

## **When The Lupines Line The Lane**

by Ted DeMille/Rick Lang

There's a little weathered cottage on a hillside by the sea  
Sometimes I go back there in my dreams  
Where fields of purple flowers blossom every spring  
I can almost see them dancin' in the breeze.

### \*CHORUS

When the Lupines line the lane I'll be comin' home again  
To rest my weary feet back on that sandy soil  
Where the flowers grow so tall, along the old rock wall  
When the Lupines line the lane I'm comin' home.

I miss that white haired lady who once held me on her knee  
Oh how I long to hear her voice again  
I'd walk right beside her, as she'd toss those tiny seeds  
And watch 'em floatin' gently in the wind.

### \*CHORUS

I still recall the last words that she said to me  
That I'll carry with me to my grave.  
And just like her I'm comin' back to live down by the sea  
And make the world more beautiful someday...in some way.

### \*CHORUS