

# Widow's Walk

Francesca Sortino

Consider me a widow, boys, and I will tell you why  
It's not the man but it's the marriage that was drowned  
So I walk the walk and wait with watchful eye out to the sky  
Looking for a kind of vessel I have never found Though I saw it splinter, I keep looking out to sea  
Like a dog with little sense, I keep returning  
To the very area where I did see the thing go down  
As if there's something at the site I should be learning That line is the horizon  
We watch the wind and set the sail  
But save ourselves when all omens point to fail And if I tell the truth then I won't have to tell you this  
Though I grieve and I believe I feel it truly  
But I knew that ship was empty by the time it hit the rocks  
'Cause we could not hold on when fate became unruly So consider me a widow, boys, and I have told you why  
Does the weather say a better day is nearing?  
And I'll set my house in order now and wait upon the will  
'Cause it's clear that I need better skill in steering That line is the horizon  
We watch the wind and set the sail  
But save ourselves when all omens point to fail That line is the horizon  
We watch the wind and set the sail  
But save ourselves when all omens point to fail Point to fail, point to fail

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