

# Windows and Walls

Dan Fogelberg

Up every morning  
Long before day  
Cooking her breakfast alone  
She quietly dresses  
And pulls up the shades  
And sits in the chair by  
the phone.

But nobody ever comes  
by anymore  
Nobody ever calls  
Most days she sits and  
just stares  
At the windows and walls  
Windows and walls.

Children all married  
Husband's passed on  
Nothing but time on her hands  
Most of her mornings  
Are spent in her dreams  
Or making her sad little plans.

Maybe she'll go to the  
corner today  
And pick up the new McCalls  
If just to escape for an hour  
From her windows and walls  
Windows and walls.

The clock on the mantel  
Chiming the hours  
Must be the loneliest sound  
She washes her dishes  
and waters her flowers  
And afterwards has to sit down.

Sometimes she still can  
remember a child  
Playing with china dolls...  
Now all that she's left  
Are these memories and  
windows and walls  
Windows and walls  
(day after day)  
Windows and walls.