

# The Man He Was

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In a village in the woods, they plant a tree for every newborn  
babe

So they sowed the seed for a child named John and they watched  
it day by day

The tree, it grew in a very strange way, as twisted as a knot  
And the child, he grew in the very same way and never would his  
parents have thought

The lad was bright and he learned to read as well as he could t  
alk

But his limbs were as twisted as the tree and never would he wa  
lk

People would come to stop and stare and you could hear them say  
"It doesn't seem to me to be quite fair," and then be on their  
way

Sing a song of joy, lift your hearts in song  
For a newborn boy, for a life that's long  
For a life that's long

Now he loved the tree even though it was as twisted as himself  
For somewhere deep inside his soul, he thought of nothing else  
And the boy he grew, did the best he can, but his limbs remaine  
d the same

Well, whoever listens who will understand someone who is lame

Some came to cry, some came to laugh the day he passed away  
He's really not dead, he's just taking a nap, I heard somebody  
say

I can't explain, but the tree had died, it withered without lov  
e

But a stump remains to remind you of the man that he was

Sing a song of death, sing a song of peace  
Sing a song of rest and a song of relief  
Till the end of time  
Till the end of time  
Till the end of time