The Sycamore Tree

Paul Brandt

(Paul Brandt/Steve Rosen)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 safeWas 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 fallFrom 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, ohAnd like an answer to his praying
As he watched his child playingHigh 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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