

Forty Winters

Rodney Crowell

Forty winters, cold and dark
Surround you like a beauty mark
A tilt on the accesses
That time of year
And the flesh of your cheekbones
Says no damage here
The first time I saw you
There was ice on the ground
And the girl in the greenhouse said
Paradise found
Forty winters, forty winters
Forty winters straight in line
Were you not my valentine?
Orange blossoms and sandal woods
Oaken moss and musk
Will fragrance your senses
From daylight till dusk
You made the simple life
Fit for a king
An oaten meal by candle light
A beautiful thing
Forty winters, forty winters
Forty winters, forty winters
Why can't I break the spell
Shake you and make you well?
What is it blinding me
That keeps you from finding me?
I know you're in there
You haven't gone somewhere
That God only knows about
Leaving me frozen out
Darling, I promise you this
I won't let you drown in the mist
Forty winters, dark and drear
Could not age you one short year
It's like I'm trapped beneath the bell jar
As big as the earth
And I'm running to reach you
For all that I'm worth
I'll bathe you and feed you
And I'll tend to your grace
But don't make me leave you
In such a dark place
I'm drunk on the bitterness
That sorrow and [Incomprehensible]
And I know that tomorrow
Is out of my hands
Until we're together
I'll sleep in the snow
And I'll love you forever
'Cause that all I know
Forty winters, forty winters
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