

Lucksmiths, The "Tree"

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Every now and then everything comes up roses
But you know me and all I know is
Right from day one our days were numbered
But you kicked up a storm when I stole your thunder
We're twisted together, we're intertwined
You can peel us apart like orange rind
Patience is a virtue
I really didn't mean to hurt you
What do I have to say to convince you?
After all this time, after all we've been through
Good things come to those who wait
But it's getting late!
If you had no idea of what you wanted
How could I have known what you would need
And I miss you but the kiss that you planted
Has grown into a beautiful tree

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