# Geese

## Joshua James

All the leaves turn green in the summer
All the roses bloom in May
All the geese fly home for the winter
High above our earth now pavedAll the stars gleam for the night time
And the moon reflects its adjacent sun
It's so hard to find real answers
When no real side has wonWell, the grass covers up my body
And the river taught me to hear
Well, trees have served as my refuge
And the dark it taught me to fearAll the men that live to burn
All the arms that love to hurt
All the hearts that have turned their worst
Were so coldAll the leaves soon lose their color
And the roses begin to fade
Crying loud I hear our mother
For just a few of those geese that were savedWell, the grass covers up my body
And the river taught me to hear
Well, trees have served as my refuge
And the dark it taught me to fearAll the men that live to burn
All the arms that love to hurt
All the hearts that have turned their worst
Were so cold

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