

Junkies Cowboy "Thirty Summers"

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Caught in the vice of heaven and earth
He turned his life into a cell
Imprisoned by the doubts that hound us all
And the desires that we all know so well

His days he lost to promises
His nights he purged of dreams
And he would wake in the hours before sunrise
And dread the coming of the day

Never thought a man could become so desperate
Never thought a life could lose so much hope
To tear at the roots around you
As if in manacles or irons or ropes

They say he told his children that all he taught was lost
And that love and pride and honesty
Were to be gained at too high a cost

It's been thirty summers that I've spent with him
And I expect thirty more to pass
He is blessed by life in so many ways
That I could never turn my back

But I need just one more reminder
Of that man that he used to be
If he would just look deep into my eyes
And say it's in you my love, that I will find the key

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