

# Six Years

**Richard Buckner**

I went down to meet my maker  
And the water tastes salty  
What's on my lips,  
The letter you sent me I found a good friend  
But let her go to easily  
And what's on my mind,  
The last time you kissed me It was a foam splint-shackle  
And twenty hours on a train  
Six years and I wonder  
If you were worth the pain I'm wasting away wondering  
If I'll always love you only  
And what's holding my heart  
Is the way you used to hold me It was a foam splint-shackle  
And twenty hours on a train  
Six years and I wonder  
If you were worth the pain I went down to meet my maker  
And the water tastes salty  
What's on my lips,  
The letter you sent me I found a good friend  
But let her go to easily  
And what's on my mind,  
The last time you kissed me I'm wasting away wondering  
If I'll always love you only  
And what's holding my heart  
Is the way you used to hold me What's on my lips,  
The letter you sent me  
And what's on my mind,  
The last time you kissed me

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