

# Imaginary Wars

Mark Erelli

Behind the house where I lived  
Back when I was a kid  
I played G.I. Joe beneath the tall pine trees  
I'd fight imaginary wars  
'Til my mom called from our back porch  
And I'd come home covered in that pine pitch  
From my head down to my knees  
Too big to wrap my arms around  
Surely older than I could count  
Must have been there since the Mayflower crossed the sea  
They'd been through blizzards and hurricanes  
Summer droughts and freezing rain  
Them pines would live forever  
At least that's how it seemed to me

CHORUS:

Now what's become of the old pine woods  
It's all gone and there's a brand new neighborhood  
All for a buck they cut down all those trees  
They subdivided all of my fondest memories  
When those trucks came for my woods  
I did everything I could  
And it was war for real when school let out that June  
I ripped down flags and I pulled up stakes  
But what difference can one boy make  
Them pines still fell like thunder on a summer afternoon

CHORUS

And I never became friends  
With the families that moved in  
They were different from us or so it seemed  
I grew up and moved away  
I just go home on holidays  
But those tall and tangled pines  
They're still falling in my dreams  
We all want the greenest lawn  
And a country club where we belong  
And an SUV to get us there in style  
But we don't keep track of what we've lost  
We can't calculate the cost  
When there's no place left for a boy's  
Imagination to run wild  
So what's become of the old pine woods  
It's all gone and it's gone for good  
All for a buck they cut down all those trees