

## No Warning

### "Days In The Trees - Mahler"

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The rain fell soft  
On the green and distant fields.  
I saw you run  
To the shelter of the trees.

I stood alone  
With weeds and broken bricks -  
My pale fingers curled  
Round blades of autumn grass.

[chorus:]  
I heard your feet crack earth and branch  
But you were covered by the leaves.  
I shouted out and called your name  
But you were hiding in the trees.

Days in the trees.

You rubbed the sleep from my tired eyes  
And let the real taste of God  
Change the color of my thoughts.

I was draining the heaven  
From the warmth of your breasts;  
Lighting fire on the stone.

I tore at the seams  
Of my smooth and laundered clothes  
And ran to the trees  
Racing naked against the day.

[chorus]

Days in the trees.

The ascent to your heaven,  
Spending days in the trees.

(I can't stand him laughing at us)

