

Mark Knopfler, Redbud Tree

Hunted down I came upon
A place of ferns and grass
Gathered to a redbud tree
And now their footsteps pass
Where I crouch in dread
Discovery my certain death
Bur leaves reaching for my head
As I suspend my breath

Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me
Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me

Those days of fear are gone
Yet I am pledged to her
As to my only one
My lovely protector

Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me
Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me
Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me
Redbud tree shelter me, shelter me