

## **Perry Blake**

### **"Widows by the radio"**

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Drink to our demolished home  
Wher 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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