

## Carry Me

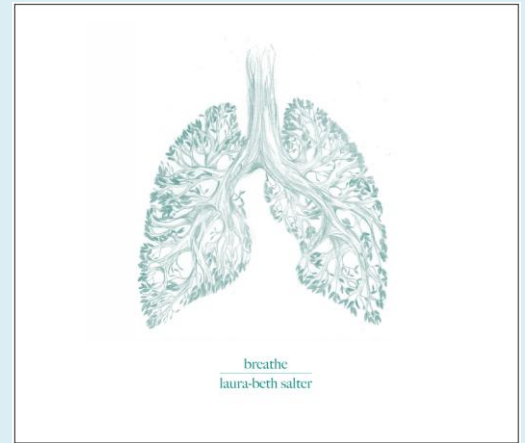
When I die, carry me  
My skin and bones bury them  
Beneath a tree  
And as it grows, you will know  
That the roots are using me.

We walk this world  
We take and take  
Depending on God's right hand  
To be the better place  
But who are we  
To ruin and destroy  
For some of us heaven is earth

When I die, carry me  
My skin and bones bury them  
Beneath a tree  
And as it grows you will know  
That the roots are using me

We walk and this world  
We take and take  
But some of us see a beauty  
In the sunshine and the rain  
This land's not ours  
But to it we belong  
And those of us who'll let ourselves  
Can be part of its song

When I die, carry me  
My skin and bones bury them  
Beneath a tree  
And as it grows  
You will know  
That the roots are using me  
That my soul will be released.



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