

# Ray Charles, A Tree In The Park

When the noisy town  
Lets its windows down,  
Little slaves are free at night;  
Then we'll soon retreat  
]From the busy street,  
Till the crowds are out of sight.  
There's a rendezvous for lovers,  
Where we two can play,  
Very near your door,  
In the city's core,  
But it seems a millions miles away.  
Meet me underneath our little tree in the park!  
No one else around, but you and me in the dark!  
Just five minutes from your door-step,  
I'll wait for your step to come along!  
And the city's roar becomes a song!  
While I'm waiting, I discover more in your charms;  
Suddenly I turn around, and your in my arms.  
And if there's a moon above you,  
I'll carve "I Love You," upon the bark,  
Underneath our little tree, inside the park!  
We'll make ev'ry bough  
Shake, and wonder how  
Two could be so nearly one.  
Ev'ry blade of grass  
Sadly sighs, "Alas!"  
Grass can never have such fun.  
In the desert town's oasis,  
We'll love 'neath the tree;  
It can't be a-miss  
If the birdies kiss;  
We're as good as birds, aren't we?