

Harry Chapin, Sometime, Somewhere Wife

It was a very cold September,
Colder than I'd ever care to make it.
I had a kind of empty feeling,
But no place to go where I could take it.

So I took a walk beside the railroad tracks,
and I thought about the facts of my life
And of my sometime, somewhere wife.

At times like this I lose my head and think of her.
Empty space always ask for filling.
I wonder why I never stopped to marry her.
It wasn't 'cause she was not more than willing.

Walking puts a window to my mind,
And brings thoughts about this kind of a life,
without my sometime somewhere wife.

I guess I walked about a mile and maybe some,
And I come upon a rusty railroad crossing.
And suddenly I knew that time had come again,
The winter wind had set the trees to tossing.
So I returned to where I'd left my stuff,
yes, I knew I'd had enough of my life
without my sometime, somewhere wife.

I've got to find her.
I've got to find her.
I've got to find her.
I've got to find her.
I've got to find my lady, got let her know.
I don't know why I let my lady go.
I've got to find her.
I've got to find her.