

# Elderly Woman Behind The Counter In A Small Town

Charlotte Martin

I seem to recognize your face  
Haunting, familiar  
But I can't seem to place it

Cannot find the candle of thought  
To light your name  
Lifetimes are catching up with me

All these changes taking place  
I wish I'd seen the place  
But no one's ever taken me

Hearts and thoughts they fade  
Fade away  
Hearts and thoughts they fade  
Fade away

I seem to recognize your breath  
Memories like fingerprints  
They are slowly raising

Me, you wouldn't recall  
For I'm not my former  
It's hard when you're stuck upon the shelf

I change by not changing at all  
Small town predicts my fate  
Perhaps that's what no one wants to see

I just want to scream, "Hello"  
My God, it's been so long  
Never dreamed you'd return  
But now here you are and here I am

Hearts and thoughts they fade away  
Hearts and thoughts they fade  
Fade away  
Hearts and thoughts they fade  
Fade away