



Project Learning Tree presents:  
Billy B Sings About Trees



Lyrics

All songs written by Bill Brennan except "These Trees",  
written by Bill Brennan and Paul Seydewitz.

1) WHAT IS A TREE?

What is a tree? Does anyone know  
Just what they are and just how they grow?  
What do they need? And what do they do?  
And what are they used for? And by whom?

Whoa, oh, oh, I tried to find out.  
I went down to the forest  
And I took a look about.  
I saw that trees are alive. Oh, they sprout, and they live and they die.  
Trees are big plants that bend when the wind makes them dance.

What is a tree? Does anyone know  
Just what they are and just how they grow?  
What do they need? And what do they do?  
And what are they used for? And by whom?

Whoa, oh, oh, I tried to find out.  
I went down to the library and I took a book out.  
I read that trees start as seeds. They grow in the soil  
If they get what they need.  
Yes, with minerals water and sun  
Trees grow year after year before they're done

What is a tree? Does anyone know?  
Just what they are and just how they grow?  
What do they need? And what do they do?  
And what are they used for? And by whom?

Whoa, oh, oh, I tried to find out.  
I went down to the building site and heard the carpenter shout,  
"I use trees that have been cut down,  
But the lumber I use can't be round;  
So the sawmill makes the edges square;  
So I can build houses or schools anywhere."

What is a tree? Does anyone know?  
Just what they are and just how they grow?  
What do they need? And what do they do?  
And what are they used for? And by whom?

Whoa, oh, oh, yes, I tried to find out.  
Went to the forest, heard the birdies sing out.  
“I use trees for my home,  
From one to another I roam.  
And in the trees I build my nest,  
Because that’s where my babies are protected the best.”

What is a tree? Does anyone know?  
Just what they are and just how they grow?  
What do they need? And what do they do?  
And what are they used for? And by whom?

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan - guitar and vocals  
Steve Murphy - percussion, bass, keyboards, vocals  
© Billy B Brennan 1978

## 2) THESE TREES

Every day people say, “What difference can I make,  
What deeds can I do, what actions can I take?”  
Well now is the time for you and me  
To find a spot, dig a hole, and plant a young tree.

These trees releasing sweet oxygen,  
These trees the monkeys and the birds are living in.  
These trees limbs stretching up towards the sky  
Whoa, these trees absorbing carbon dioxide.

Big trees, green leaves, deep roots in the ground,  
The branches grow up, as the bark grows around.  
And the flowers turn into fruit  
Which falls to the ground.  
The seeds sprout and take root.  
Tree grows, sap flows, young tree grows big and old  
Tree grows, sap flows, young tree grows big and old

Every day people say, “What difference can I make,  
What deeds can I do, what action can I take?”

Well now is the time for you and me  
To find a spot, dig a hole, and plant a young tree.

These trees releasing sweet oxygen,  
These trees the monkeys and the birds are living in.  
These trees oh their limbs stretching up towards the sky  
These trees absorbing carbon dioxide.  
So plant the tree that you prefer  
The deciduous or the conifer.

Dig a hole deep, keep the roots straight,  
Put that tree in the ground, water it and wait.  
Water and wait, water and wait,  
Water and wait, water and wait.  
And as that tree grows, give it care  
So it will thrive and grow when you're not there  
Yes, as that tree grows tall and strong  
You can watch it grow all your life long.  
Yes, as that tree grows tall and strong  
You can watch it grow all your life long.

