

Shadow of the Pines

The Innocence Mission

Leaving the shadow of the pines,
some lost things I will hope to find again.
I imagine us, I can see us in the green air.
The sunlight, the lawn of a park,
carrying all our things.
So far I have only managed the start
of every song this winter.

Birds dart into every building,
connect all of the lines, all of the lines.
I'll hear from you by tomorrow,
or the next day.

Crossing to your part of the sky,
perfect landing on your roof,
I hold you in my hearing, my sight,
my every thought and wonder,
since your leaving the shadow of the pines.
Some lost things I hope you will find again.
I imagine us, I can see us in the green air.
The sunlight, the lawn of a park,
of St. Margaret's, maybe.
So far I have only managed the start
of every song this winter.
And we're leaving the shadow of the pines.
Some lost things I will hope to find again.
I imagine us, I can see us in the green air.