

## Acoustic Song

Bruce Dickinson

We live and die like all the rest  
Every summer has its sunset every year  
Love and hope put to the test  
Every grain of comfort holds the seed of fear

And I loved you long ago  
And I love you still  
But the roads that we have travelled took us far apart  
Scattered to the four winds  
Someday we will find the time to heal

And I loved you long ago

And the scars that bear my name  
are the wounds that never heal  
But the road that we have travelled took us far apart  
And I love you still

And I loved you long ago