

# The Giving Tree

Los Lobos

A warm wind is blowing through the valleys and the  
mountain tops  
Down the road to a place we know so well  
The children are running with ribbons in their baby hands  
While we all gather 'round the Giving Tree

Let's go sing songs, the blue ones  
Let's go sing about the Lord above  
And thank the old sun for all we have  
The sad times, the glad times  
The babies swinging in our arms  
Just don't seem like much like rain 'round the Giving  
Tree

Like the shepherds once followed a star bright up in the  
sky  
We've come to say, come be with us now  
Come give us a good one  
Come give us a happy time  
While we all here dance 'round the Giving Tree