

Divas

"Swing Tree"

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If I was a boy at sea
I would be swinging from a broken tree
I would be down on my back looking up at stars at night
and if I could get back to reach to reach the saltiest of
evergreens
You know that I would turn back just to fight the whites
of iron eyes

When I hear that wind and I think of Spring
Underneath an open window a carved out sign and
often I would fight with my mind

Saltwater brine where you hung your crown
When you washed your eyes in last night's tea
I thought you might come out from the dream to find
that

Underneath the pine grew a patch of thyme
that I burned for six days in the sun
'til I heard the distant sound of drums

Oh the queen had come and the King had died
and my forehead burned but I closed my eyes
and my forehead burned but I closed my eyes

Before I go I've got to run, down the street
to the market cove where I could
find six seeds to bring back to the yard
and plant underneath the birch tree
No white skies or red sunlight
In the saltwater brine
My forehead burned but I closed my eyes

Whoa. Now you've got to go.

If I was a boy...

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