

The Dashboard

Chris Young

We laughed and joked in the cab of his truck
Just my brother and me
The night before he shipped out overseas
A leatherneck, jarhead marine
He said the radiator leaks and the timing belt is worn
But the heart and soul of this old beat-up truck,
Is the Dashboard

It's seen a lot of tan legs,
Got a kick ass radio,
Heard a lot of singing along to some country songs and rock & roll,
Got a .38 bullet hole, courtesy of Kate Tillman's dad,
A lot of scotch tape marks from holding timeless photographs
He said if I don't come back, you can have this Ford
Just tape a picture of me on the dashboard

He said the paint is peeling off,
It's got dents in both the doors
If something happens to me,
Don't hang a for sale sign above the dashboard

I had the engine overhauled,
A paint job and brand new chrome,
I had her washed and waxed,
Sitting in the drive the day he came home
I said here's your keys, she's all yours
I fixed everything, but the dashboard