Chris Foster "Widows Walk"

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WidowÂ'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 widowÂ's walk
IÂ'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 storyÂ's rarely ever told

On cold dark nights sheÂ'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 widowÂ'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 itÂ'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 IÂ'll wait until I hear your angel call.

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