

THE MARRIAGE

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Time for dinner and it's already dark
He lights the fire with a single spark
And in the time it took him to stack the wood
He could've started up the truck and left for good

She sets the table and it's just for two
It's been years since the little one flew
To seek his own, to find his own life
To do what he had done and find his own wife

And she says
"Would you like steak tonight instead?"
But he doesn't hear her
He's got other worries on his head
Because he's torn between the man they all see
And the man that he secretly longs to be

When he was younger, he was quite the catch
And every woman would bat every lash at him
To catch his eye and his fancy, but only one
Would become his wife and bear his only son

And here she stands now, looking so frail
So tired of the distance and so afraid to fail
The only man she ever loved, or ever would
Who gave her everything that her father never could

And she says
"Darling, was it something that I said?"
But he doesn't hear her
He's got other worries on his head
Because he's torn between the man they all see
And the man that he secretly longs to be

His hands are tired now, blistered and sore
His boots and gloves are waiting for him by the door
And he retires to the comfort of his chair
And scratches what remains of his thinning hair

The whisky burns right through his raw and itching nerves
Even though he knows the liquor only serves
To bring him sorrow, more cause and fuel for flight
And all the while, the candle offers up its light

And she says
“Honey now won’t you come to bed”
But he doesn’t hear her
He’s got other worries on his head
Because he’s torn between the man they all see
And the man that he secretly longs to be
Yes he’s torn between the man they all see
And the man that he secretly longs to be