**Widows Waltz**

*Nancy McCallion*

When we were young we chased the wind

There’s pictures and postcards to show where we’ve been

But lately it seems with the passing of time

I’m losing much more than I find

There’s boxes and books that you left on a shelf

The mirror reflects only part of myself

I used to think somehow that there would be more

But it’s one, two, three, two, two, three, three, two, three, four

Out the door

Memories roll by like the dusty old towns

We laughed and we fought and we rambled around

Broke down in Texas and drunk in New York

And it’s one, two, three, two, two, three, three, two, three, four

In the hallways and the kitchen we danced across the floor

‘Til we were tired and dizzy and couldn’t dance no more

Maybe I just need some time by myself

Maybe a friend could come over and help

To drowned out the footsteps that tap on my floor

With a one, two, three, two, two, three, three, two, three, four

Evermore

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