Pretty Widows

Brett Anderson

See the pretty widows
Cold as April's skies
Hold their winter roses
Cloaked in nursery rhymes

And love is where you find it
And love is where you reach
And love is in the patterns
At her feet

So play her game of tarot
Hold her hair and hand
Fold her dress like petals
Turn the hanging man

And love is where you find it
And love is where you reach
And love is in the patterns
At her feet

So cold, the pretty widows
Clear as April's skies
Steal her winter roses
Sing her nursery rhymes

Nanananana
Nanananana
Nanananana

Oh the morning calls
And the morning calls
And the morning calls
And the morning calls

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