

Vespers

Jim Croce

I'd like to think about her and the way she used to love me
But I just can't live without her 'cause her arms are not around me
And the season's getting later and my body's getting colder
And the vespers ring and I'm all alone, without my love beside me

She'd call me in the evenin', ask me to come over
She'd be standing by the window, with her hair down around her shoulder
We'd talk a while and then she'd smile, then she'd lock the door
And she would sit beside me and we would talk no more

The bells would ring at six o'clock and she'd be in my arms
Her head upon my shoulder, gently resting
Then she'd wake and look at me not knowing I'd been watching
Kiss me softly, then drift off to sleep

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