A man is made

Of flesh and blood

Of eyes and bones and water.

The very same things make his son

As those that make his daughter.

A tree is made

Of leaf and sap,

Of bark and fruit and berries

It keeps a bird's nest

In its boughs

And blackbirds eat the cherries.

A man is made

Of flesh and blood

Of eyes and bones and water.

The very same things make his son

As those that make his daughter.

A tree is made

Of leaf and sap,

Of bark and fruit and berries

It keeps a bird's nest

In its boughs

And blackbirds eat the cherries.

A table's made

Of naked wood

Planned smooth as milk. I wonder

If tables ever dream of sun,

Of wind and rain and thunder?

And when man takes

His axe and strikes

And sets the sawdust flying -

Is it a table being born?

Or just a tree that's dying?

A table's made

Of naked wood

Planned smooth as milk. I wonder

If tables ever dream of sun,

Of wind and rain and thunder?

And when man takes

His axe and strikes

And sets the sawdust flying -

Is it a table being born?

Or just a tree that's dying?