

Carolina In The Pines

Michael Martin Murphey

She came to me, said she knew me
Said she'd known me a long time
And she spoke of being in love
With every mountain she had climbed
And she talked of trails she'd walked up
Far above the timberline
From that night on I knew I'd write songs
With Carolina in the pines

There's a new moon on the fourteenth
First Quarter the 21st
And the full moon in the last week
Brings a fullness to this earth
There's no guesswork in the clockwork

On the worlds part or mine
There are nights I only feel right
With Carolina in the pines

When the frost shows on the windows
And the wood stove smokes and glows
As the fire grows we can warm our souls
Watching rainbows in the cove
And well talk of trails we've walked up
Far above the timberline
There are nights I only feel right
With Carolina in the pines