# Roses

## David Olney

Lightning spoke to the wind, "The devil's in me today, my friend
Do you see that old oak tree down yonder?
Blow like hell and bring down thunder
When your raging's through, I'll cut that oak in two"The wind began to moan, the old oak tree began to groan
Thunder raged like hell's own daughter
The air was filled with fire and water
Laughing viciously, lightning struck that treeThe old oak tree began to shudder
But he held his ground like some old soldier
His ancient pride was burnt and shaken
But something deep inside did waken
He raised his limbs just like MosesAnd blossomed roses
He blossomed roses
He blossomed rosesThe sky is clear, the air is clean
The earth is brown, the forest green
The ancient oak he still is standing
With strength surpassing understanding
Like dreams a noble mind composes, he blossoms rosesHe blossoms roses, roses, roses, roses

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