

Tom T. Hall, Trees In Philadelphia

She loved me like the trees love Philadelphia and like the Philadelphians love trees
One fine and fleeting day in Philadelphia
Then we went our separate ways to share the same old memories
It's different now than what it's always been it's that narrow line between love and sin
Oh she loved me like the trees love Philadelphia
And like the Philadelphians love trees
Just a summer walk on one afternoon like the leaves that fall it ended too soon
Oh she loved me like the trees love Philadelphia
And like the Philadelphians love trees