

Tree of Love

GANgajang

Every night when the sun goes down and cool air with calm surrounds

 The silent garden in which can be found the tree of love

Every night you can find me there with sweating palms and matted hair

And drops of blood dot the sand everywhere under the tree of love And you can hear them whispering under the
 tree of love

 And you can see them - under the tree of love can be found every saint and every sinner

As they paw the desert ground for the fruit that falls each night from the tree of love Some nights there are many
 there and murmurs fill the desert air

 Odd and evens trying to make a pair under the tree of love

 On and on as the darkness falls the wistful sound of the searchers calls

Are heard within and without the walls around the tree of love And you can hear them talking under the tree of
 love

 And you can see them - under the tree of love can be found every heel and every hero

As they scour the desert sands for the fruit that falls each night from the tree of love Last night, before the end, I
 found myself under the tree again

The branches break as the bones they bend under the tree of love And you can hear them shouting under the tree
 of love

 And you can see them - under the tree of love can be found every saint and every sinner

 As they search the desert ground for the fruit that falls each night from the tree of love

 They paw the desert ground for the fruit that falls each night from the tree of love

They scour the ground for the fruit that falls each night from the tree of love Under the tree of love you will find
 me waiting

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