

**THE MIGHTY TREE OF LIFE**  
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Grandpa drove me down, to the very edge of town,  
To see the tree he climbed in years ago.  
The barn he built was gone, but the oak was standing strong,  
And the leaves they whispered down to us below...

You've got to stand a little taller, reach a little higher,  
Laugh a little louder, though the wind might make you cry.  
You've got to dance with every season,  
Hope without a reason,  
Keep your heart believing in  
**THE MIGHTY TREE OF LIFE**

Grandpa winked at me, as he leaned against the tree.  
Then he told me he was eighty-six years young.  
And though his back was bent, every year had been well-spent,  
Like the knots of bark that twisted 'round the trunk...

**Repeat Chorus**

I was barely four-foot tall-- a little scared that I might fall  
And at first I wouldn't let go of his hand.  
But Grandpa didn't mind. He said, "Go ahead and climb!"  
"And like the tree, do the best you can!"

**Repeat Chorus**