The Ring

Matt Harlan

She stares at that ring on her finger
With a far away look in her eyes
She thinks of the memories that linger
Of the good days that quickly flew by
And she remembers the day
When a young man would say
That he'd found the love of his life
She gave him her hand
And he placed on a band
And asked her if she'd be his wife
And some may value its silver
And some may value its gold
But she knows no greater value
Than the memories it holds
She added a stone when the children were born
And her husband now looks down from above
She's lived a good life as a mother and wife
And the ring is a symbol of love
And her friends know when to leave her alone
They can tell she needs time to cry
She stares at that ring on her finger
With a far away look in her eyes

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