

Twilight On The Trail

Nat King Cole

When it's twilight on the trail,
And I jog along,
The world is like a dream
And the ripple of the stream is my song

When it's twilight on the trail,
And I rest once more,
My ceiling is the sky
And the grass on which I lie is my floor

Never ever have a nickel in my jeans,
Never ever have a debt to pay,
Still I understand what real contentment means,
Guess I was born that way

When it's twilight on the trail,
And my voice is still,
Please plant this heart of mine
Underneath the lonesome pine on the hill

(Underneath the lonesome pine on the hill)
When it's twilight on the trail