

I'm not like you, I'm inhumane,
But I have ways of feeling my own pain,
You can go inside, all toasty and warm, But
I stand alone, alone in this storm.

I don't have a coat, my leaves all fell off,
But I don't complain, I don't even cough, As the
temperatures go down, just below freezing, My
cold deep pain just isn't easing.

I'm older than you think, I've been through this before,
I've repeatedly watched every one of my leaves crash to the
floor, Young ones try to catch them, to give them luck, But they
only end up in one place, the muck.

I'm still sitting here, watching the snow fall,
I'm wondering if things will get better at all,
A sudden bright light, my agony soothes,
As I watch an amber light, emerge over these rooves.

Spring is here! Pink blossom envelopes all of my boughs,
Whilst I watch you play with baby duck, sheep and cows,
My cousins to the west celebrate the day of a saint, They
celebrate with colours, that really aren't faint.

At my house, they celebrate a man who died on a cross,
He was resurrected so it wasn't much of a loss,
Sins all forgiven, they kneel down and they pray, To
a person who seems to hear whatever they say.

The birds are still singing, the sun's beating down,
As the temperatures rise in this funny little town,
But s they go on holiday, I find myself jealous, Whilst
the children run around, all over-zealous.

Now the towns partly empty, some have gone away,
But on the bright side, I have more leaves than yesterday,
The unbearable heats cooling, my leaves are a brown, Then
one falls off and spirals on down.

The next one follows and I'm panicking slightly,
And now about fifty are falling just nightly,
Each one was a child, I had to let go,
And now the wind hits me, with a malevolent blow.

All the flowers around me, wither and die,
And I see less of the sun in this cloud oppressed sky,
The rain falls around me and really starts to pour,
And I know for definite, I'm being plunged into winter once more.