

The Trees
Pulp

PULP - THE TREES

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INTRO - F#

[F#]I took an air-rifle, shot a magpie to the ground
[B]And it died without a [F#]sound
[F#]Your skin so pale against the fallen autumn leaves
[B]And no one saw us but the [F#]trees

[F#]Yeah the trees, those useless trees
Produce the [B]air that I am [F#]breathing
Yeah the [F#]trees, those useless trees
They never [B]said that you were [F#]leaving

[F#]I carved your name with a heart just up above
[B]No swollen, distorted, unrecog[F#]nisable; like our love
[F#]The smell of leaf mould and the sweetness of decay
[B]Are the incense at the funeral pro[F#]cession here, today

[F#]In the trees, those useless trees
Produce the [B]air that I am [F#]breathing
Yeah the [F#]trees, those useless trees
They never [B]said that you were [F#]leaving

[B]You try to shape the world to what you want the world to be
Carving your name a thousand won t bring you back to me
Oh [F#]no I might as well
I might as well just go tell it to the trees

G---4--10--11--8--6 (x2)

G--8--10--8--6--4

G--4s10--11

Oh yeah the [F#]trees, those useless trees
Produce the [B]air that I am [F#]breathing
Yeah the [F#]trees, those useless trees
They never [B]said that you were [F#]leaving

[F#]Go and tell it to the trees yeah
[F#]Go and tell it to the trees yeah
[F#]Go and tell it to the trees yeah

[F#]Go and tell it to the trees yeah
[F#]Go and tell it to the trees yeah