

# Trees of Barcelona

Superchunk

The river of a festival crowd  
Emptied out  
Into the early morning  
Smiling and tired, profiling and wired  
Drunken and swarming

So happy, so happy to go with that flow  
Over ancient streets made modern  
They glow below  
Box elders, black locusts holding their own

With the five thousand palms  
With the sherry and the bombs  
What we carried we let fly out behind  
And the world slipped our mind  
Flying through Barcelona

Down in a cellar near the water  
We got late  
Playing covers for our Spanish sisters and brothers  
We ate and drank and ate and drank and ate

We had a monkey in the back seat  
Squawking and jumping  
We all went running  
We hit the clear, clear water with a splash  
Looked up through the lights  
We nearly crashed  
We all grabbed hands  
And you picked a spot to land

In the five thousand palms  
With the sherry and the bombs  
What we carried we let fly out behind  
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In the five thousand palms  
With the sherry and the bombs  
What we carried we let fly out behind  
And the world slipped our mind  
On a motorbike through Barcelona

In a taxi cab through Barcelona

Walking down the last street  
The last street in Barcelona  
Walking with you down the last street  
The last street in Barcelona