

The Olive Tree

Sam Tsui

An olive tree is growing in a valley
It reaches toward the sky without a word
Its boughs are thin, but strong enough to carry
A tiny little bird

The bird begins exploring its surroundings
The open air, the thrill of flying free
It soars up to the summit of a mountain
To see what it can see
Before returning to
The olive tree
The olive tree

The mountain's frozen solid in the winter
Its evergreens all dressed up white with snow
The sun comes out, the ice begins to splinter
And a river starts to flow

The river winds its way down to the valley
There it breaks into a dozen streams
A little girl discovers one and follows
Where the water leads
It takes her right back to
The olive tree
The olive tree
The olive tree (the olive tree, the olive tree, da da da)
The olive tree (the olive tree, the olive tree, da da da)
The olive tree (the olive tree, the olive tree, da da da)
The olive tree (the olive tree, the olive tree, da da da)

The little girl is climbing in the branches
She takes the silver leaves and makes a crown
Safe beneath the canopy she dances
Spinning 'round and 'round

One day she might want to climb that mountain
See all the things that tiny bird has seen
No matter where the winding river takes her
I will always be (I will always be)
Waiting here beneath
The olive tree
The olive tree
The olive tree (the olive tree, the olive tree)
The olive tree (the olive tree, the olive tree)

An olive tree is growing in a valley