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan - vocals

Paul Seydewitz - guitar, bass, percussion

Namu Luanga - vocals

Steve Murphy - percussion

© Billy B Brennan and Paul Seydewitz 1999

### 3) OUTSIDE

Well I get myself dressed, get my shoes on  
'Cause I'm gonna go where I belong  
I'm gonna go to the door and open it wide  
Let my family know I'm heading outside  
Outside with all the living things  
Outside to hear the birdies sing  
Outside for discovery.  
Outside for my own curiosity

Jump down, look around  
There's bees feeding on the flowers  
New finds all the time  
Stay outside for hours and hours  
Well, I hit the trail  
The sun does shine

The sky is blue and I'm feeling fine  
My legs are moving  
I've caught my stride  
The air is clean and I'm outside

Outside with all the living things  
Outside to hear the birdies sing  
Outside for discovery  
Outside for my own curiosity  
Outside with all the living things  
Outside to hear the birdies sing  
Outside for discovery  
Outside for my own curiosity

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan – vocals and guitar

Paul Seydewitz - bass

Hal Trapkin - percussion

Kid chorus - see [www.billybproductions.com](http://www.billybproductions.com) for the many kids involved

© Billy B Brennan 1994

#### 4) SUGAR BUSHING

When spring breaks, winter's back in two  
With days in the 40s and nights below 32  
If the sun shines, the sap will run  
The time is right if you want to get some.  
So get off your cushion  
Let's go sugar bushing  
'Cause something's pushing the sap  
Up the tree, well it's a mystery  
Don't worry about it,  
Just grab your pail and tap.  
And if you're able  
To find a sugar maple  
Put the real stuff on your table  
If you boil it down, the sap I mean  
And keep it clean  
Unless you don't mind your syrup's dark brown  
Everybody loves syrup  
That comes from the maple tree  
Through the tap flows the sap so sweet and naturally

When spring breaks, winter's back in two  
With days in the 40s and nights below 32

If the sun shines, the sap will run  
The time is right if you want to get some.  
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Everybody loves syrup  
That comes from the maple tree  
Through the tap flows the sap so sweet and naturally

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan – vocals and guitar

Jason Kelly- drums

Josh Ormond - bass

Helen Hausman - violin

Live audience at Fairfax County Earth Day Celebration – kids chorus

© Billy B Brennan 2009

#### 5) WAKE UP!

Wake up! Wake up!  
Wake up! Wake up! The days are longer.  
Wake up! Wake up! The days are longer.  
Wake up! It's Spring! Wake up! It's Spring!  
Feel the warmth we blow,  
Deep, deep inside,  
So your sap can flow!  
'Cause when your sap starts flowin',  
You'll again start growin'.  
Look, see what I mean?  
Now your buds are showin',  
And it's all because  
We warm winds are blowin'.  
So Wake Up! Wake Up!  
The days are longer.

Wake up! Wake up!

Wake up! Wake up! The days are longer.  
Wake up! Wake up! The days are longer.  
Wake up! It's Spring! Wake up! It's Spring!  
Feel the warmth we blow,  
Deep, deep inside,  
So your sap can flow!  
'Cause when your sap starts flowin',  
You'll again start growin'.  
Look, see what I mean?  
Now your buds are showin',  
And it's all because  
We warm winds are blowin'.  
So Wake Up! Wake Up!  
The days are longer.

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan – vocals and guitar

Jeffery Hill - bass

David Kenney- guitar

John Seydewitz - percussion

© Billy B Brennan 1978

#### 6) OPEN FLOWER

Have you ever smelled a flower,  
With nectar like perfume?  
There's no honey in the flowers,  
And every flower blooms.

Flowers might need the wind.  
Flowers might need the bees,  
To carry the pollen to the flower,  
So that flower can make seeds.  
Pollen growing to the ovary,  
Yes, that flower will make seeds,  
If pollen grows to the ovary.

Most green plants have flowers,  
Flowers to make seeds.  
Some flowers are beautiful,  
And some are hard to see.

Flowers might need the wind.  
Flowers might need the bees,  
To carry the pollen to the flower,

So that flower can make seeds.  
Pollen growing to the ovary,  
Yes, that flower will make seeds,  
If pollen goes to the ovary.

Have you ever smelled a flower,  
With nectar like perfume?  
There's no honey in the flowers,  
And every flower blooms.

