

## Mostly Major Chords

James Shayfer

She found me forty years from now  
A shadow of myself  
Her youth was black mascara  
And red wine  
We talked for hours  
Of how I thought  
I'd seen her somewhere else  
And she was there beside me when I died

What's the point in counting  
When a minute is a year  
Every lover has their time  
Every lover has their time  
What's the point in waiting  
When you're gone  
Before you're here  
Every lover has their time  
Every lover has their time

She found me seven years ago  
In some piano bar  
She told me I'd be paramount some day  
She smiled the kind of smile  
That builds a fire in the dark  
She bought my gin  
And then she slipped away

What's the point in counting  
When a minute is a year  
Every lover has their time  
Every lover has their time  
What's the point in waiting  
When you're gone  
Before you're here  
Every lover has their time  
Every lover has their time

She found me twenty years ago  
Outside my father's church  
A little boy who fell and scraped his knee  
She told me I was beautiful  
And took away my hurt  
And said that she'd forever wait for me

What's the point in counting  
When a minute is a year  
Every lover has their time  
Every lover has their time  
What's the point in waiting  
When you're gone  
Before you're here  
Every lover has their time  
Every lover has their time

She found me any minute now  
I've waited far too long  
This rocking chair

Is wearing through the floor  
She'll cry beside herself  
To know I've written her this song  
And be pleased  
That it's in mostly major chords

What's the point in counting  
When a minute is a year  
Every lover has their time  
Every lover has their time  
What's the point in waiting  
When you're gone  
Before you're here  
Every lover has their time  
Every lover has their time