

Widow's Walk

Larkin Poe

Tired of the lace, a veil across her face
Lookin' to the sea
Beneath her breath, she prays
"Let the winds erase"
"Dreams of him comin' home to me"

Stride by stride
The tears escape the bride
As she breaks her clock
And haunts the widow's walk to mark the hours
Ooh oohooh
Ooh hooohoo

A ticking clock
The scratching of a pin upon the bible by the door
These are the sounds of pain
The death of what has been
She was broke before she hit the floor

But now she breaks inside
And tears escape the bride
As she breaks the clock
And haunts the widow's walk to mark the hours

Stride by stride
The tears escape the bride
As she breaks the clock
And haunts the widow's walk to mark the hours
Ohh ohhohh