

The Gathering Field "Fifty Lifetimes"

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Child of fear, child of anger
Traveler on the open road
An ancient car she bought
with money that he gave her
When he died, oh oh

That was the only thing he ever gave her
Except for failing eyes and curly hair
And I did not believe that
I could ever really save her
Though I tried, I swear

And if I traveled fifty lifetimes
Through every country of the world
I don't believe I'd ever find myself
A more enchanting girl
A more enchanting girl

We made it through the wintertime unscathed
Talked all night and slept away the days
And though she had no faith to speak of
Her silhouette looked saved
Fading light of day
And if I traveled fifty lifetimes

Saw her by the roadside,
we went for a slow ride
As I awoke from sleeping
I knew that she was gone

Well they say what does not kill you
makes you stronger
Let's just say she gave me lots of strength
She offered love as fleeting as a lifetime
only longer
In a way, I said...

If I traveled fifty lifetimes...

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