

My Little Treasures

Richard Hawley

My little treasures
I keep close to me
They give me so much pleasure
And some company

Cold beer in warm places
Heartbreak and old faces
With my little treasures
You're more than old bones
And some smaller measure
I'm never alone
Warm beer in cold places
Whiskey glass, storm chasers

Look at all these stars
Look at all these stars
Ever do believe it's Jupiter and Mars
Look at all these stars
Look at all these stars
How did we ever get so far from here

Lonely eyes
They remain for an age
And for a time
To tell the truth
Oh it gets strange

The younger I could not follow you
The older I misremembers you
And for a while I will drink to you
And fill my cup with rage

With my little treasures
You're more than old bones
Cold beer in warm places
Whiskey glass, storm chasers

Look at all these stars
Look at all these stars
Ever do believe it's Jupiter and Mars
Look at all these stars
Look at all these stars
How did we ever get so far from there
To here

My little treasures
I keep close to me