

# Paul Brandt, The Sycamore Tree

In the sticks down an old dirt road near a small Kentucky town  
When his daddy would come home  
Out past the old red barn in a sycamore tree  
Is where little Zach would go  
And high above the guilt and pain  
The only place that he was safe

Was high above in the strong arms of the sycamore tree  
You could hear a small voice in the wind  
Sayin', &quot;Please don't let him do that to me&quot;;  
Prayin' to be born again  
In the sycamore tree

Time went on as it always does, and his daddy's time had come  
How he felt was hard to say  
He often wondered how he'd ever make it through  
But as they buried him that day  
He realized it's not my fault  
And as the leaves began to fall

From high above in the strong arms of the sycamore tree  
You could hear forgiveness in the wind  
Singin' out, &quot;Find the truth and the truth will set you free&quot;;  
Broken chains and a heart on the mend  
'Neath the sycamore tree, oh

And like an answer to his praying  
As he watched his child playing  
High above in the strong arms of the sycamore tree  
You could hear a small voice in the wind  
Sayin', &quot;Please Daddy won't you come and play with me&quot;;  
In the sycamore tree  
The sycamore tree

Forgiveness will set you free,  
Forgiveness, forgiveness  
Forgiveness will set you free,  
Forgiveness, forgiveness