

Dan Fogelberg, Windows & Walls

Up every morning
Long before day
Cooking her breakfast alone
She quietly dresses
And pulls up the shades
And sits in the chair by
The phone.

But nobody ever comes
By anymore
Nobody ever calls
Most days she sits and
Just stares
At the windows and walls
Windows and walls.

Children all married
Husband's passed on
Nothing but time on her hands
Most of her mornings
Are spent in her dreams
Or making her sad little plans.

Maybe she'll go to the
Corner today
And pick up the new mccalls
If just to escape for an hour
From her windows and walls
Windows and walls.

The clock on the mantel
Chiming the hours
Must be the loneliest sound
She washes her dishes
And waters her flowers
And afterwards has to sit down.

Sometimes she still can
Remember a child
Playing with china dolls...
Now all that she's left
Are these memories and
Windows and walls
Windows and walls
(day after day)
Windows and walls.