

Carolina In the Pines

Michael Martin Murphy

I ii
She came to me said she knew me

IV V I
Said she'd known me a long time

ii iii
And she talked of being in love

IV V I
With every mountain she had climbed

I ii
And she talked of trails she'd walked up

IV V I
Far above the timberline

ii iii
From that night on I knew I'd write songs

IV V I ii iii IV I
For Carolina in the pines.

There's a full moon on the fourteenth
First quarter 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.

When the frost grows on the windows
The wood stove smokes and glows
As the fire glows we can warm our souls
Watching 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.

Last Refrain

Chart - Verse

$\frac{4}{4}$ | I | I | ii | ii |

| IV | V | I | I |

| ii | ii | iii | iii |

| IV | V | I | I |

Chart – Refrain

| I | I | ii | ii |

| IV | V | I | I |

| ii | ii | iii | iii |

| IV | V |

| I | I | ii | ii |

| IV | V | I | I |