

Boys in the Trees (2015 Remastered)

[Carly Simon](#)

(carly simon)I'm home again in my old narrow bed
Where I grew tall and my feet hung over the end
The low beam room with the window looking out
On the soft summer garden
Where the boys grew in the treesHere I grew guilty
And no one was at fault
Frightened by the power in every innocent thought
And the silent understanding passing down
>from daughter to daughter
Let the boys grow in the treesDo you go to them or do you let them come to you
Do you stand in back afraid that you'll intrude
Deny yourself and hope someone will see
And live like a flower
While the boys grew in the trees

Songwriters

CARLY SIMONPublished by

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