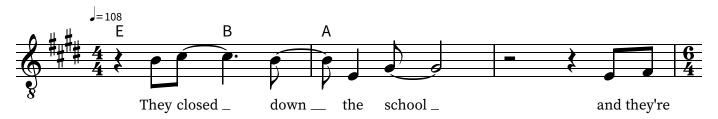
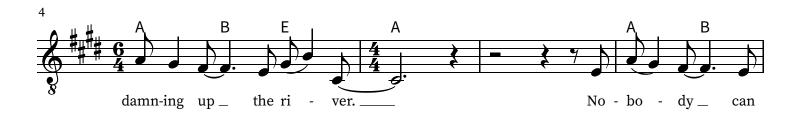
Meadow View

James









The ponderosa pines
Don't change with the seasons
But they'll burn in the summertime
And the berries all turn black
The berries all turn black

Burning needles in the backyard I swore to myself not to miss her To backtrack the trail of the pioneers They came here with the promise of treasure They came here with the promise of treasure

