

Widow's Walk

The White Buffalo

Well, she goes walking at night
Up the stairs with her prayers into the moonlight
She's floating like a fizzled out satellite
With no aim to her feet
And she gets lost in a fog
Pacing like a zombie on the widow's walk
The wind it screams but the ghosts don't talk
Her eyes glassed on the sea, singing
Aah...

Well, he goes walking at night
On the bow in the calm of the haunting light
Looks like the black of the water's got an appetite
Calling him to the deep
He's been talking in his sleep
Saying things in the morning that he can't repeat
Dreams of death in a drowning epiphany
And he starts to weep, singing
Aah...

The sky explodes, the sea it roars, the crashing of the waves
The howling wind it stings his skin the blinding of the rain
Oh, he goes overboard
Towed into the grey
Face down he floats away

She goes walking at night
Up the stairs with her prayers into the moonlight
She's floating like a fizzled out satellite
With no aim to her feet, singing
Aah...