

## Old Love

Mary Chapin Carpenter

I want old love, the kind that takes years  
To turn to gold, love, burnished and seared  
On the high wire, by rain, wind and sun  
With the hard times forgiven and done

I want old love, the kind that seeps in  
It isn't cold, love, it's never brittle or thin  
It's the long kiss, it's the curl of a sigh  
Down a hallway, in the middle of the night

I want old love, the kind that can see  
Through the holes, love, that live underneath  
All our false cheer, bravado and pride  
Through the old fears we carry inside

I want old love, the kind that can say  
What it knows, love, and what it learned on the way  
In that one voice, familiar and strange  
Only old love remembers your name

I want old love, the kind that holds on  
When it's told, love, that all hope is gone  
Against all odds, wagers and prayers  
To the wall love, to the furthest somewhere

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