Calico

Widowspeak

Your house was a good one
Though the yard was overgrown
And your shirts were all tailored
And my dresses were all calico
Oh, your bed was always covered
The black pants you wouldn't ware
That was part of the pattern
And it fit just like it should

Calico, calico, calico, calico
Calico, calico, calico, calico

When I released the spare room
I never sat in front of you
And through the thin wall
We heard our neighbors argue
But I couldn't just shut up and lie
I never let you have your last night

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