

Lickpenny Loafer "Climbing Trees"

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The details of my sin,
Lay hidden within...

Beautiful sorrow,
Crowned in halo,
Keep on drifting, nomadic one,
So quietly uplifting,
A new space, a new face,

And I'm there, sleepwalking in and out of the past,
So beware, the wilderness of memory and it's traps,
And it's traps.

We all gotta go one way or another,
But blessed are those who suffer, who suffer...

Deep in shadows, skeletons harbour,
Harrowing reminders,
Well I reckon I would rather be climbing trees,
Than enduring all the challenges of maturity,
It always just inexplicably gave me the softest peace!

And I'm there, sleepwalking in and out of the past,
So beware, the wilderness of memory and it's traps,
And it's traps...

I was so close...
It's still gutting me now...

And in the spires of your mind,
A story breathes it's final verse and sighs,
And in that box there lies,
Eternal dreams of passions, hopes, and smiles,
And smiles...

So hold on till you're swept away.
So hold on till you're swept away.

Away...

