

These Pines

[Kasey Chambers](#)

These pines are not the ones that I'm used to
They won't carry me home when I cry
Am I too far gone to recover
Or can I turn if I try? Should I trade my soul for another?
Learn not to complain anymore?
Should I stay and pretend that I'm happy?
Like so many times before
Yeah, these pines are not mine They don't smell so sweet
Like the ones in my mind
And I search the needles 'til I run out of time
But I don't see you in these pines Or do I stumble or falter my words
When I'm saying everything is all right?
I'm not one to release my depression
But these trees bring it out every night Well, I don't talk 'cos I'm trying to listen
To the wind take me home through these leaves
But it's quiet and I don't hear nothing
'Cos the wind doesn't blow through these trees Yeah, these pines are not mine
Oh, they don't smell so sweet as the ones in my mind
And I searched the needle 'til I run out of time
But I don't see you in these pines
No, I don't see you in these pines

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