

Sherwood, What Lucy Found There

All the leaves upon this tree, are forming words and pointing them at me,
And could it be a kind of sign informing me that I've been out of line,

All the pages in this book, are giving me an interesting look,
And can they see beneath my eyes, and if they could I wonder what they'd find,

And I won't feel alone tonight, cause I can see the candle burning bright,
And the shadows and the light, will keep me company tonight.