

Brandi Carlile

"Sixty Years On"

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Who'll walk me down to church when I'm sixty years of age?

When the ragged dog they gave me has been ten years in the grave

And senorita play guitar, play it just for you

My rosary has broken and my beads have all slipped through

You've hung up your great coat and you've laid down your gun

You know the war you fought in wasn't too much fun

And the future you're giving me, holds nothing for a gun

I've no wish to be living sixty years on, on, on

Yes I'll sit with you and talk, let your eyes relive again
I know my vintage prayers would be very much the same

And Magdalena plays the organ, plays it just for you

Your choral lamp that burns so low when you are passing through

And the future you're giving me, holds nothing for a gun

I've no wish to be living sixty years on

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