

# Wyatt, 1950

The train waits impatiently all I want is her company  
The red sky  
The postcard-shaped unreality

Lets say 1950 or whatever It may have been  
The year I lost puberty  
The year that nothing that nothing could part us  
And the world turned around for me  
And her eyes were younger then we'd ever been

The cuban marriage in secrecy  
And the urge to fight their liberty  
As she whispers  
Nothing can take you away from me

And by the light of the moon  
They sway throught hte room  
And the years fell from her look  
They know they are stranger  
In a life that is filled with pain  
But she feels him  
Their souls are forever chained

And maybe when we're older  
And stelled for less and got bolder  
Maybe then we'll see  
Maybe when we're older  
And our dreams are lost way yonder  
Maybe then we'll see  
What it means to really be...

Lets say 1950  
Was the year we believed  
That stars weren't out of reach  
Those days with my family  
My only brother and me

And maybe when we're older  
And settled for less and got bolder  
Maybe then we'll see  
Maybe when we're older  
And the years are lost way yonder  
Maybe then we'll see  
What it means to really be...