

Deepens With Time

Ron Sexsmith

I hear my mother's voice
Calling me home
Across a field so long ago
It still rings in my mind
It deepens with time

I feel my brother's hand
Crossing the street
And when I'm lost it comforts me
Now your hand is in mine
It deepens with time

It deepens with time
These precious memories
How they wound and leave a scar
Sweetened like wine
Hanging over our lives
Like the moon and stars
Makes us who we are
And it deepens with time

I hear a song
I used to know
Playing on my spirits radio
I still know every line
It has deepened with time

Lying in bed
Talking 'til three
Telling each other our hopes and dreams
As our fingers entwine
It deepens with time

And through our hands
It slips away
Through our hair a touch of grey
And in the back of our minds
It deepens with time
Yes in the back of our minds
It deepens with time