

SITTING IN A TREE

**I'm sitting in this tree,
listening to the birds,
and there's no place I'd rather be,
to scribe my mind's words.**

I'm found emotions are ok,
I'm only human,
And for that I'll say,
that hurting's not a new one.

'Cause now I see I'm not alone,
Despite my standing,
And even though friends have flown,
I know my plane's still landing.

(Chorus)

I'm feeling like a pilgrim,
On a quest,
A vagabond, just travelling,
from times that bereft.

'Cause my transgressions of obsession,
are no longer my possession,
And I've been through lamentation,
and countless councillor sessions.

(Chorus)

Like leaves turn brown,
And branches, green,
There'll come a time when,
all will be, finally clean.

Yeah, I'm sitting in this tree,
My mind full of madness,
And I still can't really see,
but I'm feeling the gladness.

'Cause while I'm sitting in this tree,
I commit all that I am,
Rule over all I'll be,
'cause the lion and the lamb.

