

# Tree House

## Buffalo Tom

Seasons change and I have found you  
Looks like you've been here a long time  
Looks like you're here to stay  
And I reason that that's okay When though, when will you be leaving?  
Way up in the trees, afloat on the seas  
I can't afford your voice but I have no choice Your hurt drizzles forth twice nightly  
And I once held on to you so tightly  
You were made of wood  
And cried 'cause no one understood  
But I had splinters in my fingers  
Tears well in my eyes, no surprise  
Washed swiftly from the sands  
Into my hands, into my hands Tree house, your mind is like a tree house  
I climb up the shaky ladder  
Your bird flies with you  
With claws of orange hue And I watch you flying over my head  
You could not care less, so you got more  
Like driftwood from the shore  
You were rotten to the core, rotten to the core  
Yeah, seasons change, seasons change  
Seasons change, seasons change  
Seasons change, seasons change  
Seasons change, seasons change, change, change  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>