

Ben Christophers

"Trashed Dictaphone Blues"

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My body shakes like a tree
Swirling leafs burst from my head
I'm a wanderer like my father wanders too

So it makes me happy when i hear you are singing
Like a swallow in the sound
In the deep night of your singing
The root of your sorrow is that boy and it's me
The root of your sorrow is that boy and it's me

I saw a whirlwind shaped knife
In the dream i was the killer
Then the roots of the tree
Grow right up around me

To become part of a drawing
And walk inside the picture
Through all the silent cities
All i was then
A ghost behind the glass
The root of your sorrow is that boy and it's me

Like a fly to my wounds
Like a fly to my wounds

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