

# Marty Robbins, Sometimes Love

Sometimes love is like a clear day  
And you can almost see forever  
When the skies are overcast  
With threatening clouds of never

Like a blanket they descend  
Bringing chilly winds of sorrow  
As the land of love grows dim  
You can't even see tomorrow

Come the storms of disappointment  
Come the rains of deep despair  
Howling winds of desperation  
There's no shelter anywhere

Then the storm begins to weaken  
Slow at first, but finally dies  
Suddenly you see tomorrow  
As you do you realize

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And you can almost see forever