

## Church Of The Pines

Sun Kil Moon

Spring, spring.. flowers blossom and bloom.  
Squirrel, squirrel.. jump down onto my roof.  
Sparrow, Cardinal, hummingbird.  
Redwood, holly tree, juniper...

The service moves slowly through the hills  
Faint sound of the highway  
Night sets on the church of pines,  
Ending the day, they laid down to rest.

From my room, I look at the street  
And see the youths passing along  
While I unwind, head in a song.  
And in my bed, I play the guitar  
I loosen the strings 'til I find a tone  
And if it don't come... then I put it down.

Howl, howl.. dogs of the neighborhood  
Moon glow, over the gravestones  
Dense vines, strangle the black oaks  
The lamp light, the fallen fence posts.  
The sun rises over the tree line...  
With welcoming morning light.  
Day sets on the church of pines,  
One day we'll all.. be laid to rest.

From the hills I look up at stars  
And feel the darkness swell like a bruise  
And in my head, I'm playing with words  
I scramble and strain to find the right ones  
Sometimes there are none.  
Sometimes they don't come.