

Widows Walk

[Chris Foster](#)

Widow's Walk

Words and music Chris Foster
The storm clouds draped on the horizon
An his love climbed the stairs so she could see
On the second story perch of her protection
She blew him a kiss as he wandered off to sea.
The captain told him be on board by morning
The catch is running now, he knew he had to go
In about a day she will see him coming home
Through the inlet where the boats go to and fro
I will wait for my love in the morning
I will wait for my love in the day.
From on top of the roof from my widow's walk
I'll be wishing all your stormy clouds away
Sailors dance on mother natures cool clear waters
Spend the springtime of their lives in her fold
Sailors songs have been sung for thousands of years
But the widows story's rarely ever told
On cold dark nights she'll linger up ---- to her rooftop
Grasp the wooden rail with boney shaky hands
The salty air caresses worried cheeks of sorrow
As she ask her God to help understand
I will wait for your love in the sunshine
I will wait for your love in the rain
From on top of the roof from my widow's walk
I will wait for my love to come again
Solo
The time has come and gone for him to be home now
Another sleepless night upon her breast
Maybe it's the season or maybe some bad weather
But either way I will not get my rest.
I will wait for my love in the springtime
I will wait for my love in the fall
From on top of the roof from my widows walk
I'll wait until I hear your angel call.
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