

Jim Croce, Vespers

I'd like to think about her
And the way she used to love me
But I just can't live without her
'Cause her arms are not around me
And the season's getting later
And my body's getting colder
And the vespers ring and I'm all alone
Without my love beside me

She'd call me in the evenin'
And ask me to come over
She'd be standing by the window
With her hair down around her shoulder
We'd talk a while and then she'd smile
Then she'd lock the door
And she would sit beside me
And we would talk no more

The bells would ring at six o'clock
And she'd be in my arms
Her head upon my shoulder, gently resting
And then she'd wake and look at me
Not knowing I'd been watching
Kiss me softly, then drift off to sleep

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