

The Icicle Works

"Chop The Tree"

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(McNabb)

When in the winter of our discontent,
We found a way,
To tie a bond between our hearts,
In the open field should there we lay,
Found a sharp stone, found a big tree,
found a clear space in the bark,
Laughing louder, chance a fine thing,
Moving slowly, off the mark...

Out of season, given reason,
Could we see inclement weather

Chorus: Will you want me, as I want you, as you are,
The autumn is the finest time,
The finest of them all,
Will you need me, as I need you, as I did,
As I always should've done,
Tell me when we're there

Not too long, and not too far,
My dreams and I were wondering,
If we harbour, if we labour,
Sweet the fruit that fortune brings...

Who will help us, through these cold years,
Could I glimpse a rising sun,

Repeat Chorus

Will you love me,
As I love you constantly
Wasted in the downpour
Whatever we believe,
Whatever we believe...

Take them under, take them over,
Crack the bullwhip,
Chop the tree...

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