**Who's at the Window**

*Nancy McCallion*

Who’s at the window, now that I’ve gone

Who walks down your halls in her bare feet at dawn

My Leon

How shall I greet you, back from the grave

I still can't believe, there'll be no more of me

'Round this place

Face in an attic, swept from the shelf

You raised up your glass, you raised up your glass

You've found another and you've scared yourself

You mourned that I passed, you mourned that I passed

If you must have her, I'll leave your bed

I'm please to impart, there is no broken heart

When you're dead

Face in an attic, swept from the shelf

You raised up your glass, you raised up your glass

You've found another and you've scared yourself

You mourned that I passed, you mourned that I passed

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