

Jim Lauderdale **"High Timberline"**

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I went out walking up high timberline
Snow fell like kisses, the air sweet as wine
Calling me back to the days you were mine
So close to heaven, up high timberline
So close to heaven up high timberline
Way up on high timberline

Remember my love, do this for me
For I think of you all the time
Whenever the wind howls lonesome and free
From the peaks of the high timberline

Like a vision of angels the higher I climb
A mare and a stallion with traces so fine
Stepping like dancers in three-quarter time
The ghost of white horses of high timberline
The ghost of white horses of high timberline
Way up on high timberline

Remember my love, do this for me

For I think of you all the time
Whenever the wind howls lonesome and free
From the peaks of the high timberline

I love you and I always will
Although we for evermore part
Sierra Nevada remembers us still
Holds our love deep in her heart

For shame that the sun showed its face on the day
You and the rose on your cheeks slipped away
But the promises love made between us still shine
When we rode white horses up high timberline
Dancing white horses up high timberline
Way up on high timberline

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