

## Paul Weller "Picking Up Sticks"

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Come blackest crow  
Start the wheat field blow  
In a wind so high  
It waves and glows  
'til you can't see the wood for the trees  
I'm like anybody on their knees  
Trying to find a way to make it fit  
Picking up sticks

Let's swirl again  
Take us far away  
To the church bell's chime  
In a far distant field  
To a place where so lately so slow  
And a time I feel like letting it go  
Far away enough to catch our breath  
I know where and everyone there  
Looking to click  
Picking up sticks

Come crimson rays  
Paint us all the same  
You know the magic is why  
And it's here again  
Now you can't see the wood for the trees  
Now like anybody on their knees  
Far away enough to catch our breath  
Looking to click  
Picking up sticks

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