

## Tragically Hip "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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