

As I Wind Down The Pines

The Tragically Hip

As I wind down the pines
It's the lines on your face
Playing on your face

Without thinking so much
As abandoning thought
I went through open country
Over water, meadows, streams
Lakes and wires and roosts in reeds
To a nest in the hole of this dead tree

To play without stopping or pause
Not for silence, not for applause
Not without thinking
And thinking is abandoning thought

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Playing on your face