

Bill Anderson

"Shirt"

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Last night I was preparing to go to a party
And on the rack with my suits I found the shirt that I'd
worn
When I held her in my arms for the very last time
The shirt that I vowed I'd never wear again
As I took it from the rack all my dreams came racin'
back
The faint perfume of sweet love filled the night
I could see her face again she kissed my lips as then
And I almost felt my arms around her tight
A shirt that even the Gods must envy
For its arms once encircled the dream that only
heavens could bring
Against this shirt once beat that wonderful heart in the
whole wide world
And forever each thread shall remind me of her
I rolled down I turned up sleeve and scaresly could
believe
For I found a strand of her soft golden hair
I slowly took it down like a star from an angel's crown
I closed my eyes and softly said a prayer
Then I walked to the window sill my eyes began to fill
I thought I heard the soft wind call her name
And the shirt across my arm grew strangely soft and
warm
As if I'd reached and held it to a flame
And there I stood hearin' only the beat of my own
aching heart
Lost in the dreams of what might have been
And the shirt seemed as sorrowful as I and just as
empty body and soul

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