

# Jim Croce

## "Vespers"

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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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