

Old Love

Mary Chapin Carpenter

I want old love, the kind that takes years to turn to golden love,
Furnished and sealed.

On the high wire like rain, wind and sun
With the hard times forgiven and gone. I want old love, the kind that sips in,
It isn't cold love, it's never brutal or thin
It's the long kiss, it's the curl of the sight

Down a hallway in the middle of the night. I want old love, the kind that can see through the holes, love,
That live underneath.

All our falls cheer, profound and in pride
Through the old fears we carry inside. I want old love, the kind that can say what it knows, love
And what it learned all the way.

In that one voice familiar, yet strange
Only one old love remembers your name. I want old love, the kind that holds on
When it's torn, love, and all hope is gone.

Against all odds, preachers and prayers,
To the one love, to the furthest somewhere. I want old love, the kind that takes years to turn to golden love
Furnished and sealed.

On the high wire, through rain, wind and sun
With the hard times forgiven and done.

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