

# Cowboy Junkies, Thirty Summers

Caught in the vice of heaven and earth  
He turned his life into a cell  
Imprisoned by the doubts which hound us all  
And those desires which we all know so well  
His days he lost to promises, his nights he purged of dreams  
And he would wake in the hours before sunrise  
And dread the coming of the day

Never thought a man could become so desperate  
Never thought a life could lose so much hope  
To be tearing at the roots around you  
As if in manacles, or irons, or ropes  
They say he told his children that all he taught was lost  
That love and pride and honesty  
Were to be gained at too high a cost

It's been thirty summers that I've spent with him  
And I expect thirty more to pass  
He has blessed my life in so many ways  
That I could never turn my back  
But I need just one more reminder  
Of the man that he used to be  
If he would just look deep into my eyes  
And say it's in you my love that I will find the key