My Widow

Stampead

Love songs only bring me down.
As depressing as her wedding gown.
Folded in the corner, with a locket that he bought her,
it feels like hes still around.
If the sky isnt blue, I never know what to do,
I always feel the need to leave town.
This years been tough, here in Cedar Neck Bluff,
my front door has got 3 chains.
I worry about this, and I worry about that,
I never get to sing in the rain.But theres always one,
bullet left in the gun.
Oh yes, theres always one.The fortune-teller she was right.
How I wish my heart could change.
It makes me shiver in the night, like a mouse in a fight,
Im better off trying to love the pain.
So I run up my card, until I fall off the bar,
and my girlfriend starts to feel ashamed.
It aint right but in the night, while she sleeps she likes to fight,
and I wake up all black and blue.
She says to tie her up, I say dont worry love,
I was born restless too.And theres always one,
bullet left in the gun.
Oh yes, theres always one,
bullet left in the gun.
Oh yes, theres always one.Im sorry to say, that Im no help.
Im sorry to say, he is gone.
Im sorry to say, youve lost me too.Now shes getting ready to go.
Holding a letter and a long stem rose.
I zip her dress in the back, as she paints her eyes black,
wipes the lipstick from her teeth real slow.
She always comes back a mess, with mascara on her dress,
and all the grace of a new widow.
If I give a little, give a little, give a little more,
can I ever make her feel the same?
She worries about this, and she worries about that,
before the war she used to sing in the rain.But theres always one,
bullet left in the gun.
Oh yes, theres always one,
bullet left in the gun.

Oh yes, theres always one.

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