

Rickie Lee Jones, A Tree On Allenford

There is a tree on allenford
I drive by it each day on my way to and from work
And there are always flowers left there each day
Left for a child who died there
Or so that is what people say...

But all I see
Looks back at me

Loved by someone, loved by someone
Loved by someone, loved by someone

And the golden thread of nature of this is
Simply that we are a part of everything
That will ever exist.
To be loved is why we've come.
Every drop of rain that fell or falls
Is always falling
On and on and on and on.

Come into me
And we'll always be

Loved by someone, loved by someone
Loved by someone, loved by someone

There's nothing that has ever been
That isn't loved
By someone who waits
To be loved again

Loved by someone, loved by someone
Loved by someone, loved by someone