

## Carolina In The Pines

Michael Martin Murphey

She came to me, said she knew me  
Said she'd known me a long time  
And she spoke of being in love  
With every mountain she had climbed  
And she talked of trails she'd walked up  
Far above the timberline  
From that night on I knew I'd write songs  
With Carolina in the pines

There's a new moon on the fourteenth  
First Quarter the 21st  
And the full moon in the last week  
Brings a fullness to this earth  
There's no guesswork in the clockwork

On the worlds part or mine  
There are nights I only feel right  
With Carolina in the pines

When the frost shows on the windows  
And the wood stove smokes and glows  
As the fire grows we can warm our souls  
Watching rainbows in the cove  
And well talk of trails we've walked up  
Far above the timberline  
There are nights I only feel right  
With Carolina in the pines