

The Weeks

"Sailor Song"

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Well, I asked her while she cried what she was doing
with her life,
And she said, "I could marry a sailor, and I think that I'd
make a good wife.
But he would leave for months at sea,
Leaving only the baby and me.
I do not think that I could stay faithful,
Or I could leave this town for good, taking only some
photos and a book,
But I'm pretty sure my legs would grow weary."
Well then she asked, "How about me?" I said, "Well
Darling, let me see.
I hear wedding bells and see kisses from lovers,
And those lovers, or so it seems, appear to be you and
me.
But I could be wrong cause my mind is awful hazy,
And now I'm seeing something else, and it's me; I'm by
myself.
I appear to be older, and I'm awful lonely.
And as I cry, I ask God why? How could I let my poor
wife die?
And I told her not to cry and to wipe her eyes.
Well, if love is all you had, well then baby that's not
bad, and if love is all you got, then that's a hell of a
lot."

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