

I Talk to the Trees

Robert Goulet

I talk to the trees
But they don't listen to me
I talk to the stars
But they never hear me
The breeze hasn't time
To stop and hear what I say
I talk to them all in vain

But suddenly my words
Reach someone else's ears
Touch someone else's heartstrings, too
I tell you my dreams
And while you're listening to me
I suddenly see them come true
I can see us on an April night
Sipping brandy underneath the stars

Reading poems in the candlelight
To the strumming of guitars

I will tell you all the books I've read
And the way I met the King of France
Then I'll send the servants off to bed
And I'll ask you for a dance

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