

Ben Kweller "Family Tree"

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One two three four

Bop bop
Bop bop
Bop bop
Bop bop
Bop bop
Bop

Care about the moonlight
And holding you tight
And asking my questions
Everyone loves a situation

Long walks on the beach
The press will impeach
Lately I'm finding
I am the book and you are the binding

I guess they'll read everything about you
Though the press might shoot me down I'm still true
I sell my book for free
That's what you do to me

Oh, you are my family tree
Be good to me
Take care of me

Bop bop
Bop bop
Bop bop
Bop bop
Bop bop
Bop

There's hotels in the sea
Trash in the sky
The net-dustry's growing
Stick to love songs kid, that's all you're knowing

They push you away
Or tie you up

It don't really matter
But if your head is up you won't get much sadder

But who am I to preach a word or two
When I can't even lift my own head without you?
In my mental state kept you from coming around
I hope the world would shoot me down for losing you
A broken branch I'd be if you weren't grown to me

Oh, you are my family tree
Be good to me
Be good to me
Be good to me
Take care of me

Bop bop
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Bop

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