Most Beautiful Widow In Town

Sparklehorse

We were both standing in your mother's living room
Sweating up a storm in that terrible month of June
And the sweat rolled down your cheek and into your mouth
I knew this must've been a dream
'Cause you're mother would never let me in her houseYou are the most beautiful widow
You are the most beautiful widow
You are the most beautiful widow in townMany years later the glassy month of December
I stood with my hands in my pockets trying to avoid
A shiny wedding portrait, hanging on that old woman's wall
'Cause I knew you'd be wearing a smile, that'd be too painful to look uponYou are the most beautiful widow
I bet you are the most beautiful widow
I bet you are the most beautiful widow in town

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