

TREES GROW SLOW by Laurence Cole

1. Sometimes we wonder, a worried wonder
What more can we do?
In all our longing to bring healing to this world
Will we last long enough to see it through?
From all our giving, all our passion, all our care
When we're gone will something good be left behind?
Then we hear a voice from deep inside
Sweet, simple words come to ease our minds . . .

**Trees grow slow, and trees grow strong
Trees sway with the wind their whole lives long
And trees hold the ground as they reach for the sky
And fallen trees still feed the seeds they cast before they die**

2. We wander to and fro, we stay a while then go
Burn more holes in our boots
In all our going, what we want to know
Will our souls ever put down roots?
Is there a somewhere we'll know we're finally home, feeling,
This is the place that we belong?
Then we hear a voice so clear and strong
"Turn off your mind, listen to this song . . ."

3. We let the fences fall, what stands between us all
And sense the veil thin
The night dark raven calls and tilts his wing
And sends a bolt of wild wisdom through our skin
The winter wren is thrilling out its song and it
Fills our hearts up to the brim
The whole living world just takes us in
One more time, let the song begin . . .