

# Cowboy Junkies, In The Long Run

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