

# The Dancing Tree

**Tom T. Hall**

(Tom T. Hall) There's a little ole tree that grows out in my yard  
He's not very wide or too tall or too large  
He stands there so still 'til the wind comes to call  
When the wind blows the little tree starts having a ball. He swings and he sways and he shakes all his limbs  
The little ole tree loves to dance with the wind  
He rustles and bustles when the wind comes to call  
He dances so hard I'm afraid he will fall. He dances all summer and when snow comes down  
He dances and throws all his leaves on the ground  
He makes me so mad I say hey if you please  
Would you stop that dancin' each time there's a breeze. He swings and he sways and he shakes all his limbs  
The little ole tree loves to dance with the wind  
He rustles and bustles when the wind comes to call  
He dances so hard I'm afraid he will fall. Now I cannot dance very well you'll agree  
But sometimes I wish I could dance like a tree  
I'd swing and I'd sway and I'd shake all my limbs  
And I'd never fall down cause I'd be just like him. He swings and he sways and he shakes all his limbs  
The little ole tree loves to dance with the wind  
He rustles and bustles when the wind comes to call  
I'm afraid he will fall but he never does...

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