

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal "Cherry Tree"

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[Robert Buck/Natalie Merchant]

Over your shoulder, please don't mind me
If my eyes have fallen onto your magazine
OH I've been watching and wondering
Why your face is changing with every line you read.

All those lines and circles, to me, a mystery.
Eve pull down the apple and give taste to me.
If she could it would be wonderful, but my pride is in
the way.
I cannot read to save my life, I'm so ashamed to say.

I live in silence, afraid to speak
Of my life in darkness because I cannot read.

For all those lines and circles, to me, a mystery.
Eve pull down the apple and give taste to me.
If she could it would be wonderful.
Then I wouldn't need someone else's eyes to see
what's in front of me.
No one guiding me.

It makes me humble to be so green
At what every kid can do when he learns A to Z,

But all those lines and circles just frighten me
And I fear that I'll be trampled if you don't reach for
me.
Before I run I'll have to take a fall.
And then pick myself up, so slowly I'll devour every one
of those books in the Tower of Knowledge.

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