

# She Talks To The Trees

The Cinematics

Did you dig up that dead duck  
To see if the earth had got to if yet?  
You buried it deep  
But heaven cannot keep  
All of those toys you leave behind  
Did you get your fingers in a mess  
Get dirt on your pretty party dress?  
Well, I'm sure you'll still wear it with pride

She come here looking for me  
When she comes here, she talks to the trees  
She comes here looking for me  
When she comes here, she talks to the trees  
She thinks I think she cannot see me  
So she talks to the trees  
She comes here looking for me  
When she comes here, she talks to the trees

You're a cracked actor at nineteen  
You may never grace the silver screen  
So you curse the parts that you'll never play  
And swear in all the lines that you'll never say

Do the old ones understand you?  
And does this drive you wild?  
Did they throw away their party cards  
While you were still a child?  
And did they tell you all the stories  
Of all the things you wish you'd done?

She come here looking for me  
When she comes here, she talks to the trees  
She comes here looking for me  
When she comes here, she talks to the trees  
She thinks I think she cannot see me  
So she talks to the trees  
She comes here looking for me  
When she comes here, she talks to the trees