

# Timber Trail

Don McLean

Timber, timber, timber,  
Timber, timber, timber.

Oh, the mountains high, down the canyons wide  
Let me roam and ride, ride thru timber  
When the day is done, by the campfire's gleam  
Let me lie and dream, dream of timber.

Tall timber's callin', and the echoes ring  
All nature sings a song along the timber trail  
Blue shadows fallin', down the canyon's vale  
And the whispering pines entwine along the timber trail.

High in the sky above  
The love song of the trees  
Will blend and wend its way  
Out on the breeze.

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The timber trail, timber, timber,  
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