

70

Under the Sycamore Tree 8/79

Under the Sycamore tree I watched the world pass by  
On Monday there I had no cares  
and picked those deep in despair  
and watched the ~~leaves~~ leaves float by 66/7

Under the Sycamore tree I sat as the sun passed ~~road~~  
~~was~~ Tuesday I was getting then  
and didn't seek a ~~friend~~ friend  
and laughed at all I found 69 67

Under the Sycamore tree I lay in idle bliss  
It was Wednesday's ~~day~~ all I remember though  
Cause Tuesday was the day before  
and I barely could figure this

Under the Sycamore tree I looked all day about  
Thursday had a bed of pride  
So long by this trees ~~side~~ side 66/7  
where ~~leaves~~ were ~~spinning~~ spinning about

Under the Sycamore tree I heard the highways humming  
Friday ~~was~~ nervous ~~laughter~~ laughter - funny ~~there have caught~~  
Wonder what's to come

Under the Sycamore tree I ~~heard~~ heard the ~~children~~ children sing  
Saturday I ~~got~~ got so bored  
As the day was slowly pored  
I wished for anything

Under the Sycamore tree I watched the world pass by  
Sunday was my last day there  
I had time I don't care about 69/70  
I just leaned back & create