

# The Arborist

Big Wreck

This walk through life is harder than it used to be  
Scorching weeds to keep them from growing  
The acid soil, pulling up roots, relocate  
To a garden bed that's fertile and free

But watch what you're stepping on  
And who veils the light  
Well there's always a weasel or two and the  
Snake's out at night, but I'll

Turn towards the sun  
Feel so at ease, and I beg your pardon  
Roam, but never run  
Ditch old routines or the heart will harden

Once they stood battered and bruised with hell below  
With witches broom it's time to fell  
The autumn wind blows with a sign of what's to come  
Rake those leaves and draw the blinds

You've always been what you're becoming and I  
Can't bear to watch, so I'll

Turn towards the sun  
Feel so at ease, and I beg your pardon  
Roam, but never run  
Ditch old routines or the heart will harden

Babe, if we were strolling  
Through the memories  
You can't pollinate the good ones  
Or somehow pull the bad  
We set them up, and watch them fall away, fall away!

So I turn towards the sun  
Feel so at ease, and I beg your pardon  
Roam, but never run  
Ditch old routines or the heart will harden

Hey, without ever knowing you  
We were hand in hand  
Sewing seeds of future  
So many plans were made  
We set them up, now watch them fall away

Babe, if we were strolling  
Through the memories  
You can't pollinate the good ones  
Or somehow pull the bad  
We set them up, and watch them fall away, fall away!