

# Terry Allen, Thrity Years Waltz

I remember standing  
All scrubbed down and clean  
Tapping my foot  
By the record machine  
An I was watching you dancing  
watchin you prancin  
watchin you glancin  
At me...so  
I took my first chance  
And I asked you to dance  
And we touched the first time with a song flying by  
And when the blue of your eyes  
Met my blues down inside  
Well I knew...that we two...could fly  
Through  
Thirty years of confuscions and change  
Thirty years of the stress and the strain  
Thirty years to be accused and to blame  
Ahhh thirty years that don't mean a thing  
When you put them beside  
Them good songs we sang  
So  
Now I'm standing  
But roughed up and mean  
Kicking my boots  
At the record machine  
Til I remember the dances  
remember the chances  
remember you glancin  
At me...so  
I just brush off my pants  
And I ask you to dance  
And we touch once again with the song flying home  
And that smile all your own  
Still beats all I've ever known  
So I laugh...and I moan  
'Cause we two have flown  
Through  
Thirty years of the storms and the rains  
Thirty years of the fears and the pains  
Thirty years of the wars and the games  
Ahhh  
Thirty years that don't mean a thing  
When you put them beside  
Them good songs we sang