

The 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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