

## The Samples "The Tree Outside"

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Somewhere in the sky it's harvest time  
Looking at the things I've left behind  
Crow is singing in the reckless light  
In the back of his mind, something's right

Whisper in my ear, tell me this  
That the branch is getting thin  
I can see the stop just up one more mile  
It's coming 'round the bend

Leaves are crunching underneath the feet  
Cold is on the face, red with heat  
Bring yourself inside, face the fire  
Cold is out there now, frozen wire

See you standing here on the bay  
Wind blows your hair, your eyes they're glazed  
And I thought I could come down  
Stare into the water, see your face again  
Or I could climb the tree outside your house

I could climb  
I could climb

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