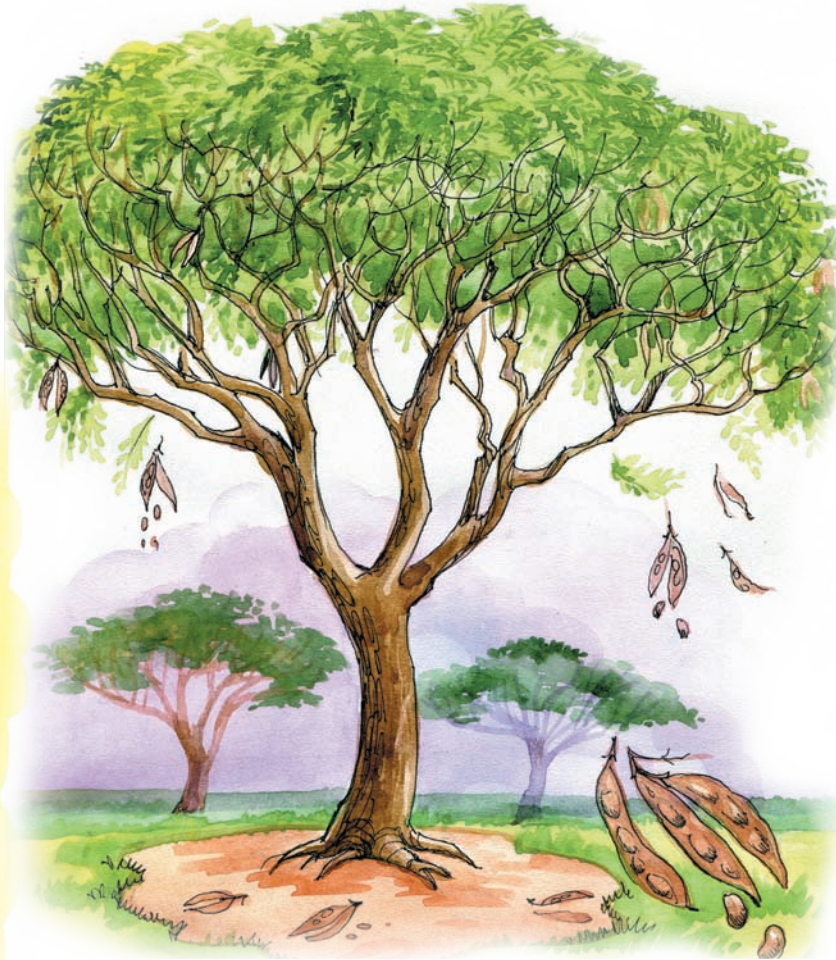


# FROM LITTLE SEEDS BIG TREES GROW



There is a little seed  
I'm holding in my hand.  
I found it on the street,  
It didn't reach the land.



This seed fell off a tree,  
Was blown by the wind,  
It dreamt of being free  
To start its life in spring.

I'll help this little seed  
To grow into a tree,  
A big tree as it needs,  
It wants, it has to be.



One day I'll sit and read  
A book under a tree.  
There is a little seed,  
It's giving shade to me.