I Must Be A Tree

Gene Parsons

You are nothing but a piece of driftwood
But I can feel the pain and misery
And in this rut I'm stuck with roots a-pining
But I'm not a man so I must be a tree
I can't be real, yes I must be a tree
I bloom my spring then comes the fall that withers me
And through this cold I'm dormant 'til you call on me
That's why I know that I must be a tree
Every month you mate our need gets bigger
My heart has hardened like a knot of wood
And things won't be so shady for you anymore
Someday this tree will branch out towards the other wood
I can't be real, no I must be a tree
I bloom my spring then comes the fall that withers me
And through this cold I'm dormant 'til you call on me
That's why I know that I must be a tree
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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