

The Sycamore Tree

Paul Brandt

In the sticks down an old dirt road near a small Kentucky town

When his daddy would come home

Out past the old red barn in sycamore tree

Is where little Zach would go

And high above the guilt and pain

The only place that he was safeWas high above in the strong arms of the sycamore tree

You could hear a small voice in the wind

Sayin', "Please don't let him do that to me"

Prayin' to be born again

In the sycamore treeTime went on as it always does, and his daddy's time had come

How he felt was hard to say

He often wondered how he'd ever make it through

But as they buried him that day

He realized it's not my fault

And as the leaves began to fallFrom high above in the strong arms of the sycamore tree

You could hear forgiveness in the wind

Singin' out, "Find the truth and the truth will set you free"

Broken chains and a heart on the mend

'Neath the sycamore tree, ohAnd like an answer to his praying

As he watched his child playingHigh above in the strong arms of the sycamore tree

You could hear a small voice in the wind

Sayin', "Please Daddy won't you come and play with me"

In the sycamore tree

The sycamore treeForgiveness will set you free

Forgiveness, forgiveness

Forgiveness will set you free

Forgiveness, forgiveness

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