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...