

Twilight on the Trail

Sam Cooke

When it's twilight on the trail,
And I jog along,
The world is like a dream
And the ripple of the stream is my song...

When it's twilight on the trail,
And I rest once more,
My ceiling is the sky
And the grass on which I lie is my floor...

Never ever have a nickel in my jeans,
Never ever have a debt to pay,
Still I understand what real contentment means,
Guess I was born that way...

When it's twilight on the trail,
And my voice is still,
Please plant this heart of mine
Underneath the lonesome pine on the hill...