

The Beatstalkers, Everything Is You

Ba-da ba-da ba-da
Buh - duh - buh - duh - buh
Buh - duh - buh - duh - buh - duh

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I'm walking down the middle of the road
Close my eyes pretend I'm going home
But when I look between the forest boughs
I see your eyes as buzzing bees and painted butterfly your dress
I look around and everything is you

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Wake up each morning rise up from my bed
A little piece of leather 'round my head
To stop the sweat from dimming up my eyes
I feel your grace in all the trees
Your strength is in the axe I wield
I look around and everything is you

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The foreman is an evil guy
He stops my pay
Gets in my way
But I've got to stay

I've got to earn some money
Make your dreams come true
I look 'round and everything is you

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Cut three miles of timber and I'm tired
I guess that I've been thinking all the while
Showed your picture to the guys in the gang
Whilst sitting 'round an open fire
The memories grow warm and strong
I look around and everything is you

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I look around and everything is you
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