

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

Visit "[As I Wind Down The Pines](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Tragically Hip, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.