

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.

Songwriters

DAVID PATRICK CARROLL, DAVID PAUL SIMONETT, ERIK ROBERT BERRY, RYAN DAVID
YOUNG, TIMOTHY POWELL SAXHAUG Published by

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