

Tree Tops

Eisley

When I was a young girl
trying to find my way above the treetops, the treetops, the treetops...

When I was a young girl
trying to find my way above the treetops, the treetops, the treetops...

I did not care, I did not care what they called me
what they called me
I did not care, I did not care what they called me
what they called me

When I was a young girl
trying to find my way above the treetops, the treetops, the treetops...

When I was a young girl
trying to find my way above the treetops, the treetops, the treetops...

I did not care, I should not care what they called me
what they called me
I did not care, I should not care what they called me
what they called me

I'll float above the ocean
the sun above is burning my head
I will grow wings and fly everywhere...

Butter warm clouds are dripping into my mouth
tasting of golden