

**Yellow Lace** (Matt Watroba) © 2010

We met in spring of '99  
A formal dance, you looked so fine  
A country girl, a southern jewel  
And you a boy just out of school

We courted long, we courted slow  
And day by day, our love did grow  
You asked if I would be your bride  
And walk through life right by your side

September 12, 2001  
You signed up quick like your daddy done  
Then you went off to a foreign land  
To fight with heroes in the sand

I said my prayers at night, amen  
Then watched for you on CNN  
I cheered when they said we had won  
It's been five years it's still not done

Your letters came, my heart would race  
I bounded them in yellow lace  
And kept them deep in my top drawer  
Until the day they came no more  
And then one day they came no more