

The White Birch & the Sycamore

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One day when I was feeling very low
My love had gone and oh I loved him so
The sky was dim, the grass was gray
And then I heard the white birch say

Yes the white birch said to the sycamore
Did you see him walking out the door?
If he'd been a bit, it would help a lot
Cause the trees all know what the man forgot

My love, will you go walking through the trees
And hear them talking with the gentle breeze
I turn to go and heard again
A conversation with a ram

Yes the buled mouse said to the little ram
Do you think he's coming home again?
If he'd been a bit, it would help a lot
Cause the trees all know what the man forgot

I stayed a while and watched the daylight go
The sun had set and left a lovely glow
The little sounds of earth and sky
Still give me hope that he'll pass by

And the crickets chirped till the shades grew long
And the little bird sang an evening song
Then the white birch said to the sycamore
There's the key that fits to his own front door