

Perret Pierre

"Widows By The Radio"

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Drink to our demolished home
Where loss resides alone
Like a widow by the radio
Child, childhood is a place
Where sorrow comes of age
A widow by the radio

Try to understand
I couldn't hold your hand
I couldn't even hold a gun
Surely we could find
A reason or a sign
That everything's not gone for good

Autumn whispers through the trees
Cheap things to her and me
But patience wears a uniform
Nature take care of your sons
I think they have become
The Darlings of the universe

Try to understand
I couldn't hold your hand
I couldn't even hold a gun
Surely we could hide
A reason or a sigh
That everything is gone for good.

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