

Tom Buffalo "Tree House"

Visit "[Tree House](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Seasons chang and I have found you
Looks like you've been here a long time
Looks like you are here to stay
And I reason that that's O.K.
When though, when will you be leaving
You're way up in the trees
Or afloat on the seas
I can't afford your voice
But I have no choice
Your hurt drizzles forth twice nightly
And I once held on to you so tightly
You were made of wood
And cried that no one understood
But I had splinters in my fingers
Tears well in my eyes
No surprise
Washed swiftly from the sands
Into my hands
Into my hands
Tree house, your mind is like a tree house
I climb up the shaky ladder
Your bird flies with you
With claws of orange hue
I watch you flying over my head
You could not care less
So you got more
Like driftwood from the shore
You were rotten to the core
Rotten to the core
Seasons change
Seasons change
Seasons change

..

Â© 1993 Scrawny Music, BMI

Visit [Tom Buffalo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.