

Gamer Widow's Lament

Sweetheart, beloved, the hour is growing late
I'm sure your boss will understand you're playing
Baldur's Gate
The postman has come and gone
He's brought another bill
He's also brought an ad that shows the latest
gaming thrills
I know that you started on a Friday
But think of the company you keep
I'm sure you know that it now is Sunday
and perhaps you should get just a little sleep

I hope that you find another girlfriend
you can virtual date on the screen
Sweetheart, beloved, I say my last farewell
I'm taking all the Twinkies dear and you can go to
. . . hell

Sweetheart, beloved, I bought a negligee
It's oh so sweet and colored in your favorite shade
of pink
I 'm sure that Pokémon
cannot compete with me
I'm hoping you remember that the sex you get
is free
The night, dear, is harsh in Never winter
I'm sure you could use some warming up
In D & D games there is no winner
and besides their roleplay really sucks

Sweetheart, beloved, my patience's growing thin
It's getting so I cannot tell where you stop and it
begins
The look in your bloodshot eyes
does not appeal to me
I can't think of another thing to watch on your TV
The pantry is filled, oh, please remember
I don't want you starving when I'm gone
Start up the old furnace in September
If you don't you won't last very long

Sweetheart, beloved, I'm sure that you'll someday
Look around and realize your Love has flown
away
I tried to wait for you
but I really could not stay
I've found a man who plays at golf and likes his
Weekly pay
I hope when you're playing World of Warcraft
That you'll sometimes stop and think of me