

Humble Gods

"Oh, Bella"

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Looking out at rows
Of slated roofs
Through the flowers on her window sill
Drifting back to days
Of horses hooves
And there she day dreams she is there still
Her walzing pup there used to be
But she says there's nothing much to do today
Oh! Yer! Hard to tell
Once you were a jealous lady love
Give it to every man
Of solemn standing
He's the one you're thinking of
Small brown dog
He's got a purse in his mouth
He's waiting at the crossing for the word to go
She waits too for someone to help her out
'Cause in a world so, so fast
She moves so slow
She gets her pension every week
But she says it's always here to keep today
He's the one you're thinking of

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