

# These Pines

Kasey Chambers

These pines are not the ones that i'm used to  
They won't carry me home when I cry  
Am I too far gone to recover  
Or can I turn if I try  
Should I trade my soul for another  
Should I stay and pretend that I'm happy  
Like so many times before

Yeah these pines  
Are not mine  
They don't smell so sweet  
like the ones in my mind  
And I search the needles  
'Til I run out of time  
But I don't see you in These Pines.

Di I stumble or falter my words  
When I'm saying everything is all right  
I'm not one to release my depression  
But these trees bring it out every night  
Well i don't talk 'cos I'm trying to listen  
To the wind take me home through these leaves  
But it's quiet and don't hear nothing  
Cos the wind doesn't blow through these trees