

Bird York, Save Me

In the afternoon
she sits and waits for him to come
two swollen ankles count the time
Nervous fingers trace
across the cold linoleum
the kitchen wall receives her sigh
"Oh, can you hear me, Joe?"
she tries to call across the veil
Her lips are trembling now
can't hear his voice , can't feel him near
she says "Save me, save me
why don't you save me from the pain of losing you
Save me, save me
why don't you save me from this hell I'm going through"
The dinner table looks so strange without him sitting there
the bed is empty on his side
for forty years this house has held the fire of love they shared
but now the garden slowly dies
He said he'd never leave her alone to face the day
What kind of God is this that'll take him back
and make her stay
"Save me, save me
why don't you save me from the pain of losing you
save me, save me
why don't you save me from this hell I'm going through?
The kids try to come around,
try to make some time to see me,
I know, the busy lives they lead
keep them from these memories"