

Bobby Bare, Lorena

The years creep slowly by Lorena snow is on the grass again
The sun is sinking low Lorena frost is where the flowers have been
The music softly plays Lorena happy sounds have left today
The music's sad and low Lorena where once it rang so loud and gay
I hardly feel the snow Lorena I know the darkness soon will pass
We'll sing our songs again Lorena you'll be in my arms at last
Yes you'll be in my arms at last