

# 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