

## 45 Years

Stan Rogers

Where the earth shows its bones of wind-broken stone  
And the sea and the sky are one  
I'm caught out of time, my blood sings with wine  
And I'm running naked in the sun  
There's God in the trees, I'm weak in the knees  
And the sky is a painful blue  
I'd like to look around, but Honey, all I see is you.

The summer city lights will soften the night  
Til you'd think that the air is clear  
And I'm sitting with friends, where forty-five cents  
Will buy another glass of beer  
He's got something to say, but I'm so far away  
That I don't know who I'm talking to  
Cause you just walked in the door, and Honey, all I see is you

And I just want to hold you closer than I've ever held anyone before  
You say you've been twice a wife and you're through with life  
Ah, but Honey, what the hell's it for?  
After twenty-three years you'd think I could find  
A way to let you know somehow  
That I want to see your smiling face forty-five years from now.

So alone in the lights on stage every night  
I've been reaching out to find a friend  
Who knows all the words, sings so she's heard  
And knows how all the stories end  
Maybe after the show she'll ask me to go  
Home with her for a drink or two  
Now her smile lights her eyes, but Honey, all I see is you

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