

Chambers Kasey**"These Pines"**

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These pines are not the ones that I'm used to

They won't carry me home when I cry

Am I too far gone to recover

Or can I return if I try

Should I trade my soul for another

Learn not to complain anymore

Should I stay and pretend that I'm happy

Like so many times before

Yeah these pines are not mine

They don't smell so sweet

Like the ones in my mind

And I search the needles

'Til I run out of time

But I don't see you in these pines

Do I stumble or falter my words

When I'm saying everything is all right

I'm not one to release my depression

But these trees bring it out every night

Well I don't talk back coz I'm trying to listen

To the wind take me home through these leaves

But it's quiet and I don't hear nothing

Coz the wind doesn't blow through these trees

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