

As I Wind Down The Pines

The Tragically Hip

As I wind down the pines
It's the lines on your face
Playing on your face

Without thinking so much
As abandoning thought
I went through open country
Over water meadows streams

Lakes and wires and roosts in reeds
To a nest in the hole of
This dead
Tree.

To play without stopping or pause
Not for silence not for applause
Not without thinking
And thinking's abandoning thought

As I wind down the pines
It's the lines on your face
Playing on your face

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