

# Tom Waits, Widow's Grove

Met you in the saddle  
Rode you in the dust  
Held your hand to the heavens  
Pulled your heart to the earth  
Something blinded me more than the mist  
And the breath of the cottonwood  
Buds lighter yet

When you rode the maypole of dance hall legs  
And galloped to another's embrace  
I bit the flowers from your wrist corsage  
And you waltzed too slowly  
Too slowly you waltzed  
With that girl from Widow's Grove

Oh I'd follow you to the river  
That washes out to the sea  
Through the wind, through the rain  
Of a cold dark night  
It's where I'll be

Near the breath of a swallow  
Petals dropped as I fell  
As you grabbed then shyly held me  
Against the stone cold well  
In your hand was a glass  
You held the ice against the night  
And it dripped and it sparkled and  
I laughed a wish

Before it all slipped down the dark, tunneled well  
I heard it melt quietly and  
I looked at you  
Bent to the earth with one pleading wish  
My skirts brushed to the furious pounding

Oh I'd follow you to the river  
That washes out to the sea  
Through the wind, through the rain  
Of a cold dark night  
It's where I'll be

I hid in the elm and raised the bough  
That hung even with your neck  
And I chased you and drowned you there  
Deep in the well

And when your mouth was full and wet  
I swallowed all your reckless fate  
And with your last breath  
You moaned too drunk to wake

Oh I'd follow you to the river  
That washes out to the sea  
Through the wind, through the rain  
Of a cold dark night  
It's where I'll be