

Alela Diane, The Alder Trees

I can hear the elders whispering in words so sweet and low
The alder trees were listening to songs been sung before
My friend and I collecting skeletons of leaves
Making tiny piles, oh, and sifting through the weeds
Wind blows the tiny green, tiny green
Wind blows the tiny green, helicopter seeds
Wind blows the tiny green, tiny green
Wind blows the tiny green, helicopter seeds
Oh, wandering in days unfolding
With hats fashioned of mud and snake skin
Oh, wandering in days unfolding
With hats fashioned of mud and snake skin
Of mud and snake skin
As I think about the ladies who weren't allowed to sing
Sewing all their pretty rows of thread instead of singing
And what about the black braided sisters of Mariee?
We sat upon their grinding rock as children used to be
Beneath the knotted pine, knotted pine
Beneath the knotted pine at the garden's edge
Beneath the knotted pine, knotted pine
Beneath the knotted pine at the garden's edge
Oh, laughing, little girls clapping
Ghosts weaving our hair to baskets
Oh, laughing, little girls clapping
And ghosts weaving our hair to baskets
Our hair to baskets
I can hear the elders whispering in words so sweet and low
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