

# 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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