

# Handsome Family, Where The Birch Trees Lean

now that there are green sprouts pushing through dead leaves  
and fat yellow jackets float on the breeze  
the waves kiss the shore and the air is warm  
but birch trees are falling now that you're gone

once we walked the crumbling cliffs  
where the birch trees lean  
once I kissed your apple lips  
high above the sea

a year ago it was since the last clover grew  
under creaking birch trees I would wait for you  
we kissed in the salt air beneath the leaning trees  
white slender branches bent to the sea

once we walked the crumbling cliffs  
where the birch trees lean  
now who will kiss your apple lips under the salty sea