

When she was just nineteen years old, and I was twenty-three.

Verse 4:

Now I'm back here in this place I thought I'd never see again.

Buildings and streets all put in since I left way back then.

My ragged shoes retrace the stones that lead to her front door.

I guess what I left so long ago was what I ran off lookin' for.

Once fancy-free, now refugee; then a kind woman opens the door to me.

And behind all the lines in her smile I see,

C G F Em F C
She's still just nineteen years old. And to her, I'm twenty-three.