

Widows Of The Revolution

Joe Henry

What can I write home about?
The water's cold, the pilot's out.
I keep my children out of sight
And my man never came home last night.

What will I learn to tell myself?
We're supposed to want for nothing else;
Just show the world a stoic light
But my man never came home last night

This is what we make of this--
The walls all smell like blood and piss.
And every book that comes our way
We burn to keep the dogs away

We'll tell this story later on
And tell of how it made us strong.
By then we'll know that we were right
But my man never came home last night

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