

# The Trumpet Vine

[Kate Wolf](#)

The trumpet vine grew in the kitchen window  
And bloomed bright orange on the wall  
You sat in the morning light, holding a guitar  
As the first summer rain began to fall  
And like the gentle raindrops your words fell in the air  
Making things so clear as we quietly sat there  
It reminded me of other times you had come before  
And brought a song or just walked in through the kitchen door(vamp: last line)Were said at kitchen tables we  
have known  
'Cause somehow in that warm room with coffee on the stove  
Our hearts were really most at home  
Sittin at a table, lookin hard at you  
Catchin up on stories of the things we'd tried to do  
It seems we really said the most when we didn't talk at all  
But let the songs speak for us like the sunlight on the wall(vamp: 1/2 verse)  
Some years are seen more clearly than the rest  
And if it weren't for kitchen songs and mornings spent with friends  
We all might lose the things we love the best  
I can see you sittin there beneath the trumpet vine  
The sunlight through the window in the kitchen in my mind  
You came when you were needed, I could not ask for more  
Than to turn to find you walkin through the kitchen door  
(repeat last 2 lines)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>