

Lemon Tree

The Seekers

When I was but a little boy, my father said to me,
"Come here and learn a lesson from the lovely lemon tree."
"My son, it's most important," my father said to me,
"To put your trust in what you feel and not in what you see."

Lemon tree, very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat.
Lemon tree, very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat.

Beneath that lemon tree one day, my love and I did lie,
A girl so sweet that when she smiled, the sun rose in the sky.
We spent that summer lost in love, beneath that lemon tree,
The magic of her laughter hid my father's words from me.

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One day she left without a word, she took away the sun.
And in the dark she left behind, I knew what she had done.
She done left me for another man, it's a common tale but true,
As sadder man, but wiser now, I sing these words to you.

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