

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Family Tree

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(Tom Chapin, John Forster, Limousine Music, The Last Music Co." 1987)

Before the days of Jello
Lived a prehistoric fellow
Who loved a maid and courted her
Beneath the banyan tree.
And they had lots of children
And their children all had children
And they kept on having children until
One of them had me.

My grandpa came from Russia,
My grandma came from Prussia.
They met in Nova Scotia,
Had my dad in Tennessee.
Then they moved to Yokahama
Where daddy met my mama,
Her dad's from Alabama
And her mom's part Cherokee.

One fine day I may go
To Tiera del Fuego,
Perhaps I'll meet my wife there and
We'll move to Timbuktoo.
And our kid will be bilingual,
And though she may stay single,
She could of course co-mingle
With the king of Kathmandu.

The folks in Madagascar
Aren't the same as in Alakar.
They have different foods, different moods and
Different colored skin.
You may have a different name but
Underneath we're much the same,
You're probably my cousin and
The whole world is my kin... 'cause

We're a fam'ly and we're a tree.
Our roots go deep down in history
From my great, great granddaddy
Reaching up to me.
We're a green and growing fam'ly tree.

We're a green and growing fam'ly.

BR