

I was wielding my axe
Drank whiskey at the bar
Every night coming home
Out the windshield of my car
I would look through my boughs
And think I saw my lucky star

I was spreading my sheets
Took dinner all alone
Every night of the week
Awaiting for the phone
And I'd dab off my tears
With my favourite pinecone

Needle prick my spruce root
Dear little hemlock shoot
Make me stay sharp and keen, evergreen

I would tend to my bees
Sell honey on the road
Every fall in the wet
Watching lorries take their load
And I'd get all my winnings
Ask for special sap in code

In August for three weeks
I'm back in the village where I clip
All sorts of brambles and thorns
From up the hill I pip
In a little clay cup
I cross myself and sip

Needle prick my spruce root
Dear little hemlock shoot
Make me stay sharp and keen, evergreen

I was casting my line
Angling way the day
The stream was swift it was clear
But the light was getting grey
I bent down by the thistle
And thought of what it was I'd say

Needle prick my spruce root
Dear little hemlock shoot
Make me stay sharp and keen, evergreen