The Ring

Victor Rice

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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