

Tree by Paul Kantner

"The Baby Tree"

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Words/Music: Rosalie Sorrells

There's an island way out in the sea
Where the babies they all grow on trees
And its jolly good fun
To swing in the sun
But you gotta watch out if you sneeze-sneeze
You gotta watch out if you sneeze

Yeah you gotta watch out if you sneeze
For swingin' up there in the breeze
You're liable to cough
You might very well fall off
And tumble down flop on your knees-knees
Tumble down flop on your knees

And when the stormy winds wail
And the breezes blow high in a gale
There's a curious dropping and flopping and plopping
And fat little babies just hail-hail
Fat little babies just hail

And the babies lie there in a pile
And the grownups they come after awhile
And they always pass by
All the babies that cry
And take only babies that smile-smile
They take only babies that smile...
Even triplets and twins if they'll smile

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