

Ring On the Sill

Cowboy Junkies

She placed her ring on the sill, dishes piled high
She's on the front porch step and the air smells like snow
She's thinking of the siege to come
And how she'll miss those weekends in the park with the sun on her face
And her book by her side and that lingering taste that he left on her tongue
He lifts his glass from the table, it
leaves a ring where it stood
He sees the light from the window, caress her like he knows he should
And he's remembering the first time he kissed her and how he'd wake
And immediately he'd miss her, like a spell with each breath
He'd taste her breath like a haunting, irritating and as hell
Do you remember when you'd pray to never see the
day
When someone would make you feel this way
'Cause you knew they would cut right through you
And once inside you were afraid they'd find nothing to hold on to
He puts her ring on her finger, she brushes
back his hair
He takes a sip from his glass, she inhales the cold fall air
They're thinking of the long road ahead
And the strength that they will need just to reach the end
And there in the silence they search for the balance
Between this fear that they feel and a love that has graced their lives

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