

Matthew Ebel

"Trees"

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I always thought I would be deep
if I could write about the trees
'cause that's what deep people do.
I'd really write about the world
or wars, or bars, perhaps a girl,
but the words would be a forest
all the way through.

I'd compare the dancing of the leaves so graceful
high above the lovely dairy grounds
to the Middle East or
well, whatever, I guess I'm not as deep
as all the poets in the coffee house downtown.

How do people get so deep?
Why was I shortchanged?
Seems the more I try to write,
the more I think I'm strange.

People write about the trees
to sound like they recycle,
but they all drive an SUV.
I can't write to save the trees
'cause I've been trying, but
my Congressman just won't listen to me.

And I'm told my lyrics ain't the deepest,
they don't seem to paint a thousand pictures with a
word.
Well I don't have to build a raft like Sylvia Plath
and float on crap like that. I'd only sound absurd.

How do people get so deep?
Why was I shortchanged?
Seems the more I try to write,
the more I think I'm strange.

So I'm grazing in the shallow grass,
but I say shallow words will feed me better
than the poet-codes I've heard.
And who's to say I'm full of bull

because I got no beef with
songs that make sense to the herd?

All I wanted was to milk
a metaphor about the trees
and write some crap that really wows,
but now instead of
writing 'bout the trees,
somehow or another, I ended up
writing aboutâ€¦ cows?

How do people get so deep?
Why was I shortchanged?
Seems the more I try
The more I try
The more I try

How do people get so deep?
Why was I shortchanged?
Seems the more I try to write,
the more I think I'm strange.

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