

These Pines

Kasey Chambers

These pines are not the ones that i'm used to
They won't carry me home when I cry
Am I too far gone to recover
Or can I turn if I try
Should I trade my soul for another
Should I stay and pretend that I'm happy
Like so many times before

Yeah these pines
Are not mine
They don't smell so sweet
like the ones in my mind
And I search the needles
'Til I run out of time
But I don't see you in These Pines.

Di I stumble or falter my words
When I'm saying everything is all right
I'm not one to release my depression
But these trees bring it out every night
Well i don't talk 'cos I'm trying to listen
To the wind take me home through these leaves
But it's quiet and don't hear nothing
Cos the wind doesn't blow through these trees