

Whispering Grass

Erskine Hawkins

You promised me, green grass, not to tell what you heard.
Whispering Grass, say! you can't keep your word, keep your word.

Why do you whisper, green grass?
Why tell the trees what ain't so ?
Whispering Grass, the trees don't have to know.
No, No, Why tell them all your secrets?
Who kissed there long ago?
Whispering grass, the trees don't need to know.
Don't you tell it to the breeze 'cause she will tell the birds and bees
And ev'ryone will know because you told the blabbering trees
Yes, you told them once before;
It's no secret any more.
Why tell them all the old things?
They're buried under the snow.
Whispering Grass, don't tell the trees
'Cause the trees don't need to know.

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It's no secret any more.
Why tell them all the old things?
They're buried under the snow.
Whispering Grass, don't tell the trees

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