

# Mark Knopfler, Redbud Tree

Hunted down I came upon  
A place of ferns and grass  
Gathered to a redbud tree  
And now their footsteps pass  
Where I crouch in dread  
Discovery my certain death  
Bur leaves reaching for my head  
As I suspend my breath

Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me  
Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me

Those days of fear are gone  
Yet I am pledged to her  
As to my only one  
My lovely protector

Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me  
Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me  
Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me  
Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me