

## Pine Trees

Jake Bugg

You can walk in the pine trees  
You can sit down  
You can hold the earth in your hands

You can run from all this  
You can go the long way  
You can carry my weight the whole way down

As the crow flies straight  
Holds me in his gaze  
As he rises to his fate  
We can do the same

I try not to visualize other people's eyes  
And their compromising ways  
And as I leave them far behind  
I try to hide the route of my escape

You can sit in the pine trees  
You can feel at home  
You can breathe a sigh of silence in the woods  
You can bawl your heart out  
Make your feelings known  
Things the grass already knows

As the crow flies straight  
Holds me in his gaze  
As he rises to his fate  
We can do the same

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And their compromising ways  
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