

The Flock

"I Am The Tall Tree"

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I'm the tall tree

I'm the tall tree

What's what is that there is

The way they think it is...

I am the tall tree

A sight of my surrounding grave

Wishing for old Hornschmeyer's wave

I am the tall tree

The after image of mental scrimmage

Splashing oceans with your hand

The wedding was nice and gray

Thinking of pay and you're the prey

Brown sugar lips thru the naked eye

Blimp floating high on a aqua sky

Ride the slide narrow to wide

As deep as creation's infinity

The rushes are comming,

The rushes are comming

I am the tall tree

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