

Lorena

Bobby Bare

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...