

## WHAT LOVE IS

She took the train from Waterloo,  
Sad-eyed child of ten,  
To distant friends out in the Central Valley  
Who took her in... they took her in.

The fever had taken her Momma.  
Now, Daddy's packed up and gone.  
With woodshed scars and hard lessons  
She'll carry on.

She done a stretch in the Navy,  
Nursing the war in the Philippines.  
That fancy doctor from New York City  
Looked like a dream... .. She's singing...

**Chorus >** "I don't know what love is.  
Do you know? 'Cause I don't know  
What love is."

He took the train out to Seattle,  
Hiding from Ivy League roots,  
Trading Brooks Brothers Italian leather  
For fishing boots.

Raised by nannies and boarding schools,  
While Momma vacationed in France.  
He got all the love that old money  
Could finance.

His first wife had looked so good on paper,  
A starry eyed debutante.  
But now a life of hunting-dogs and fishing  
Is all he wants... .. He's singing... **Chorus**

He bought a ring. She had babies.  
Hang perfect curtains in the perfect home.  
The kids grew tired of trying to be that something  
That filled the hole...

In thirty years; they never found each other.  
Booze had taken its toll.  
She got drunk. He found a lover  
Who could console... and would console ... .. And singing... **Chorus**

Now, the oldest boy took the road down through Tacoma  
Out of the drizzling rain,  
Hoping that the sun in Arizona  
Would ease the pain... ease the shame.

His third wife had looked so good on paper,  
But he was starving inside.  
With a hunger handed down through generations  
So long denied...

They say that Pain is Wisdom's teacher,  
But Pain gives no guarantees.  
A man can spend a lifetime never learning  
What it means... and how to be... .., And Singing... **Chorus**