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan – vocals and guitar

Alan Tower Whittemore - guitar

John Seydewitz - percussion

Damon Green, Emily McGinnis, James and Shannon Brennan, Lisa DiLuigi – kid chorus

© Billy B Brennan 1984

#### 7) YIPPEE, HOORAY!

Wet ground! Warm sun!  
My life as a tree has just begun.  
I'm so sure, I have no doubts,  
Because my shell has cracked, and I have a sprout!  
It's growing up, and growing out,  
It's growing up, and growing out!  
Yippee, hooray, I have a sprout!  
Yippee, hooray, I am a sprout!  
Yippee, hooray, I have a sprout!  
Yippee, hooray, I am a sprout!

Wet ground! Warm sun!  
My life as a tree has just begun.  
I'm so sure, I have no doubts,  
Because my shell has cracked, and I have a sprout!  
It's growing up, and growing out,  
It's growing up, and growing out!  
Yippee, hooray, I have a sprout!  
Yippee, hooray, I am a sprout!  
Yippee, hooray, I have a sprout!  
Yippee, hooray, I am a sprout!

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan – vocals and guitar

John Seydewitz - percussion

David Kenny - 12 string guitar

Susan Mackay, Pamela Albinson, Brendan Collins – kid chorus  
© Billy B Brennan 1978

### 8) MY ROOTS RUN DEEP

My roots run deep,  
So deep into the ground.  
They grow towards water,  
Soak it up when it's found.  
My roots run deep,  
Yeah, so deep into the ground.  
Yeah now they give me water,  
Keep me from falling down.

Oh, my roots have hairs,  
It's them that keep me fed  
With minerals and the water,  
Without them I'd be dead.

Oh, my roots run deep,  
Yeah, deep into the ground,  
Where minerals and water  
Can be absorbed  
When they're found.  
My roots run deep  
Yeah, so deep into the ground.  
Well now, they give me water,  
Keep me from falling,  
Down in the ground  
They're growing down in the ground

My roots have hairs,  
It's them that keep me fed,  
With minerals and the water  
Without them I'd be dead.

Unless, mycorrhizae, the fungus root,  
Mycorrhizae grows on my root shoots  
And helps my roots as they run deep,  
Yes, deep into the ground,  
Where the minerals and water  
Can be absorbed  
When they're found.  
My roots run deep,  
Whoa, so deep into the ground.

Well now, they give me water,  
Keep me from falling  
Down in the ground,  
They're growing down in the ground

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan – vocals and guitar  
Steve Murphy – harmonies and keyboards  
Jason Kelly- drums  
Josh Ormond - bass  
Monique Griffith - vocals  
© Billy B Brennan 1978, 2008

### 9) THE ROCK AND ROLL OF PHOTOSYNTHESIS

Well, now the sun comes streaming out of the sky,  
Making everything grow and keeping us alive.  
And our main connection to the sun are the green leaves.  
Only they can make food  
With sunshine energy.

Now what keeps the leaves green and the sunlight stashed  
Are those chlorophyll containers called chloroplasts.  
There are millions of them in every leaf.  
Yeah now they all get excited when the leaf gets lighted  
And become the leaf's food factories  
(Become the leaf's food factories).

That's called photosynthesis, yes, photosynthesis;  
It's a process that lets life exist - that photosynthesis.  
You know it's true, we'd all be through  
Without the rock and roll of photosynthesis.

Well now, the minerals and water coming up from the ground,  
Which is where the rain falls and the roots are found.  
They travel just beneath the bark up into the leaves.  
Well leaves use what they need to make food for the plant,  
And the rest is vaporized as it's released.  
Oh yeah, the vapor slips out, carbon dioxide slips in,  
Just as the leaf releases water's oxygen,  
It makes it free for you and me,  
It's the living example of harmony,  
So next time you think everything's all wrong,  
Go breathe among the leaves, you're gonna know you belong  
(Go breathe among the leaves, you're gonna know you belong).

It's called, photosynthesis, yes, photosynthesis;  
It's a process that let's life exist - that photosynthesis.  
You know it's true, we'd all be through  
Without the rock and roll of photosynthesis.

