

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