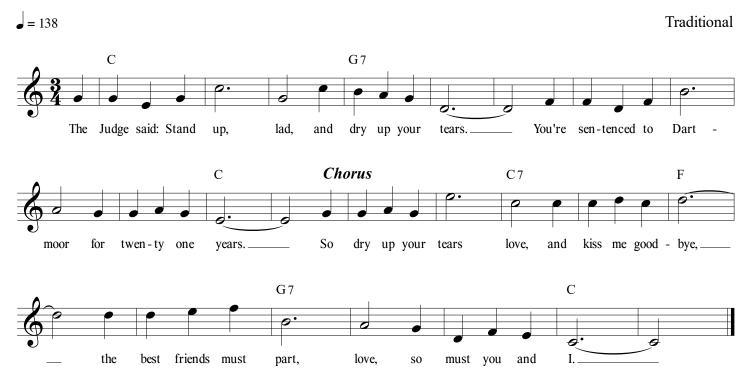
21 Years



I Hear The Train Coming, 'Twill Be Here At Nine To Take Me To Dartmoor To Serve Up My Time. I Look Down The Railway And Plainly I See You Standing There Waving Your Goodbyes To Me.

Six Months Have Gone By, Love I Wish I Were Dead This Dark Dreary Dungeon And Stone For My Bed. It's Hailing, It's Raining, The Moon Gives No Light, Now Won't You Tell Me, Love, Why You Never Write.

I've Counted The Days, Love, I've Counted The Nights I've Counted The Footsteps, I've Counted The Lights. I've Counted The Raindrops, I've Counted The Stars, I've Counted A Million Of These Prison Bars.

I've Waited, I've Trusted, I've Longed For The Day A Lifetime, So Lonely, Now My Hair's Turning Grey. My Thoughts Are For You, Love, Till I'm Out Of My Mind For Twenty One Years Is A Mighty Long Time.