

Carolina Pines

Kate Wolf

Just an old house with the roof fallin' in
Standin' on the edge of the field
Watching the crops grow like its always done before
Nobody lives here anymore

The sun's going down on the Carolina pines
I'm a long way from home
I miss that love of mine broken windows empty doors
Nobody lives here anymore

Old memories come whistling like the wind
Through the walls and the cracked window panes
And the grass is growing high around the kitchen door
Nobody lives here anymore

Once there were children and a few hired hands
A hard working woman and a bone tired man
Now that old sun steals across a dusty floor
Nobody lives here anymore

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