Paul Brandt
"The Sycamore Tree"

In the sticks down an old dirt road near a small
Kentucky town
When his daddy would come home
Out past the old red barn in sycamore tree
Is where little Zach would go
And high above the guilt and pain
The only place that he was safe

Was high above in the strong arms of the sycamore
tree
You could hear a small voice in the wind
Sayin', "Please don't let him do that to me"
Prayin' to be born again
In the sycamore tree

Time went on as it always does, and his daddy's time
had come
How he felt was hard to say
He often wondered how he'd ever make it through
But as they buried him that day
He realized it's not my fault
And as the leaves began to fall

From high above in the strong arms of the sycamore
tree
You could hear forgiveness in the wind
Singin' out, "Find the truth and the truth will set you
free"
Broken chains and a heart on the mend
'Neath the sycamore tree, oh

And like an answer to his praying
As he watched his child playing

High above in the strong arms of the sycamore tree
You could hear a small voice in the wind
Sayin', "Please Daddy won't you come and play with
me"
In the sycamore tree
The sycamore tree

Forgiveness will set you free

Forgiveness, forgiveness
Forgiveness will set you free
Forgiveness, forgiveness

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