

The Jealous Sound

"Under The Tree"

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Picture yourself in the shade of a tree
Alone in your thoughts but you're held by the breeze
With sand in your fingers and dirt in your hands
As you try your best to understand

Don't look at you and don't look at me
Don't hold on to what you think sets you free
Just sit and then end of the road
And begin to be still

Where could it be?
Under the tree

You look for a thread of what's true in the wind
As it passes and then disappears
And you're left there standing
To finally face all your fears

Under the tree... yeah

It might take a minute
It might fly away
You might have to come back
On some other day
But sooner or later
An answer will come
If you stay for a minute and see
The solitude nightmare
That once made you run
Is off in the distance...
Can't hurt anyone
And maybe there's something
To learn in the calm of the sea

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