

The Idea of a Tree

Michael Franks

I walk out in the woods
And I try not to step loudly
I lie on my back and stare at a little cloud
That sails gracefully
Like a white fleur-de-lis
By beauty I'm surrounded
Too beautiful to say
Then in full throat the thrush
Just blows me away
With his song so pristine
Much like Leonard Bernstein

Ash, white pine, and hemlock make my canopy
Perfect space just in case there are raindrops
Shade to cool the sun when it shines equatorially
An invention I can't fail to mention

The idea of a tree
Seems miraculous to me
The idea of a tree
Seems miraculous to me

I heard about a banyan
In India somewhere that's so huge
One whole village collects itself there
Completely under its arms
To be safe from all harm
He must be some Creator
Or maybe He's a She but who cares?
His creation is something to see
Perfect in every detail
Perfect in every detail

Elm, oak, and magnolia make my canopy
Perfect space just in case there are raindrops
Shade to cool the sun when it shines equatorially
An invention I can't fail to mention

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