

# Brandi Carlile, Sixty Years On

Who'll walk me down to church when I'm sixty years of age  
When the ragged dog they gave me has been ten years in the grave  
And senorita play guitar, play it just for you  
My rosary has broken and my beads have all slipped through

You've hung up your great coat and you've laid down your gun  
You know the war you fought in wasn't too much fun  
And the future you're giving me holds nothing for a gun  
I've no wish to be living sixty years on

Yes I'll sit with you and talk let your eyes relive again  
I know my vintage prayers would be very much the same  
And Magdalena plays the organ, plays it just for you  
Your choral lamp that burns so low when you are passing through

And the future you're giving me holds nothing for a gun  
I've no wish to be living sixty years on