

100 Years From Now

Karen Elson

Hear this song my love, let it be the thorn
that pierces through the rose
the past doesn't forgive a trouble
for tomorrow sinks in its sorrow...

A hundred years from now, dear
We shall not care at all
It will not matter then, dear
the honey you've all (?)

the song we sang together, dear
it will not mean no more
they're words upon a page, dear
these days of sorrow and row

A 100 years from now, my dear
we shall not care at all
for it will not matter then, my dear
if we've ever loved at all (?)

and the lonesome songs we sang together
were the words upon a page
the meaning of them
long forgotten
a 100 years from now

a 100 years from now, dear
we shall not care at all
it will not matter then, dear
the honey you (?)

the song we sang together dear
it will not mean no more
words upon a page dear

them words upon a page dear
these days of sorrow and row