

## Trampled By Turtles

### "Widower's Heart"

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Can't help it if I have a widower's heart  
Tried to get out of bed but I can't seem to start  
When I hit the road it was freezing and dark  
I hope that it's warmer wherever you are

I turned to say I'm sorry and I tried to explain  
But the room it was empty and bitter and drained  
No songs from the angels, no blood in my veins  
Could ever replace you and here I remain

Oh, rain.  
Come wash me and keep me and take my away.

New York was a rough place that suited me well  
You bragged of religion and put me through hell  
Maybe I'm better off, maybe it's hard to tell  
When I left you were sleeping through trumpets and bells

Oh, rain.  
Come wash me and keep me and take my away.

Just one moment of peace, that would suit me so fine  
But it's echoes and glimpses of beautiful times  
I'm sure it's much harder on your end than mine  
If you ever pass through here I'm not hard to find.

Oh, rain.  
Come wash me and keep me and take my away.

Oh, rain.  
Come wash me and keep me and take my away.

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