

Family Tree

Nicole C. Mullen

Here's a little spoken word for you
It's coffee and the tree
He was a beautiful shade of chocolate
She was a beautiful shade of red
And under the watchful eyes of Heaven
Afro Indian girl, boy were wed
Little did they know so long ago
Flowers would come
From the seed they'd sown? Yeah
Little did they know
What would come to be?
A forest would grow
From the soil and the seed, now
These are the branches
In my family tree
Napoleon, Betsy, Isaac, Eloise
And under their branches
I can feel a breeze
Where the leaves from the trees
Make a canopy for me to
Live in the shade, yeah

The leaves from their trees
Made a canopy for me
To live in the shade
Live in the shade
Live in the shade
I wanna I, I wanna
I wanna thank you
'Cause you took the heat for me
You, you took the heat for me
You took the heat for me
You, you took the heat for me
Papa, you took the heat for me
Man, you, you, you, you took the heat for me
Grandpa, you took the heat for me
You took the heat for me
You, you took the heat for me
You took the heat for me

You, you took the heat for me
You took the heat for me
You, you, you, you, you took the heat for me

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