

**BALSAM PINE**

WHEN YOU PICK A SPRIG OF BALSAM PINE  
ON YOUR HIKE ALONG THE MOUNTAIN VIEW  
YOU CAN WRAP THE SCENT IN CORDUROY  
AND BRING THE MOUNTAIN HOME WITH YOU

WHEN YOU SIT BESIDE THE OCEAN'S END  
AND DREAM OF WHAT MIGHT COME TO BE  
YOUR FINGERS KEEP THE TASTE OF SALT  
FROM THE CASTLES MADE BESIDE THE SEA

I'M LONELY AT WORK NOW MY HAND HOLDS MY CHIN  
AND MY MISCHIEVOUS FINGERS REMIND ME AND COVER MY GRIN  
A SCENT TAKES ME DREAMING TO WILD BERRY PIE  
AND THE WIND HITS MY SAIL WITH THE SOUND OF YOUR TREMBLING SIGH

OH OH OH WHEN WE WORK TO MAKE THE BERRY PIE  
LIPS CAN TELL WHERE WE HAVE BEEN  
OUT PICKING HUCKLEBERRIES WILD  
AND BRING THE HARVEST HOME AGAIN  
AND ON THE WAY WE SANG A TUNE

WHAT I SAID IS WHAT I MEANT  
OUR LOVE IS LIKE A RED RED ROSE  
THAT LEAVES A CERTAIN SUBTLE SCENT

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