Afternoon

Carla Bruni

When I am old and comforted
And done with this desire
With memory to share my bedWhen I am old and comforted
And done with this desire
With peace to share my fireI'll comb my hair in scalloped bands
Beneath my laundered cap
And watch my cool and fragile hands
Lie light upon my lapAnd I will have a sprigged gown
With lace to kiss my throat
I'll draw my curtain to the town
And hum a purring noteAnd I'll forget the way of tears
And rock and stir my tea
But oh how I wish those blessed years
Were further than they'd beAnd I will have a sprigged gown
With lace to kiss my throat
I'll draw my curtain to the town
And hum a purring noteWhen I am old and comforted
And done with this desire
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