

# Paul Kantner, The Baby Tree

Words/Music: Rosalie Sorrells

There's an island way out in the sea  
Where the babies they all grow on trees  
And its jolly good fun  
To swing in the sun  
But you gotta watch out if you sneeze-sneeze  
You gotta watch out if you sneeze

Yeah you gotta watch out if you sneeze  
For swingin' up there in the breeze  
You're liable to cough  
You might very well fall off  
And tumble down flop on your knees-knees  
Tumble down flop on your knees

And when the stormy winds wail  
And the breezes blow high in a gale  
There's a curious dropping and flopping and plopping  
And fat little babies just hail-hail  
Fat little babies just hail

And the babies lie there in a pile  
And the adults they come after awhile  
And they always pass by  
All the babies that cry  
And take only babies that smile-smile  
They take only babies that smile...  
Even triplets and twins if they'll smile