

Dechant Anne E, I Will See Her

Tic toc goes the clock
And the world it marches on
She is gone and we are stunned
How time don't seem to mind
Come come join the circle
Come come and bring your stories
Come come light the candle
Come come and share her glory
And we will make her live
I will see her in a smoke filled bar
With people singing and bottles clinking
And that choker around her neck
And blue blue eyes
And a face that brings me calm
Grief grief don't keep me in your
darkened room
And memory sign its end
Creeps and flashes like a note on my windshield
And the phrase that ain't life grand
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