

# Widows

Matt Maltese

Armageddon has resumed  
Rip your clothes off in my room  
Like there's no fucking tomorrow  
I put myself inside of you  
And use my hands when you tell me to  
Like there's no fucking tomorrow

Can't keep up with the money going round  
Lining pockets of the killers and the crown  
I know they knocked Diana

My Ford Focus gonna need a little power  
If I write a big song I'll fly around  
I'm not an angel either

And pull your blinds up  
Watch the sky fall  
Catch the birds funeral song  
And your neighbour waves through the window and smiles  
We're all trying  
To brave the times  
Like widows of a world gone by

Melt away Antarctica  
While we lay back on the floor  
Posing with your childhood medals  
We all care about the ones we choose  
And guess what with me that's you  
I'd be hung and drawn and quartered for you

Can't keep up when your money's worth less  
Print a trillion and it's anyone's guess  
Where all the extra ends up  
My love you know I think you look best  
Any fucking way you wanna fucking dress  
We're born on earth and then what

Just pull your blinds up  
Watch the sky fall  
Catch the birds funeral song  
And your neighbour waves through the window and smiles  
We're all trying  
To brave the times  
Just widows of a world gone by

Pull your blinds up  
Watch the dark fall  
Catch the bird's early song  
And your neighbour walks to the office on time  
We're all trying trying to brave the times  
All widows in the morning light