

Covette

"In The Long Run"

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She writes him a letter to see how he's doing
She's stopped up for words on a pen she keeps
chewing
The light from the window flows through her graying
hair
The pen on the page is the proof that she still does
care

'cause in the long run the story's told
And in the long run the young grow very, very old

He sits in the park in the dark by his favourite tree
His mind is all lost in a haze of how things used to be
She carried him so far but then had to let him go
He wanted one more chance at least to let her know

'cause in the long run the heat grows cold
And in the long run the young grow very, very old

He doesn't do much now, just sits by the window light
His hair is so long and his unshaven face so white
His heart feels a part of the breeze that is blowing
outside
His eyes now see magic around him at most times

'cause in the long run the story's told
And in the long run the young grow very, very old

She walks in the morning, it's best before seven
It's that time of day that seems closest to heaven
She finds herself dancing and singing songs out loud
Songs from her childhood suddenly come around

'cause in the long run the farm gets sold
And in the long run the young grow very, very old

He's ready to go now, he's done with his living
He's gone where he's going, he gave what he's giving
The thousand and one times, he (said?) before dinner
The thousand and two times, (their lives?) growing
thinner

'cause in the long run the story's told
And in the long run the young grow very, very old

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