

Maple Seeds

words & music: Burchie Green

The maple tree in my yard is full of seeds,
They hang there hiding under the leaves
Then when they're ready, on a windy day
Something happens, lets all play

As the maple seeds they come falling down
Wirlin' and a twirlin', hardly making any sound.
Like a helicopter, floating gently to the ground
Comin down, down down down
Like to put them on my nose I do and,
like to plant one it might grow.
Like to throw them up and watch them fall.

Oh little maple seed tho you are small
One day you'll grow into a tree.
Then you'll be standin' there so proud and tall
With seeds a waitin' for their time to fall.

Then your maple seeds will come fallin down,
whirlin and a twirlin hardly making any sound
like a helicopter floating gently to the ground
coming down, down down down coming down
down down down coming down.

Burchie Green