

# The Ring

## The Watchman

She stares at that ring on her finger  
With a far away look in her eyes  
She thinks of the memories that linger  
Of the good days that quickly flew by  
And she remembers the day  
When a young man would say  
That he'd found the love of his life  
She gave him her hand  
And he placed on a band  
And asked her if she'd be his wife  
And some may value its silver  
And some may value its gold  
But she knows no greater value  
Than the memories it holds  
She added a stone when the children were born  
And her husband now looks down from above  
She's lived a good life as a mother and wife  
And the ring is a symbol of love  
And her friends know when to leave her alone  
They can tell she needs time to cry  
She stares at that ring on her finger  
With a far away look in her eyes

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