

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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