

## Covette

### "Ring On The Sill"

Visit "[Ring On The Sill](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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  
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 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  
And 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

