

from Home Again  
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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 edge  
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.

The scent takes me dreaming,  
To wildberry pie,  
And the wind hits my sails  
With the sound of your trembling sigh.

When we work to make a berry pie,  
lips can tell where we have been,  
Out picking huckleberries wild,  
to 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--  
it leaves a certain subtle scent.

I'm lonely at work now.  
My hand holds my chin,  
And my mischievous fingers remind me and cover my grin

The scent takes me dreaming,  
of wildberry pie,  
And the wind hits my sails with the sound of your trembling sigh.  
And the wind hits my sails with the sound of your trembling sigh.

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