

# Widow

Tracedawn

Form the day you saw his face  
You knew that he was yours  
You saw your life in his blue eyes

No he sleeps the endless dream  
Death always comes too soon  
You linger your days counting out time

Wasting away crying in vain  
Colours have turned to white and gray  
You wait for your love to take you across again

Wasting away crying in vain  
Colours have turned to white and gray  
You wait for your love to take you across again