

Seven Years

Cowboy Junkies

Haven't seen the sun for seven days
November's got her nails dug in deep
Haven't seen my son for seven years
And the chances are we'll never again meet

If truth be told, I don't even know his name
If truth be told, he doesn't even know my name

I spend my spare time with my rosary beads
Although I never learnt to pray
But you don't need the light and it's best to pretend
That you've seen the errors of your ways

The darkness in here is as heavy as a judgment
This darkness, heavy as a judgment

My dreams are now filled with Gilead trees
And other sights that I've never seen
They used to be filled with the fears of tomorrow
And the horror that it might bring

His eyes felt to me as cold as a stone mason's chisel
His eyes fell on me, cold like a stone mason's chisel

Strange how a mind can always recall
What the senses eagerly leave behind
I can remember his face, rage, disgust and distaste
But to my fear I have grown blind

Memories are just dead men making trouble
This memory is just a dead man making trouble

Haven't seen the sun for seven days
November's got her nails dug in deep
Haven't seen my son for seven years
And the chances are we'll never again meet

Memories are just dead men making trouble
This memory is just a dead man making trouble

Memories are just dead men making trouble
This memory is just a dead man making trouble
Making trouble