

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