If I never get back home, There's no garden overgrown, No widows in the walls, No widows left alone,

No shirts to hang or fold, No kid out in the cold, No widows on the walls, No widows on the phone.

If I'm stuck out here alone, If I'm stranded here all year, With just nothing left at home, No widows disappear.

If the wheels jump off the road, There's no widows left to know, No perfect love above, No punishment below.

When they shake, say the wings won't break. When they shake, say the wings won't break.

If I'm stuck out here alone,
If I'm stranded here all year,
With just nothing left at home,
No widows disappear.

If the wheels jump off the road, There's no widows left to know, No perfect love above, No punishment below.

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