Old Pine (E.P version)

Ben Howard

Hot sand on toes, cold sand in sleeping bags
I've come to know that memories
Were the best things you ever had
The summer shone beat down on bony backs
So far from home where the ocean stood
Down dust and pine cone tracksWe slept like dogs down by the fire side
Awoke to the fog all around us
The boom of summer timeWe stood
Steady as the stars in the woods
So happy-hearted
And the warmth rang true inside these bones
As the old pine fell we sang
Just to bless the morningHot sand on toes, cold sand in sleeping bags
I've come to know the friends around you
Are all you'll always have
Smoke in my lungs, or the echoed stone
Careless and young, free as the birds that fly
With weightless souls nowWe stood
Steady as the stars in the woods
So happy-hearted
And the warmth rang true inside these bones
We stood
Steady as the stars in the woods
So happy-hearted
And the warmth rang true inside these bones
As the old pine fell we sang
Just to bless the morningWe grow, grow, steady as the morning
We grow, grow, older still
We grow, grow, happy as a new dawn
We grow, grow, older still
We grow, grow, steady as the flowers
We grow, grow, older still
We grow, grow, happy as a new dawn
We grow, grow, older still

Songwriters
HOWARD, BENJAMIN JOHNPublished by
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