

A Widow's Toast

Neko Case

Specters move like pilot flames
Their widows toast
It's Saint-Angel
Better times collide with now
The tears were warm
I feel them still
They'll heat to vapor and disperse
And cloud our eyes with weary glaze
You raise your glass and may exclaim
"I'll put my hands on the truth, by God!"
But it's faster, love, than you and me
Faster than the speed of gravity
That's how it catches you from falling
And how it always, always, always slips away
Specters move like pilot flames
Their widows toast
It's Saint-Angel
And better times collide with now
And better times
And better times are coming still

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