

# Sycamore Tree

Holly Macve

I was just a child  
Thinking childish thoughts  
Laying in the streets  
That watched me grow  
Summer left and dark skies came  
The nights were cold and the winds had changed  
You wrapped me up in my warmest winter clothes

I was young and blind  
To the wars that we were in  
My mother held a shield across my chest  
Time came along and told me  
Nothing will be so easy again  
And taught me how bittersweet the world can be

Oh, one day when I'm old  
With the past behind me  
Will you take me back to the days  
When I was young and free?  
Oh, one day when I'm old  
With the past behind me  
I wanna lay down in the shade  
Of the same old sycamore tree

Once I met a man  
Standing by the river bank  
His eyes were blue and his hair was jet black  
Falling in love  
Was a mystery that I had been known to doubt  
A puzzle that no one could ever figure out

Oh, he looked at me in a way  
A way that I couldn't ignore  
He touched me in a way no one ever had before  
I was always afraid  
Afraid to face the truth  
That every day, I'd move on  
Further and further from my youth

But that's just the way it is  
Like a bud turning into a rose  
We watched it bloom and wilt  
It's just the way it goes  
But that's just the way it is  
Like a bud turning into a rose  
We watched it bloom and wilt  
It's just the way life goes

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