

## 100 Years From Now

Karen Elson

Hear this song my love, let it be the thorn  
that pierces through the rose  
the past doesn't forgive a trouble  
for tomorrow sinks in its sorrow...

A hundred years from now, dear  
We shall not care at all  
It will not matter then, dear  
the honey you've all (?)

the song we sang together, dear  
it will not mean no more  
they're words upon a page, dear  
these days of sorrow and row

A 100 years from now, my dear  
we shall not care at all  
for it will not matter then, my dear  
if we've ever loved at all (?)

and the lonesome songs we sang together  
were the words upon a page  
the meaning of them  
long forgotten  
a 100 years from now

a 100 years from now, dear  
we shall not care at all  
it will not matter then, dear  
the honey you (?)

the song we sang together dear  
it will not mean no more  
words upon a page dear

them words upon a page dear  
these days of sorrow and row