Now when the leaves get sunshine and water too;  
And carbon dioxide from me and you;  
They make that mighty sugar  
People call glucose.  
It becomes other sugars in the bark  
Stored as starch,  
Food flowing where and when the plant needs it most.

It's called, photosynthesis, yes, photosynthesis;  
It's a process that let's life exist - that photosynthesis.  
You know it's true, we'd all be through  
Without the rock and roll of photosynthesis.

It's called, photosynthesis, yes, photosynthesis;  
It's a process that let's life exist - that photosynthesis.  
You know it's true, we'd all be through  
Without the rock and roll of photosynthesis.

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan – vocals and guitar

Jason Kelly- drums

Josh Ormond - bass

John Penovich - lead guitar

© Billy B Brennan 1982, 2009

#### 10) SONG OF THE YOUNG TREE

In the forest, a young tree grows,  
So small and so alive.  
It sings a song, if you want to know  
Just how hard it tries.  
Now listen! It's singing in the wind  
And the song is making the big trees grin.  
“Hey, you big guys, let me have some sun,  
Yeah, the sun is for everyone.  
What's the matter? You act like you can't hear!  
Oh, forget it, I'll grow over here, grow over here.  
It's sunshine energy!  
Going to grow over here,

It's sunshine energy, sunshine energy!"

In the forest, a young tree grows,  
So small and so alive.  
It sings a song, if you want to know  
Just how hard it tries.  
Now listen! It's singing in the wind  
And the song is making the big trees grin.  
"Hey, you big guys, let me have some sun,  
Yeah, the sun is for everyone.  
What's the matter? You act like you can't hear!  
Oh, forget it, I'll grow over here, grow over here.  
It's sunshine energy!  
Gonna grow over here,  
It's sunshine energy, sunshine energy!"

Credits

Billy B Brennan - vocals, guitar, percussion

Jeffery Hill - bass

David Kenny- 12 string guitar

John Seydewitz - percussion

© Billy B Brennan 1978

## 11) THIS BARK ON ME

This bark on me is my skin.  
It keeps diseases out and tree juices in,  
And protects me from bugs, dust, and wind.  
Even though sometimes the bugs get in,  
So the woodpeckers come,  
And they make their mark,  
Saying, "Knock, knock, knock!  
We're hungry and there's  
Bugs in your bark."  
"Knock, knock, knock!  
We're hungry and there's  
Bugs in your bark."

But, if the bark breaks,  
Disease may set in, killing me,  
Just because of broken skin,  
Just because of broken skin,  
Just because.

This bark on me is my skin.

It keeps diseases out and tree juices in,  
And protects me from bugs, dust, and wind.  
Even though sometimes the bugs get in,  
So the woodpeckers come,  
And they make their mark,  
Saying, "Knock, knock, knock!  
We're hungry and there's  
Bugs in your bark."  
"Knock, knock, knock!  
We're hungry and there's  
Bugs in your bark."

Now leaves make food  
That travels through the bark  
Down to the roots  
The food goes (phloem)  
While minerals and water  
Rise through sap wood  
Up to the leaves  
They flow (xylem)  
And in between the bark  
And the sap wood  
Each spring  
A new tree ring grows (cambium)  
So if the bark is broken  
In a ring around the tree  
The food stops, the tree dies.

This bark on me is my skin.  
It keeps diseases out and tree juices in,  
And protects me from bugs, dust, and wind.  
Even though sometimes the bugs get in,  
So the woodpeckers come,  
And they make their mark,  
Saying, "Knock, knock, knock!  
We're hungry and there's  
Bugs in your bark."  
"Knock, knock, knock!  
We're hungry and there's  
Bugs in your bark."

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan – vocals and guitar  
Jeffery Hill – bass and vocals  
John Seydewitz - percussion  
Steve Murphy - keyboards, harmonies, percussion

Susan Mackay, Pamela Albinson, Brendan Collins – kid chorus  
© Billy B Brennan 1978, 2009

## 12) MAKING SEEDS

Spring brings flowers out of my branches and my limbs.  
They open slowly, and dangle pollen in the wind,  
To make seeds for growing trees,  
Making seeds for growing trees.

