

## Wussy "Killer Trees"

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Fast asleep, fast awake, they reach down so they can  
shake me  
In their arms, in their hair, fast enough to disappear  
Fruit of the spirit on the trees, milk and honey in the  
breeze  
So much I can't hold it in, love is running down my chin  
Get me out, cut me down, get me out  
As often as you take this sip, locks around your  
fingertips  
Tied up in the weeping leaves, do this and remember  
me  
I can't find him for the trees  
I think they'll get there before me  
Now they've got him by the hair  
The prince is hanging in mid air  
Get him out, cut him down, get him out  
Three times through the beating heart  
This is how things fall apart  
Guess I thought I saw you smile  
Tell the kind I'll be a while  
I can't find him for the trees  
Milk and honey in the breeze  
So much I can't hold it in  
Love is running down my chin  
Get me out, cut me down, get me out

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