

Cowboy Junkies, Ring On The Sill

She placed her ring on the sill,
Dishes piled high
She's on the front porch step
And the air smells like snow
She's thinking of the siege to come
And how she'll miss those weekends
In the park with the sun on her face
And her book by her side and that
Lingering taste that he left on her tongue

He lifts his glass from the table
It leaves a ring where it stood
He sees the light from the window
Caress her like he knows he should
He's remembering the first time he kissed her
And how he'd wake
And immediately he'd miss her,
Like a spell, with each breath,
He'd taste her breath like a haunting,
Irritating as hell

Do you remember when you'd pray
To never see the day
When someone would make you feel this way
'Cause you knew
They would cut right through you
And once inside, you were afraid they'd find
Nothing to hold on to

He puts her ring on her finger,
She brushes back his hair
He takes a sip from his glass,
She inhales the cold fall air
And they're thinking of the long road ahead
And the strength that they will need
Just to reach the end
And there in the silence they search for
The balance between this fear that they feel
And a love that has graced their lives