Now my open flowers bend and sway with each windy gust,  
And pollen falls free, so tiny and green just wind-borne dust,  
To make seeds for growing trees,  
Making seeds for growing trees.

My pollen is carried to all the flowers touched by the wind,  
My pollen grows in the flower that's ready to begin  
To make seeds for growing trees,  
Making seeds for growing trees.

### Credits

Billy B Brennan - vocals, guitar

Steve Murphy - keyboards, harmonies, percussion

Kid chorus - see [www.billybproductions.com](http://www.billybproductions.com) for the many kids involved

© Billy B Brennan 1978, 1994

## 13) MAKING THAT SUGAR

We are the winds of Summertime  
Swirlin' around you.  
The sun is shinin'  
Stronger than ever.  
And your green leaves are the busiest part of you.

Yes, they're making that sugar (that's glucose),  
That special kind of tree food;  
So you can store it in your roots until Springtime,  
Because most of your growin' for this year is through.

And when the sun shines into your green leaves,  
And water from your roots is risin',  
Your leaves are making sugar from that sun.  
Yeah, they are Photosynthesizing!

Yes, they're making that sugar (that's glucose),  
That special kind of tree food;  
So you can store it in your roots until Springtime,  
Because most of your growin' for this year is through.

We are the winds of Summertime  
Swirlin' around you.  
The sun is shinin'  
Stronger than ever.  
And your green leaves are the busiest part of you.

But I know they won't be busy  
If they become droopy and dry.  
But, at least, when they're droopy,  
They won't sweat so much,  
Misty water into the sky.

But everything's all right now.  
You've got great, big, beautiful leaves,  
And they are makin' sugar like crazy,  
Flutterin' in my sunny breeze,  
My beautiful breeze.

We are the winds of summertime  
Swirlin' around you.  
The sun is shinin'  
Stronger than ever.  
And your green leaves are the busiest part of you.

Yes, they're making that sugar (that's glucose),  
That special kind of tree food;  
So you can store it in your roots until springtime,  
Because most of your growin' for this year is through.

And when the sun shines into your green leaves,  
And water from your roots is risin',  
Your leaves are making sugar from that sun.  
Yeah, they are photosynthesizing!  
Yeah, they are photosynthesizing!  
Yeah, they are photosynthesizing!

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan - vocals and guitars

Richard Applewood - double Bass

Erick Montgomery - percussion

© Billy B Brennan 1978

#### 14) YUMMY, YUMMY

Now, yummy, yummy, yummy;  
It's awfully sunny.  
I can eat all that I want;  
I can eat all that I want.  
My leaves need the sun to make food for all of me.  
They can only do it with sunshine energy!  
Sunshine energy!

Now, yummy, yummy, yummy;  
It's awfully sunny.  
I can eat all that I want;  
I can eat all that I want.  
My leaves need the sun to make food for all of me.  
They can only do it with sunshine energy!  
Sunshine energy!

Now, the water comes up from the roots into the leaves.  
They use what they need,  
And the rest they sweat from their underneath.

With the sun and the water, the leaf makes food,  
Then lets it go  
Down through the limb, into the trunk  
So the tree can grow!

Now, yummy, yummy, yummy;  
It's awfully sunny.  
I can eat all that I want;  
I can eat all that I want.  
My leaves need the sun to make food for all of me.  
They can only do it with sunshine energy!  
Sunshine energy!

Oh, yummy, yummy, yummy;  
It's awfully sunny.

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan – vocals and guitar

John Seydewitz - percussion

Jeffery Hill - glockenspiel

© Billy B Brennan 1978

## 15) BLOW AWAY BABY

Here comes the wind,  
To blow my babies away.  
Oh, it seems like so long ago,  
Since I started that way.  
Blow away, baby; blow away, baby.

Here comes the wind,  
To blow my babies away.  
Oh, it seems like so long ago,  
Since I started that way.  
Blow away, baby; blow away, baby.  
Blow away, baby; blow away, baby.

