

## Picking Up Sticks

Paul Weller

Come blackest crow, start the wheat field blow  
In a wind so high, it waves and glows  
'Til you can't see the wood for the trees  
I'm like anybody on their knees  
Trying to find a way to make it fit  
Picking up sticks

Let's swirl again, take us far away  
To the church bell's chime in a far distant field  
To a place where so lately so slow  
And a time I feel like letting it go  
Far away enough to catch our breath  
I know where and everyone there  
Looking to click, picking up sticks

Come crimson rays, paint us all the same  
You know the magic is why and it's here again  
Now you can't see the wood for the trees  
Now like anybody on their knees  
Far away enough to catch our breath  
I know where and everyone there  
Looking to click, picking up sticks