Bristlecone Pine

Michael Johnson

Way up in the mountains on the high timber line
There's a twisted old tree called the Bristlecone Pine
The wind there is bitter, it cuts like a knife
And it keeps that tree holding on for dear life

But hold on it does, standing its ground
Standing as empires rise and fall down
When Jesus was gathering lambs to his fold
The tree was already a thousand years old

Now the way I have lived there ain't no way to tell
When I die if I'm going to heaven or hell
So when I'm laid to rest it would suit me just fine
To sleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine

For as I would slowly return to the earth
What little this body of mine might be worth
Would soon start to nourish the roots of that tree
And it would partake of the essence of me

And who knows but that as the centuries turn
A small spark of me might continue to burn
As long as the sun did continue to shine
Down on the limbs of the Bristlecone Pine

Now the way I have lived there ain't no way to tell
When I die if I'm going to heaven or hell
So I'd just as soon serve out eternity's time
Asleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine
Asleep at the feet of the Bristlecone Pine

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