

A Widow's Toast

Neko Case

Specters move like pilot flames
Their widows toast at St. Angel
Better times collide with now
The tears were warm, I feel them still
Their heat to vapor and disperse
And cloud our eyes with weary glaze

You raise your glass and may exclaim
"I'll put my hands on the truth by God"
But it's faster, love, than you and me
Faster than the speed of gravity
That's how it catches you from falling
And how it always slips away

Specters move like pilot flames
Their widows toast at St. Angel
Better times collide with now
And better times
And better times are coming still