

# Woodcutter's Son

Paul Weller

Sugar town yea has turned so sour  
It's people angry in their sleep  
There's more small town, oh paranoia  
Sweepin' down its evil sheets

Give me the chance  
I'll cut you down with a glance  
With my small axe, so help me  
Though I'm only one and though weak I'm strong  
And if it comes to the crunch  
Then I'm the woodcutter's son

Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone, yea

You can tell yea, it's witching hour  
You can feel the spirits rise  
When the room, goes very quiet  
Oh and there's hatred in their eyes  
(Hatred)

Give me the chance  
I'll cut you down with a glance  
Yeh, with my small axe, so help me  
Though I'm only one an' though weak I'm strong  
And if it comes to the crunch  
Then I'm the woodcutter's son

Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone  
Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone, yea

There's a silence when I enter  
And a murmur, oh when I leave  
You can see their jealous faces  
Oh I can feel yea, the ice they breathe  
(Ice they breathe)

Give me the chance  
I'll cut you down with a glance  
Yeh, with my small axe, so help me  
Though I'm only one and though weak I'm strong  
And if it comes to the crunch  
Then I'm the woodcutter's son

Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone  
(So)  
Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone  
(Yea)  
Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone  
Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone  
Cutting down the wood for the good of everyone