

Trees

Louis Armstrong

I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast

O, a tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray
A tree that may in summer wear

Yeah, a nest of robins in her hair

Upon whose bosom snow has lain
Who intimately lives with rain [Incomprehensible]
Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree