

502-1000  
That big old tree

What is it about trees and trains  
Apple pies and window panes  
The on our imaginations pull  
That somehow make our hearts feel full

Is it in our dna  
Or stories youthful we heard say  
Or do we search for meaning thus  
And struggle finding it with a bus

The weeping willow near the fence  
t'was where my childhood commence  
A fortress under bending limb  
Sunlight dappled and now dim

Homebase during kick the can  
Respite when away i ran  
That's my only memory  
Of A childhood and that big old tree

What is it about about trees and trains  
That melancholy disdains  
And is it arbitrary  
That my life's defined by a tree