

# Seeds of the Pine

[Martha Scanlan](#)

Rains fell cold through June  
grass is up to my thigh  
say if it dries up it'll burn just like the moon  
say it opens up the seeds of the pine I only want to dream about you  
the dollar I could spend but I should save  
just to see my fingers in your hair  
the golden wheat around us and  
beneath us where we lay You're a slow ride down a country mile  
you're the smell of apple pie to the blind  
you're the last light on a July western sky  
you're the center of the watermelon,  
you're a sweet, sweet smile Cottonwood a-shakin in the breeze  
surrounded by a starry sky  
easy to forget the things we need  
easy to stumble around mostly blind I could tell you not to come in from the storm  
I could tell you not to be so kind  
I could tell you not to close the door  
I could say I never wanted you for mine Rains fell cold through June  
grass is up to my thigh  
say if it dries up it'll burn just like the moon  
say it opens up the seeds of the pine say it opens up the seeds of the pine  
say it opens up the seeds of the pine

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