

# Keren Ann, Sailor And Widow

He was a sailor  
A sailor at sea and a sailor of love  
And he thought he could save her  
Save her from innocence up and above  
'Cause he never knew freedom and under the duvet  
He stayed for a lifetime without any government  
Help or assistance

She was a widow  
She never left home before seven a. m  
And she looked by the window  
She managed to cry but she never felt blame  
For the death of her husband who died in a flame by the house of the river  
Although he remained  
In a reasonable distance

All the children played around the neighborhood  
All the children played around the neighborhood  
The children she liked to invent for the life they were living was openly bent  
All they had was each other

He brought her flowers  
A flesh in the pan as she didn't reply  
And he waited for hours  
Until she accepted to offer a smile  
And a terrible whiskey she had for a while  
That she'd sip every morning for breakfast and sigh  
Since the month of December

They used to tango  
Jump and parade until midnight or more  
She convinced him to Fargo  
Drink lemonade with some awkward liquor  
The she kissed him goodbye and attended the shore  
Where she lit a big fire like never before  
By the house of the river

All the children played around the neighborhood  
All the children played around the neighborhood  
All the children played around the neighborhood  
All the children played around the neighborhood  
The children she liked to invent for the life they were living was openly bent  
All they had was each other

She was a widow, again  
She never left home before seven a. m  
And she looked by the window  
She managed to cry but she never felt blame  
For the death of her husband who died in a flame by the house of the river  
Although he remained  
In a reasonable distance

All the children played around the neighborhood  
All the children played around the neighborhood  
All the children played around the neighborhood  
All the children played around the neighborhood  
The children she liked to invent for the life they were living was openly bent  
All she had was herself