

# Widower's Heart

## Trampled By Turtles

Can't help it if I have a widower's heart  
Tried to get out of bed but I can't seem to start  
When I hit the road it was freezing and dark  
I hope that it's warmer wherever you are I said I was sorry and turned to explain  
The room it was empty and bitter and drained  
No songs from the angels, no blood in my vein  
Could ever replace you and here I remain Oh, rain.  
Come wash me and keep me and take me away. New York was a rough place that suited me well  
You bragged of religion and put me through hell  
Maybe I'm better off, maybe it's hard to tell  
When I left you were sleeping through trumpets and bells Oh, rain.  
Come wash me and keep me and take me away. Just one moment of peace that would suit me so fine  
There's echoes and glimpses of beautiful times  
I'm sure it's much harder on your end than mine  
If you ever pass through here I'm not hard to find Oh, rain.  
Come wash me and keep me and take me away. Oh, rain.  
Come wash me and keep me and take me away.

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