

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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