

Norma Jean, Shirt

Last night I was goin' to the closet and on the rack with my dresses
I found the shirt he'd worn when he held me in his arms for the very last time
The shirt I knew that he'd never wear again
As I took it from the rack all my dreams came racin' back
The faint perfume of sweet love filled the night
I could see his face again he kissed my lips as then
And I almost felt his arms around me tight
A shirt that even the Gods must envy
For its arms once encircled the dream that only heaven can bring
Inside this shirt had beaten the most wonderful heart in the whole wide world
And forever each thread shall remind me of him
I turned down a rolled up sleeve and I scarcely could believe
When I looked and saw a strand of my own hair
It was clinging like a vine to the shirt he left behind
As if to let him know that I still care
I walked to the window sill and my eyes began to fill
And I thought I heard the soft wind call his name
And the shirt across my arm grew strangely soft and warm
As if I'd reached and held it to a flame
And there I stood hearing only the beat of my own aching heart
Lost in the dreams that might have been
And the shirt seemed as sorrowful as I and just as empty body and soul