

Croce Jim

"Vespers"

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Written by - Jim & Ingrid Croce

I'd like to think about her

And the way she used to love me

But I just can't live without her

'Cause her arms are not around me

And the season's getting later

And my body's getting colder

And the vespers ring and I'm all alone

Without my love beside me

She'd call me in the evenin'

And ask me to come over

She'd be standing by the window

With her hair down around her shoulder

We'd talk a while and then she'd smile

Then she'd lock the door

And she would sit beside me

And we would talk no more

The bells would ring at six o'clock

And she'd be in my arms

Her head upon my shoulder, gently resting

And then she'd wake and look at me

Not knowing I'd been watching

Kiss me softly, then drift off to sleep

She'd call me in the evenin'

And ask me to come over

She'd be standing by the window

With her hair down around her shoulder

We'd talk a while and then she'd smile

Then she'd lock the door

And she would sit beside me

And we would talk no more

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