Every Time I Climb a Tree

by David McCord

Every time I climb a tree

Every time I climb a tree

Every time I climb a tree

I scrape a leg

Or skin a knee

And every time I climb a tree

I find some ants

Or dodge a bee

And get the ants

All over me

And every time I climb a tree

Where have you been?

They say to me

But don’t they know that I am free

Every time I climb a tree?

I like it best

To spot a nest

That has an egg

Or maybe three

And then I skin

The other leg

But every time I climb a tree

I see a lot of things to see

Swallows rooftops and TV

And all the fields and farms there be

Every time I climb a tree

Though climbing may be good for ants

It isn’t awfully good for pants

But still it’s pretty good for me

Every time I climb a tree