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Tragically Hip, The "As I Wind Down The Pines"

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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's abandoning thought

As I wind down the pines it's the lines on your face playing on your face

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