

Martha Scanlan

"Seeds Of The Pine"

Visit "[Seeds Of The Pine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Rains fell cold through June
grass is up to my thigh
say if it dries up it'll burn just like the moon
say it opens up the seeds of the pine

I only want to dream about you
the dollar I could spend but I should save
just to see my fingers in your hair
the golden wheat around us and
beneath us where we lay

You're a slow ride down a country mile
you're the smell of apple pie to the blind
you're the last light on a July western sky
you're the center of the watermelon,
you're a sweet, sweet smile

Cottonwood a-shakin in the breeze
surrounded by a starry sky
easy to forget the things we need
easy to stumble around mostly blind

I could tell you not to come in from the storm
I could tell you not to be so kind
I could tell you not to close the door
I could say I never wanted you for mine

Rains fell cold through June
grass is up to my thigh
say if it dries up it'll burn just like the moon
say it opens up the seeds of the pine

say it opens up the seeds of the pine
say it opens up the seeds of the pine

Visit [Martha Scanlan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.