

Philip A. Levens, A Paycheck Away

I have lain with the widow that lives in the valley
She lives in the valley three rivers away
And I ride to the widow that lives in the valley
She stays in the valley three rivers away

Laid to rest in the cornfield he worked in the valley
Her man lies these four years at peace in his grave
And little girl so carefree she sleeps in the garden
She sleeps in the garden where she used to play

There are times that the widow she sings to the valley
She sings to her loved ones so long away
When the hills cast a shadow over the valley
She falls to her knees and tearfully prays

So I will cross three rivers to come to her valley
The widow waves to me as I ride in
And I look to the cornfield and look to the garden
Where cornstalks and flowers will soon grow again