

Knotty Pine

Gordon Lightfoot

She's my knotty pine
She leans with the wind, She cries turpentine
Sometimes she nettles me but I don't mind
Only now and then
When her branches lean beneath the snow

She's knotty but nice
Reaching for the sky, she don't like snow 'n ice
To leave things as they stand is my advice
She's been good to me
So I tend to go there when I can

She's my knotty pine
Such a pretty scene, she tries to be kind
She gives birds a home and shelters them
In her coat of green
She's as green as evergreen can be

She's a real delight
When little breezes call to ruffle up her skin
All her sap runs free and sticks to me
Hidden deep within
I will be her slave eternally

She's knotty but wise
She holds her anger in, trees are her disguise
Cones are taking root before my eyes
Find them if you can
Among her boughs she keeps them out of sight

She's my knotty pine
Sunlight in her hair by the serpentine
Though she is independent, I don't mind
Standing over there
Just beyond that maple on the right

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