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Tragedy "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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