

Skates

Hayden

When I was younger, a part-time job worker
Department store centre, I saw a man enter
He was middle-aged, deep lines on his face
Tight mouth and eyes glazed
Eyelids just half-raised

And I looked at him, he looked at me
He looked so sad, I had to see
What did he want, what could it be
What had he been through before me seeing him
In the store I worked for that year, that year

Ice skates he asked for, In the middle of summer
He wanted a good pair, the price he did not care
I looked for his size, our best pair he tried
Custom back and sides, excitement in his eyes

I asked are you a pro, he looked sad and said no
These skates are my last hope
Without them i cannot cope

And he said my wife, she drowned this summer
Behind our house, the river took her
I cannot swim, I need to find her
I will wait till it freezes over

And then I will skate, as far as it takes
I will skate as far as it takes, to bring her back home
To bring her back home, to bring her back home
Back home