

# 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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