

Sixpence None the Richer, The Fathersless And

The fatherless and the widow
Stricken down by the hand of death
Grasping for security
Anticipation of the imminent next
Of the imminent next
The fatherless and the widow
Find their souls filled with fear
Her lover gone forever
His hand to hold is never coming back
Never coming back
Behind closed doors they cry their tears
Behind closed doors they reveal their fears
To the God in heaven above
To the God in heaven above