

Sixty Years On

Brandi Carlile

Who'll walk me down to church when I'm sixty years of age?
When the ragged dog they gave me has been ten years in the grave
And senorita play guitar, play it just for you
My rosary has broken and my beads have all slipped through
You've hung up your great coat and you've laid
down your gun
You know the war you fought in wasn't too much fun
And the future you're giving me, holds nothing for a gun
I've no wish to be living sixty years on, on, on
Yes I'll sit with you and talk, let your eyes relive again
I know my vintage prayers would be very much the same
And Magdalena plays the organ, plays it just for you
Your choral lamp that burns so low when you are passing through
And the future you're giving me, holds
nothing for a gun
I've no wish to be living sixty years on

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