

1943

Nora Jane Struthers

There's an old man walking
Up a mountain trail
And you know he don't see that well
But his path is written
Into his memory
And he can sing it like a melody
He sings it like a melody
As it twists and turns he knows every bend
He goes right and left then right again
Though the lines are blurred he sees every tree
Just as clear as 1943
He sings it like a melody
An old family photo
Hangs in a simple frame
He will tell you every name
At his kitchen table
Flips through his memory
And he sings them like a melody
He sings them like a melody
As they twist and turn he knows every bend
He goes right and left then right again
Though the lines are blurred he sees every scene
Just as clear as 1943
He sings them like a melody
Two twin beds
Nestled side by side
One's been made since '95
He says she's still living
In his memory
And she sings him like a melody
She sings him like a melody
As his life twists and turns, she knows every bend
Singing right and left then right again
Though the lines have blurred she hears every plea
Just as clear as 1943
And she answers with a melody

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