

## A Widow's Toast

Neko Case

Specters move like pilot flames  
Their widows toast at St. Angel  
Better times collide with now  
The tears were warm, I feel them still  
Their heat to vapor and disperse  
And cloud our eyes with weary glaze

You raise your glass and may exclaim  
"I'll put my hands on the truth by God"  
But it's faster, love, than you and me  
Faster than the speed of gravity  
That's how it catches you from falling  
And how it always slips away

Specters move like pilot flames  
Their widows toast at St. Angel  
Better times collide with now  
And better times  
And better times are coming still