

Peter, Paul & Mary, Tall Pine Trees

Before I leave let me tell you why I'm going
And try to speak in such a way that you won't be afraid of listening
Too many words been spoke without no understanding
And I'd hate to add another wound to the times we had good loving.

But oh when I think of the tall pine trees growing
The silver mists of snow all around me blowing.
I'll miss the gentle times and the fireplace a'warming
Perhaps I'll turn my head away to hide the tears a'falling.

Some say I have dishonored you through foolishness and folly
The question not in where that lies but if you're standing by me.
I do not need to hear the words to know your truthful answer
Your eyes that once were home to me now tell me I'm a stranger.

But oh when I think of the tall pine trees growing
The silver mists of snow all around me blowing.
I'll miss the gentle times and the fireplace a'warming
Perhaps I'll turn my head away to hide the tears a'falling.

I'm bound to be a wanderer, I'll never take another
I'll catch a merchant ship tonight and sail to foreign waters
I'll judge no man for what he's done and no man will I bother
And I hope to find some peace again and cleanse my soul of anger

But oh when I think of the tall pine trees growing
The silver mists of snow all around me blowing.
I'll miss the gentle times and the fireplace a'warming
Perhaps I'll turn my head away to hide the tears a'falling.