

Wildberry Pie

David Wilcox

When you pick a sprig of balsam pine
On your hike along the mountain view
You can wrap the scent in corduroy
And bring the mountain home with you
And when you sit beside the ocean's edge
And dream of what might come to be
Your fingers keep the taste of salt
From the castles made beside the sea
I'm lonely at work now
My hand holds my chin
And my mischievous fingers
Remind me and cover my grin
The scent takes me dreaming
To wild berry pie
And the wind hits my sails
With the sound of your trembling sigh
When we work to make a berry pie
Lips can tell where we have been
Out picking huckleberries wild
To bring the harvest home again
And on the way we sang a tune
What I said is what I meant
Our love is like a red, red rose
It leaves a certain subtle scent
I'm lonely at work now
My hand holds my chin
And my mischievous fingers
Remind me and cover my grin
The scent takes me dreaming
Of wild berry pie
And the wind hits my sails
With the sound of your trembling sigh
And the wind hits my sails
With the sound of your trembling sigh

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