

# In the Years to Come

[Kim Richey](#)

I had a dream you were meant to break my heart.

You showed me where the tale would start.

Woke up on a Sunday knowing you would leave me after all. After all. Not today but a long time from now, not today but a long time from now, where will we lay in the years to come? In the spring we will walk through the empty apple fields.

Blossoms perfect, only as they fall.

Twist and turning, dancing on the wind before they rest.

They come to rest. Not today but a long time from now, not today but a long time from now, where will we lay in the years to come? When morning calls, when morning calls, when morning calls our name, calls our name. Not today but a long time from now, not today but a long time from now, where will we lay in the years to come?

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