

The Dancing Tree

Tom T. Hall

(Tom T. Hall)

There's a little ole tree that grows out in my yard
He's not very wide or too tall or too large
He stands there so still 'til the wind comes to call
When the wind blows the little tree starts having a ball.

He swings and he sways and he shakes all his limbs
The little ole tree loves to dance with the wind
He rustles and bustles when the wind comes to call
He dances so hard I'm afraid he will fall.

He dances all summer and when snow comes down
He dances and throws all his leaves on the ground
He makes me so mad I say hey if you please
Would you stop that dancin' each time there's a breeze.

He swings and he sways and he shakes all his limbs
The little ole tree loves to dance with the wind
He rustles and bustles when the wind comes to call
He dances so hard I'm afraid he will fall.

Now I cannot dance very well you'll agree
But sometimes I wish I could dance like a tree
I'd swing and I'd sway and I'd shake all my limbs
And I'd never fall down cause I'd be just like him.

He swings and he sways and he shakes all his limbs
The little ole tree loves to dance with the wind
He rustles and bustles when the wind comes to call
I'm afraid he will fall but he never does...