You'll be caught in the wind because you're built that way.  
And whether you grow  
Depends on where you're laid  
Down on the ground.  
And since you're a seed,  
Warm sun and water and earth  
Is what you need to grow!  
Blow away, baby; blow away, baby.

Here comes the wind,  
To blow my babies away.  
Oh, it seems like so long ago,  
Since I started that way.  
Blow away, baby; blow away, baby.  
Blow away, baby; blow away, baby.

You'll be caught in the wind because you're built that way.  
And whether you grow  
Depends on where you're laid  
Down on the ground.  
And since you're a seed,  
Warm sun and water and earth  
Is what you need to grow!  
Blow away, baby; blow away, baby.

### Credits

Billy B Brennan - vocals and guitar  
John Seydewitz - percussion  
Jeffery Hill - bass, ARP Omni  
Rebeka Armstrong - harmonies

© Billy B Brennan 1978

## 16) THE NUT STORY

In the fall, trees like me make the squirrels run and hop  
Because the nuts on my branches begin to drop.  
I'm dropping acorns all over the ground,  
And they'll sit there and rot unless they're found  
By busy squirrels who will bury them away,  
And if their memory fails,  
They'll be a tree there one day.

Because winter freezes the ground around the nut,  
The nut cracks, the spring thaws  
The ground around the seed,  
The seed sprouts and grows in  
The ground around the roots,  
Now a young tree grows in  
The ground around the squirrel  
(Hey, how did that tree get there?).

In the fall, trees like me make the squirrels run and hop  
Because the nuts on my branches begin to drop.  
I'm dropping acorns all over the ground,  
And they'll sit there and rot unless they're found  
By busy squirrels who will bury them away,  
And if their memory fails,  
They'll be a tree there one day.

Red oak acorn contains a lot of fat  
The squirrel says, "It tastes bad, so I'll just bury that."  
Winter, the squirrel knows  
The fat will keep him warm,  
So he digs up and eats the bitter fat acorn.

In the fall, trees like me make the squirrels run and hop  
Because the nuts on my branches begin to drop.  
I'm dropping acorns all over the ground,  
And they'll sit there and rot unless they're found  
By busy squirrels who will bury them away,  
And if their memory fails,  
They'll be a tree there one day.

Many nut trees grow around the world,  
From nuts planted by many kinds of squirrels,

The squirrels bury the nuts all about  
And when they forget, the buried nuts sprout.

In the fall, trees like me make the squirrels run and hop  
Because the nuts on my branches begin to drop.  
I'm dropping acorns all over the ground,  
And they'll sit there and rot unless they're found  
By busy squirrels who will bury them away,  
And if their memory fails,  
They'll be a tree there one day.

Billy B Brennan - vocals and guitar

Steve Loecher - drums

Wade Matthews - bass

Steve Murphy - nuts percussion

Ian Hall-Hough, Laura Weaver, Shai Warsaw, Talia Warsaw, Julian Brennan – kid  
chorus

© Billy B Brennan 1978, 1997

## 17) IT'S AUTUMN

It's Autumn, it's Autumn.  
There's a little more night, and a little less sun.  
It's Autumn, it's Autumn.  
The Summer has ended, and it's time to prepare  
For the coming of Winter.

Can you feel my cool air?  
The green life in your leaves is fading today,  
Leaving the colors that will soon blow away.

It's Autumn, it's Autumn.  
There's a little more night, and a little less sun.  
It's Autumn, it's Autumn.

Whether your seeds are in fruit, nuts or wings,  
Let them go now so they'll be planted for Spring.  
Your big leaves are falling, yet your new buds have formed.  
They will stay small and sleepy,  
Until Spring makes them warm.

It's Autumn, it's Autumn.  
There's a little more night, and a little less sun.  
It's Autumn, it's Autumn.

