

The Crying of Trees

Fran Block, Dave Slater & Kids

Based on two 5th graders poems by Monica & Brian

Each day I wake up to the crying of trees
As they slowly fall to the ground.
And the soulful songs of my rainforest friends
Hear the echoes of the sound.

I snap to attention, becoming aware
As reds and blues and greens,
All turn to gray as the ash falls down
Will you ever know what it means?

As the raging sunrise
It fights through the smoke
That fills the morning breeze

(chorus)

Well I know not what tomorrow my bring
As I soar across the sky
Will my rainbow colors reflect off the water
Of that Amazon River tide.

Where's the mind of man as he wounds the earth
Won't he learn to let it be?
Or must greed forever make him deaf to the message
In the crying of the trees.

There's a ghostly shadow that I've never seen
As I fly on through the haze
And the soft lush land where I used to eat
Now lies barren where cattle graze.

All my oldest friends are leaving our home
I'll never forget the sound
Of their farewell song that lingers still
Above this bulldozed and blackened ground.

(repeat chorus)

Well I know not what tomorrow my bring
As I soar across the sky
Will my rainbow colors reflect off the water
Of that Amazon River tide.