

Martina McBride, When You Are Old

When you are old and tired and gray
Wear you overcoat on sunny days
When your brave tales have all been told
I'll ask for them when you are old

When you are old and full of sleep
And death no longer makes you weep
When your body aches with cold
I'll warm your heart when you are old

You'll still be the same to me
A comfort and a mystery
And I will be old too see
I'll need someone to comfort me

When you are old and pale and gone
And a gentle hand is all you want
I will give you mine to hold
And I'll be here when you are old
Yes I will give you mine to hold
And I'll be here when you are old