

FORTY-FIVE YEARS

WHERE THE EARTH SHOWS ITS BONES OF WIND-BROKEN STONES

AND THE SEA AND THE SKY ARE ONE

I'M CAUGHT OUT OF TIME MY BLOOD SINGS WITH WINE

AND I'M RUNNIN' NAKED IN THE SUN

THERE'S GOD IN THE TREES; I'M WEAK IN THE KNEES

AND THE SKY IS BEAM FOR BLUE

I'D LIKE TO LOOK AROUND, BUT HONEY, ALL I SEE IS YOU.

NOW THE SUMMER CITY LIGHTS WILL SOFTEN THE NIGHT

'TIL YOU THINK THAT THE AIR IS CLEAR

AND I'M SITTING WITH FRIENDS WHERE FORTY-FIVE CENTS

WILL BUY ANOTHER GLASS OF BEER

HE'S GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY BUT I'M SO FAR AWAY

THAT I DON'T KNOW WHO I'M TALKIN' TO

'CAUSE YOU JUST WALKED IN THE DOOR, AND HONEY, ALL I SEE IS YOU.

AND I JUST JUST WANT TO HOLD YOU CLOSER

THAN I'VE EVER HELD ANYONE BEFORE; YOU SAY YOU'VE BEEN TWICE A WIFE

AND YOU'RE THROUGH WITH LIFE; AH, BUT HONEY, WHAT THE HELL'S IT FOR?

AFTER TWENTY THREE YEARS YOU'D THINK I COULD FIND

A WAY TO LET YOU KNOW SOMEHOW

THAT I WANT TO SEE YOUR SMILING FACE FORTY-FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

SO ALONE IN THE LIGHTS ON STAGE EVERY NIGHT

I'VE BEEN REACHIN' OUT TO FIND A FRIEND

WHO KNOWS ALL THE WORDS, SINGS SO SHE'S HEARD

AND KNOWS HOW ALL THE STORIES END

MAYBE AFTER THE SHOW SHE'LL ASK ME TO GO
HOME WITH HER FOR A DRINK OR TWO
NOW HER SMILE LIGHTS HER EYES, BUT HONEY, ALL I SEE IS YOU.
AND I JUST JUST WANT TO HOLD YOU CLOSER
THAN I'VE EVER HELD ANYONE BEFORE YOU SAY YOU'VE BEEN TWICE A WIFE
AND YOU'RE THROUGH WITH LIFE; AH, BUT HONEY, WHAT THE HELL'S IT FOR?
AFTER TWENTY THREE YEARS YOU'D THINK I COULD FIND
A WAY TO LET YOU KNOW SOMEHOW THAT I WANT TO SEE YOUR SMILING FACE
FORTY-FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

AND I JUST JUST WANT TO HOLD YOU CLOSER
THAN I'VE EVER HELD ANYONE BEFORE
YOU SAY YOU'VE BEEN TWICE A WIFE AND YOU'RE THROUGH WITH LIFE
AH, BUT HONEY, WHAT THE HELL'S IT FOR?
AFTER TWENTY THREE YEARS YOU'D THINK I COULD FIND
A WAY TO LET YOU KNOW SOMEHOW
THAT I WANT TO SEE YOUR SMILING FACE FORTY-FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

YES, I WANT TO SEE YOUR SMILIN' FACE FORTY-FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.