

Howard Elliott Payne

"Seven Years"

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Seven long years as wild as the wind
We cradled the dawn to whatever end
And sometimes when I feel broken and blue
It brings me such peace to think about you.

I was there at the start when you first came in
An angel of soul, a harbor of sin
A moment of doubt not knowing what is true
It brings me such peace to think about you.

I left in the spring with a gun in each hand
We kissed on the tracks and parted as friends
And seven long years beneath a cold prison moon
It brings me such peace to think about you.

Yeah, it brings me such peace to think about you.
Yeah, it brings me such peace to think about you.

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