

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...