

The Widower

Horse Feathers

I'll mind my mouth, in a brand new town
In the time of the year when the things you hear
Won't lay down or disappear

Damn the winter, it's following me
I'm waiting for softer times and greener leaves

Stay awhile with me
Warm a body that aches here in these sheets alone
Stay awhile with me
Warm a body that aches here in these sheets alone

Damn the winter, it's following me
I'm waiting for softer times and greener leaves

I will not find another of your kind, I hold this true
I will not be a husband that's set free, I said I do

Stay awhile with me
Warm a body that aches here in these sheets alone
Hold a hand with no ring
It's naked and cold, in a state too shocked to be old
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