

Los Lobos "The Giving Tree"

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A warm wind is blowing through the valleys and the
mountain tops

Down the road to a place we know so well

The children are running with ribbons in their baby
hands

While we all gather 'round the Giving Tree

Let's go sing songs, the blue ones

Let's go sing about the Lord above

And thank the old sun for all we have

The sad times, the glad times

The babies swinging in our arms

Just don't seem like much like rain 'round the Giving
Tree

Like the shedherds once followed a star bright up in
the sky

We've come to say, come be with us know

Come give us a good one

Come give us a happy time

While we all here dance 'round the Giving Tree

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