

Gordon Goodwin's Big Phat Band

"A Tree Too Weak To Stand"

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I see a place where candles burn and lovers rest
tonight
The hollow sound inside me now keeps telling me to
write
But songs of love will never leave love's feelings
undefiled
The tide has turned, the waves roll in, the waters fill my
eyes
The price of lust has risen till the ceiling will not stand
The tears I she'd were not in shame, the world was in
my hands
If trust was just a simple thing then trusting I would be
But deep within my soul I know it's better to be free

The days fly by, the waves roll in, but freedom has not
come
I fear my faith will soon give out, my senses come
undone
My role is played, the demon dogs come stealin' o'er
land
And foolish I would climb once more a tree too weak to
stand

I see a place where candles burn and lovers rest
tonight
The hollow sound inside me now keeps telling me to
write
But songs of love should not be sung where staying is
not planned
And foolish I would climb once more a tree too weak to
stand
And foolish I would climb once more a tree too weak to
stand

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