Veda Hille, The Trees

The trees, the trees Stern majesties I rely upon you Hang my reliance on you On your arms Your limbs Strike me as I'm driving While my Justin is flying o'er the sea The sea I support the monarchy Queen is salt And water I apply to be your daughter I love the beach Your shore Sand and then the highway The gulls are I are flying to the trees How much feeling can there be? A lot Branches of my heart, they pulse, And stop, and start You are dumb You are green Row after row, they say to me You are dumb You are green You're a sap-Ling You are dumb You are green Row after row, they say to me

You are dumb You are green

You are beneath the canopy