

Cowboy Junkies, Seven Years

Haven't seen the sun for seven days
November's got her nails dug in deep
Haven't seen my son for seven years
And the chances are we'll never again meet

If truth be told I don't even know his name
If truth be told he doesn't even know my name

I spend my spare time with my rosary beads
Although I never learnt to pray
But you don't need the light
And it's best to pretend
That you've seen the errors of your ways

The darkness in here
Is as heavy as a judgement
This darkness, heavy as a judgement

My dreams are now filled with Gilead trees
And other sights that I've never seen
They used to be filled
With the fears of tomorrow
And the horror that it might bring

His eyes felt to me
As cold as a stone mason's chisel
His eyes fell on me, cold
Like a stone mason's chisel

Strange how a mind can always recall
What the senses eagerly leave behind
I can remember his face, rage,
Disgust and distaste
But to my fear I have grown blind

Memories are just dead men making trouble
This memory is just a dead man making trouble