

Sparklehorse, Most Beautiful Widow In Town

we were both standing
in your mother's living room
sweating up a storm in that
terrible month of June
and the sweat rolled down your cheek
and into your mouth
I knew this must've been a dream
'cos you're mother would never let me in her house
you are the most beautiful widow
you are the most beautiful widow
you are the most beautiful widow in town
many years later
the glassy month of December
I stood with my hands in my pockets
trying to avoid
a shiny wedding portrait
hanging on that old woman's wall
'cos I knew you'd be wearing a smile
that'd be too painful to look upon
you are the most beautiful widow
I bet you are the most beautiful widow
I bet you are the most beautiful widow in town