Postcards from Italy

Beirut

The times we had oh, when the wind would blow with rain and snow were not all bad we put our feet just where they had, had to go never to go

the shattered soul following close but nearly twice as slow in my good times there were always golden rocks to throw at those who, those who admit defeat too late those were our times, those were our times

and i will love to see that day
that day is mine
when she will marry me outside with the willow trees
and play the songs we made
they made me so
and i would love to see that day
that day was mine