

Cowboy Junkies, Five Room Love Story

Michael Timmins

I met her in a church on a Sunday evening
not late on a Saturday night.
She sang Ave Maria a little flat and out of tune
but that's what drew me to her so that's alright.
As she placed a nickel in the basket that I held before her
I asked her to be my wife.

There's one cardboard heart for every time you said I love you,
a painted star for every secret that we shared,
the dried lima beans and small plastic birds
because you cared.

I hear them talk and I watch them swap their old black and whites.
Bitter and beaten they talk of life's cheatin' like old boxers comparing scars.
All I remember is a smile at the top of every working morning
and a shoulder always willing and able
and all those nights that we'd spend just sitting
and talking around our kitchen table.

Five rooms made stronger by the breaking and the healing
of the two hearts they protected within
and now one heart left aching, pasting and painting
these walls with memories of all that has been.