

La Petite Mort

Erin McKeown

Estelle I was your husband
Third in a group of three
You twice the widowed
And I once did see
A wedding bed like no other
For it's turned to a funeral grave
Truth is temperance, happiness warns
Signposts on the road that is paved

When the decent folks dance a two step revival
Denial and deviation, temptation and trial
Estelle oh Estelle what you loved you gave away
Jesus says we die a little death for him everyday

Dot turned tricks with the spoons
Played piano with the other hand
You the kid who liked life so much
Look up, it's your wedding band
The minister spoke, the vows we took
At that moment you were mine
A falling took place afterward
An explanation would take more time
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Estelle I took you home that night
My wife above the common law
Laid it up like we always do
In the hammock of our backyard
Swinging like a rocking horse
Cannon balling down a track
We both found heaven right then
You just chose not to come back

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