

# Forty Winters

Rodney Crowell

Forty winters, cold and dark  
Surround you like a beauty mark

A tilt on the axes  
That time of year  
And the flesh of your cheekbones  
Says no damage here

The first time I saw you  
There was ice on the ground  
And the girl in the greenhouse said  
Paradise found

Forty winters, forty winters  
Forty winters straight in line  
Were you not my valentine?

Orange blossoms and sandal woods  
Oaken moss and musk  
Will fragrance your senses  
From daylight till dusk

You made the simple life  
Fit for a king  
An oaten meal by candle light  
A beautiful thing

Forty winters, forty winters  
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Why can't I break the spell  
Shake you and make you well?  
What is it blinding me  
That keeps you from finding me?

I know you're in there  
You haven't gone somewhere  
That God only knows about  
Leaving me frozen out

Darling, I promise you this  
I won't let you drown in the mist

Forty winters, dark and drear  
Could not age you one short year

It's like I'm trapped beneath the bell jar  
As big as the earth  
And I'm running to reach you  
For all that I'm worth

I'll bathe you and feed you  
And I'll tend to your grace  
But don't make me leave you  
In such a dark place

I'm drunk on the bitterness

That sorrow demands  
And I know that tomorrow  
Is out of my hands

Until we're together  
I'll sleep in the snow  
And I'll love you forever  
'Cause that all I know

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