

## Deepens With Time

Ron Sexsmith

I hear my mother's voice  
Calling me home  
Across a field so long ago  
It still rings in my mind  
It deepens with time

I feel my brother's hand  
Crossing the street  
And when I'm lost it comforts me  
Now your hand is in mine  
It deepens with time

It deepens with time  
These precious memories  
How they wound and leave a scar  
Sweetened like wine  
Hanging over our lives  
Like the moon and stars  
Makes us who we are  
And it deepens with time

I hear a song  
I used to know  
Playing on my spirits radio  
I still know every line  
It has deepened with time

Lying in bed  
Talking 'til three  
Telling each other our hopes and dreams  
As our fingers entwine  
It deepens with time

And through our hands  
It slips away  
Through our hair a touch of grey  
And in the back of our minds  
It deepens with time  
Yes in the back of our minds  
It deepens with time