

Crooked Tree

B

Two trees in the forest, one was crooked, one was straight.

G#m

Crimson bark and emerald needles, growing day by day.

E

And though they looked so different, they enjoyed the rain the same,

B

side by side.

Chickadee had told them of a darkness on the land.

Spinning blades that came to visit, carried by a man.

And every other tree would see them cut down where they stand,
by and by.

G#m

E

B

F#

Oh, can't you see, a crooked tree won't fit into the mill machine.

G#m

E

B

F#

B

They're left to grow, wild and free. Oh, I'd rather be a crooked tree.

The perfect trees were driven down the mountain to the mill.

They turned them into toothpicks and twenty dollar bills.

It seemed the more the people took, the more they needed still,
in the end.

The crooked trees were left there, after all the work was done.

Now they go for weeks and never witness anyone.

No one left to tell them, if they're growing right or wrong,
but the whispering wind.

Chorus

People say I'm different, and my way of life seems strange.

I took the road less travelled, twists and turns along the way.

But like the crooked tree, I'm growing stronger day by day
as the clouds roll by.

A river never wonders why it flows around a bend.

A mountain doesn't question how it rose up from the land.

So who am I to wish I wasn't just the way I am,
who am I.

Chorus