

## As I Wind Down The Pines

The Tragically Hip

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 is abandoning thought

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Playing on your face