

I could hear you whispering so softly in my ear  
Then your words ring true, accept just what you do

Is there a home, a home for me?  
Is there a place, a place to be?  
Or is there a road that winds up  
Underneath the big green tree?  
Is there a home, a home for me?  
A home for me?