

Quietly

Fred Eaglesmith

Quietly
Her fair falls across her pillow
Quietly
She stirs in the morning light
Quietly she stares up at the ceiling
The she sits up
And she looks into my eyes

Quietly
She stares out of the window
She glances down
Into an empty street
Then she turns
And looks back at me again
And quietly
Her eyes fill up with tears
Then she brushes her lips
Across my hand

And stands up
And she walks across the floor
Then she stops
And looks back at me again
She picks up her things
And quietly she walks out the door

Quietly
I stare into the mirror
There's a man in there
I used to know
He's so tired
Of all of her sadness
And all of her tears
So quietly now I'll just let her go
So quietly now I'll just let her go