

Sailor Song

The Weeks

Well, I asked her while she cried what she was doin' with her life
She said, 'I could marry a sailor; I think that I'd make a good wife
But he would leave for months at sea leaving only the baby and me
And I do not think that I could stay faithful
And I could leave this town for good bringing only some photos and a book
But I'm pretty sure my legs would grow weary'

And then she asked how 'bout me?
I said, 'Well, darlin' let me see
I hear wedding bells and see kisses from lovers
Those lovers are so in sync; they appear to be you and me
But I could be wrong cause my mind is awful lazy

Now I'm seein something else and it's me all by myself
And I appear to be older and I'm awful lonely
And as I cry I ask God, 'Why? How could you let my poor wife die? '
And I told her not cry; to wipe her eyes

Well, if love is all you had
Well, then, Baby, that's not bad
And if love is all you got
Then that's a hell of a lot

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