

# Twilight On the Trail

Perry Como

When it's twilight on the trail,  
And I jog along,  
The world is like a dream  
And the ripple of the stream is my song . . . When it's twilight on the trail,  
And I rest once more,  
My ceiling is the sky  
And the grass on which I lie is my floor . . . Never ever have a nickel in my jeans,  
Never ever have a debt to pay,  
Still I understand what real contentment means,  
Guess I was born that way . . . When it's twilight on the trail,  
And my voice is still,  
Please plant this heart of mine  
Underneath the lonesome pine on the hill . . . ( Underneath the lonesome pine on the hill . . . )  
When it's twilight on the trail . . . ~ from the 1936 Paramount film "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"  
Music by Louis Alter and lyrics by Sidney D. Mitchell, 1936

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