

## Jack

## And Also The Trees

Jack went out one stormy day  
To see where his feet would go  
They took him from his sleeping town  
Across land both high and low  
They took him through the velvet streets  
Where men walked on their toes  
And down the slopes  
Where bottled hell  
And blind men lie in rows  
Jack walked through the treacle swamps  
And crossed the salt dry plains  
He passed the house where tall, thin dogs  
Pulled on their iron chains  
He heard the songs of seed germ girls  
Who warmed the frozen fields  
And as Jack walked  
He felt the corn  
Push up his tired heels  
He saw the heathens' heather hills  
He watched a boiling sea  
He met a man with wooden hands  
Carved from an old fruit tree  
The old man said he dreamt at night  
Of blossom roots and knives  
And that night when  
Jack went to sleep  
He dreamt of damson pies  
Jack walked out one stormy day  
To see where his feet would go  
They took him north, they took him east  
But never took him home