The Olive Tree

Tom Springfield & Diane Lampert

Tell me, white dove, where will I find the olive tree?

For just one branch I'd search my whole life through.

I've heard them say a greener land is waiting there,

Where people wake and find their dream come true.

High flying dove, fly.

Above the clouds, beyond the stormy sea. I long to share a world of sweet contentment there,

In that bright land where grows the olive tree. So let me tree.

In that bright land where grows the olive tree.