

# 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