

You were cut off at the knees
From your cradle in the trees
Waiting for the day when you'd tumble down
And wondering would it make a sound

Maybe you don't know what you learned
Because you seem so unconcerned
A sapling you before you grew
An open book for literary review

Hey hey now
You've been cut down before
Hey hey now
You've been cut down before

You always made your mother proud
When you stood out from the crowd
Stood up straight and always tried
Learned to never tell a lie

And though the seasons suit you fine
You think you're running out of time
The seed was planted in the snow
And the days get long and it soon will grow

Hey hey now
You've been cut down before
Hey hey now
You've been cut down before

You've been lumbering for years
You've been slumbering through a long parade of fears

Now you found your calling
You get used to falling
A sapling when we find you
An open book behind you