

Tom Waits

"Widow's Grove"

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I met you in the saddle, rode you in the dust
Held your hand to the heavens, pulled your heart to the
earth
There was something that blinded me more than the
mist
And the breath of the cottonwood buds lighter yet

And you rode the maypole of dance hall legs
And galloped to another's embrace
And I bit the flowers from your wrist corsage
And you waltzed too slowly, too slowly you waltzed
With that girl from Widow's Grove

Oh, I'd follow you to the river, that washes out to the
sea
Through the wind, through the rain of a cold dark night
That's where I'll be

Near the breath of a swallow, petals dropped as you
fell
And you grabbed then shyly held me, against the stone
cold well
In your hand was a glass, you held the ice against the
night
And it dripped and it sparkled and I laughed a wish

Before it all slipped down the dark tunneled well
I heard it melt quietly and I looked at you
Bent to the earth with just one pleading wish
Your skirts brushed to the furious pounding

Oh, I'd follow you to the river, that washes out to the
sea
Through the wind, through the rain of a cold dark night
That's where I'll be

I hid in the elm and raised the bough, that hung even
with your neck
And I chased you and drowned you, there deep in the
well
And when your mouth was full and wet, I swallowed all
your reckless fate

And with your last breath, you moaned too drunk to
wake

Oh, I'd follow you to the river, that washes out to the
sea
Through the wind, through the rain of a cold dark night
That's where I'll be
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