

## Strawberry Blonde

Ron Sexsmith

She was not the girl next door  
But the girl from 'round the corner  
It was at the tail end of grade four  
When she came to school one morning

And all eyes were upon her as she took her seat  
Her name was Amanda with pretty eyes of green  
And hair of blonde, strawberry blonde

Springtime and dandelions  
And summer 'round the corner  
Was at the tail end of age nine  
With a million dreams before her

She lived with her mother in an old decrepit house  
If there was trouble she kept it to herself  
All summer long, the strawberry blonde

And by her face there was no way to tell  
It seemed like all was well in her world  
But the neighbors said

Her mother had lost her will  
To gin and sleeping pills  
It was no life for a little girl

Still I see her face framed in blue sky  
At the top of a slide coming down  
And when the sirens wailed  
(Her mother had failed to rise)

All the neighbors stood outside  
As Amanda just stared at the ground

Time flies and years are piled  
I'd forgotten all about her  
When I saw her down the aisle  
Of a streetcar with her daughter

Then I heard Amanda say as she got up  
"C'mon, Samantha, girl, this is our stop"  
And they were gone, two strawberry blondes