

## Old Pine

Ben Howard

Hot sand on toes, cold sand in sleeping bags,  
I've come to know that memories  
Were the best things you ever had  
The summer shone beat down on bony backs  
So far from home where the ocean stood  
Down dust and pine cone tracks

We slept like dogs down by the fire side  
Awoke to the fog all around us  
The boom of summer time

We stood  
Steady as the stars in the woods  
So happy-hearted  
And the warmth rang true inside these bones  
As the old pine fell we sang  
Just to bless the morning.

Hot sand on toes, cold sand in sleeping bags,  
I've come to know the friends around you  
Are all you'll always have  
Smoke in my lungs, or the echoed stone  
Careless and young, free as the birds that fly  
With weightless souls now.

We stood  
Steady as the stars in the woods  
So happy-hearted  
And the warmth rang true inside these bones  
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Steady as the stars in the woods  
So happy-hearted  
And the warmth rang true inside these bones  
As the old pine fell we sang  
Just to bless the morning.

We grow, grow, steady as the morning  
We grow, grow, older still  
We grow, grow, happy as a new dawn  
We grow, grow, older still  
We grow, grow, steady as the flowers  
We grow, grow, older still  
We grow, grow, happy as a new dawn  
We grow, grow, older still