

● *Old Love*

Mama Cleans Out Her Purse
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Don't the old trees, stand up tall against the wind
And don't the old ways, Bring us comfort now and then
Time's elusive, change is sure as summer's end
So hold the old love, tho' the world may reel and spin

See the back shed, Sure needs painting by the Fall
Seems like no time, Since you built that Southern wall
The kids were young then, We were fighting all the time
How'd we survive it? So much trouble on our minds

You were bull-headed, Maybe I was stubborn, too
Now I'm almost sixty, some things don't matter like they used to
You love baseball, I love music with my friends
We talk at supper, That's all that matters in the end

The kids are older, two are out and on their own
We lie together, talk of politics and home
You read Dave Barry, we laugh and love at early dawn
You bring me cocoa, I tell you I wrote you this song