

Bill Monroe, Tall Pines

Once in my youth, I stood on this mountain
And planted some pines in the sand
Every day I looked their way
But just couldn't understand

Why they never grew like I thought they should do
I just couldn't understand why
Now I've rambled around this wide world through
And today I just happened by

Tall pines, tall pines
Reaching up for the clouds
Tall pines, tall pines
I bet you wouldn't know me now.

I'll never forget the morning I left
The hum of the bees in the hay
The farther I walk, the harder they talk
How silent it seems here today

There's an old rail fence that we built, inch by inch
Surrounding the old family graves
And there's one gravestone standing all alone
There waiting to join me in the shade

Tall pines, tall pines
Reaching up for the clouds
Tall pines, tall pines
I've come home to sleep beneath your boughs.