

The Widows (Zajkowski)

Side by side on a narrow street
The widows walk, the widows weep
The men they loved were laid to rest
With stars and medals on their chest

The major who lives 'cross the street
The lawn is mowed, flower beds are neat
The soldier and his new war bride
Was sleeping with the other side

Transfigured and transposed,
Disfigured and disposed
[The neighborhood is not the same]
[When we lost ol' what's his name]

The sergeant in the army corps
Smokes cigarettes from Singapore
Decorated and so young
He's lucky to have made it home

Raise a glass to buddies lost
While angels sing in the choir loft
Side by side two tiny plots the widows
Tend the graves, the war forgot

The sergeant in the army corps
Is not the man he was before
Though he's alive, no scars to say
He was the predator and the prey

The chaplain in the army corps
Provides last rites throughout the ward
Decomposing and decay
Kneels and bows his head to pray

Phil Marshall: Electric and slide guitars
Chris: Sings and plays the rest

You Gave Me The Cold Shoulder (to cry on) (Crews/Zajkowski)

We loved then you wanted to be free
Then turned a cold shoulder to me
So I'll take what I can get
As I cry until the dawn

You gave me the cold shoulder to cry on

Many times I cried there, it was paradise
Once warm and so consoling now as cold as ice

You, like our love were once warm
Nestled to your shoulder I cried in your arms
Your warmth has vanished
Now our love is gone

You gave me the cold shoulder to cry on

When you have to cry a shoulder's what you need
But you turned yours away and it was cold indeed
Brought me to my knees

A million times I cried there it was paradise
Once warm and so consoling now is cold as ice
Hit between the eyes

Your shoulder's freezing cold but wasn't at the start
Sweetness turned to bitterness, ice has filled your heart
I wish it would melt
Heart strings would play our song

You gave me the cold shoulder to cry on

Chris: Sings and plays