

Tree

Erin Hay

Ever see the tree, ever feel yourself
 Wrapped around the wind
 Let go of your desire
 Desire will suffer in the send
suffer the will, will of the child
the child will born on our death
Child will be born on our death
 Oh let the child be born
 and be brought to the sun
As desire will come and suffer the will, will
 will of the child (repeat 2 Times)
 Everything is so beautiful
 Everything is so simple now
Colors weave into symbols of life
symbols of life they weave into the wind
 Oh weary child rest your head
Very soon the colors come alive

 And the child will be born
 born on our death
child will be born on our death
 Oh let the child be born
 and be brought to the sun
 As the symbols of life
weave into the wind (Repeat 1 time)
Because everything is simple now
 Nothing has ever changed
The colors all weave with life
 Let the weary child be born
Because everything is simple now
 Nothing has ever changed
The colors all weave with life
 as we move into the wind

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