

# Carolina in the Pines

*Written by Michael Martin Murphey*

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1. She came to me, said she knew me,  
Said she'd known me a long time,  
And she talked 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,  
For Carolina in the pines.
2. There's a full moon on the fourteenth,  
First quarter the twenty-first,  
And a full moon in the last week,  
Brings a fullness to the earth,  
There's no guess work in the clockwork,  
Of the world's heart or mine,  
There are nights I only feel right,  
With Carolina in the pines.
3. As the frost grows on the windows,  
The wood stove smokes and glows,  
As the fire glows we can warm our souls,  
Watchin' rainbows in the coals,  
And we talk of trails we walk up,  
Far above the timberline,  
There are nights I only feel right,  
With Carolina in the pines.