

Summer of John Wayne

Tom McRae

A summer of John Wayne getting older, reel after reel,
and playing old soldiers with old wounds, you know how that feels.

And a summer of searching the underworld, an arrow in my heel,
and the winding down of days,
and the speeding of time won't change.

But I know you say nothing good lasts forever.
Some things burn bright, but burn themselves out to embers.

And these weather conversations and small talk, steal my hours
away, and I gave away my best to strangers day after day,
and the winding down of days,
and the speeding of time won't change.

But I know you say nothing good lasts forever.
Some things burn bright, but burn themselves out to embers.

Your love is a cold, cold place my dear
the seasons change those ghosts appear
and every sound is an echo of yesterday.
And suddenly I fall through the cracks in time
and I'm standing here with your hand in mine
and I turn around to see you there's no one there.

But I know you say nothing good lasts forever.
You will forget but I will always remember, the time.