

Curtains at a Window

by

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The little old lady standing behind the nets
Is feeling old and alone, but soon forgets.
She's spying on Betty across the way.
And the children excitedly at play.

It wasn't always as bad as this.
In her younger days, life was bliss.
But in '39 she said farewell to her beau.
Looking through the window she watched him go.

Whilst watching through the panes of glass.
She saw, Pete, the postman walking upon the grass.
A telegram she noticed on top of the sack
Could it be news of her beau Jack?

It was a nice sunny day in '45
She saw the postman, who called out "he's alive"
He had read the telegram he'd brought today.
"It's alright love, he's on his way."

Now once again she looks outside.
A soldier appears her heart swells with pride.
It is her beau jack; he's come to take her away.
For he is taking her to heaven with him today.