

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

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
My rosary has broken and my beads have all slipped through

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

'Cause the future you're giving me holds nothing for a gun
I've no wish to be living sixty years on