

# Beirut, Postcards From Italy

the times we had  
oh, when the wind would blow with rain and snow  
we're not all bad  
we put our feet just where they had, had to go  
never to go

the shattered soul  
following close but nearly twice as slow  
in my good times  
there were always golden rocks to throw  
at those who, those who admit defeat too late  
those were our times, those were our times

and i will love to see that day  
that day is mine  
when she will marry me outside with the willow trees  
and play the songs we made  
they made me so  
and i would love to see that day  
that day was mine