

# Bristlecone Pine

Rumer

Way up in the mountains  
On the high timberline  
Lives 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  
This 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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