Back When Ted Loved Sylvia

Nanci Griffith

They both wrote poetry
In fact, that was how they met
He was a Yorkshire man in Cambridge
She was from MassachusettsThey spoke and they fell in love
They kissed and picked daffodils
She came across the ocean
Just to bid her heart goodbyeThe hawk next to his goddess
They were glorious to see
Back when Ted loved SylviaClose friends disapproved
Said they ought to wait
They did not care with all that said
And married none the lessThey traveled and they taught
A life of academia
Typewriters and cocktails
Angry verses and sad pleasDutiful wife and mother
The poet behind her man
Back when Ted loved SylviaThe tempests that were howling
And tearing them apart
Were forces that had been in place
To wreck them from the startSo she stayed home with the kids
Collecting poems in a jar
He had his lectures and soon a mistress
And left her all aloneWhy did she end it all?
Was he just to blame?
There's only two that know for sure
And neither one remainI don't need an answer
I prefer to read between the lines
Back when Ted loved Sylvia
Back when Ted loved Sylvia

Songwriters
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