

The Tree

Agathocles

The tree stands along
Hidden, but still strong
Carrying all the leafs
For us to pick, for them to leave

Then, wind comes and blows
The leafs fall and go
But there's one that's gonna stick
That's the one I'm gonna pick

I'm gonna carry this one forever
Loose it? No, never!
But I guess it's just an utopy
Based on my insecurity
Still I'll try to pick
The true leaf that won't trick
The one without a mask
But which one, if I may ask?

Then, wind comes and blows
The leafs fall and go
But there's one that's gonna stick
That's the one, I'm gonna pick