## Credits

Billy B Brennan - vocals and guitar

John Seydewitz - percussion

Rebeka Armstrong - harmonies

Jeffery Hill - bass, ARP Omni

Dave Kenny - 12 string guitar

© Billy B Brennan 1978

## 18) LIFE OF THE DEAD TREE

It might have been lightning,  
Or maybe disease.  
It might have old age, root rot;  
Any one or more than these,  
That caused the death of, the death of the live tree.  
The death of, the death of the live tree.  
But don't be sad if the tree's growth is gone,  
Because in a dead tree, all sorts of living goes on.  
Yes, it's the life of, the life of the dead tree.  
The life of, the life of the dead tree.

Now, when a tree dies, the living things come to dwell  
In the many nooks and crannies of the dead tree hotel.  
Right under the bark, bark, beetles roam around,  
Wood-bores dig deeper, ants and termites abound,  
They all take cover when the woodpecker pounds.

It might have been lightning,  
Or maybe disease.  
It might have old age, root rot;  
Any one or more than these,  
That caused the death of, the death of the live tree.  
The death of, the death of the live tree.  
But don't be sad if the tree's growth is gone,  
Because in a dead tree, all sorts of living goes on.  
Yes, it's the life of, the life of the dead tree.  
The life of, the life of the dead tree.

Now, owls might nest, raccoons could, too.  
A hollow center shows what fungus can do.  
All the parasites turn the tree into a shell,  
Leaving space for homes even if the tree fell.  
But then you'd have to call it Dead Tree Motel.

It might have been lightning,

Or maybe disease.  
It might have old age, root rot;  
Any one or more than these,  
That caused the death of, the death of the live tree.  
The death of, the death of the live tree.  
But don't be sad if the tree's growth is gone,  
Because in a dead tree, all sorts of living goes on.  
Yes, it's the life of, the life of the dead tree.  
The life of, the life of the dead tree.

As a motel, there might be snakes or chipmunk  
Maybe mice or squirrels, fox or skunks,  
Brown or white rot will break the dead tree down into crumbly stuff,  
Becoming part of the ground,  
Making rich soil and green growth abound.

Yes, it's the life of, the life of the dead tree.  
The life of, the life of the dead tree.

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan – vocals and guitar  
Jason Kelly- drums  
Josh Ormond - bass  
Steve Murphy - keyboards and harmonies  
John Penovich - electric guitar  
Monique Griffith - vocals  
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#### 19) TREE FARMING FAMILY

Down in the southeast, the loblolly pine grows,  
Out in the swamps, cypress shows their knees.  
Each trunk and each branch where moss and the vine grows  
Is where you're gonna find biodiversity.

Tree farming family,  
With every branch on the family tree.  
It's a tree farming family,  
On this land there'll always be,  
A tree farming family,  
Living with the critters wild and free  
And the forest will remain and the harvest will sustain  
This tree farming family

Up in the north, come every autumn,

The green growth of summer each day retires,  
Colors revealed some color created,  
The maples look so brilliant,  
They seem like they're on fire

Tree farming family,  
With every branch on the family tree.  
It's a tree farming family,  
On this land there'll always be,  
A tree farming family,  
Living with the critters wild and free  
And the forest will remain,  
And the harvest will sustain,  
This tree farming family.

Fly, fly across the U.S.A.  
Looking down all along the way.  
See, see the forest where that life all lives,  
Smile, smile and think  
How much the forest gives, and gives,  
And gives, gives, gives, gives, gives.

Out in the west, in heat of the summer,  
Sweet smells come from the ponderosa pines.  
You got your skinny lodge poll,  
And your great big doug fir,  
But it's the sequoia that really blows your mind

Tree farming family,  
With every branch on the family tree.  
It's a tree farming family,  
On this land there'll always be,  
A tree farming family,  
Living with the critters wild and free  
And the forest will remain,  
And the harvest will sustain,  
This tree farming family.

#### Credits

Billy B Brennan - vocals and guitar  
Jason Kelly- drums  
Josh Ormond - bass  
John Penovich - lap steel  
Steve Murphy - harmonies and guitar  
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