

I Would Bet That You Remember This Too

Kimbo Tippett

We were riding down the backroads in my Ford Fairlane.
Snuggled up on the bench seat and feeling no pain.
You had your hair down and you looked so great!
That was the only time I ever saw you in braids.
Don't know where you are. I don't know what it is you do.
But, I would bet that you remember this too.

There was the time I led you up on Echo Rock at night.
The highest point for miles. The stars were quite bright.
One was kind of red and one was kind of blue.
One was changing colors and grew brighter in our view.
Soon it was floating only fifty yards away.
When it powered up, it lit us up like day.
Don't know where you are. I don't know what it is you do.
But, I would bet that you remember this too.

Then there was the time when we hiked out in the woods.
You were looking lovely and I was feeling good.
You drew my portrait. It's right there on my wall.
Only you and me and nature. We gave it our all.
Don't know where you are. I don't know what it is you do.
But, I would bet that you remember this too.

We walked out in the forrest, it took us quite a while.
Playing music for The Lord in a bhakti style.
You on the tabla and me on guitar.
Our freeform ragas were sent out to the stars.
Before we left... thankful for the day.
Remember the music that the animals did play!
Don't know where you are. I don't know what it is you do.
But, I would bet that you remember this too.

What was once close is now far away.
We didn't understand it, back in the day.
What was important. What should we say?
Try to understand what's important today.
Don't know where you are. I don't know what it is you do.
But, I would bet that you remember this too.

