

Ballerina Lake

Scott Matthews

The boat on the lake is always frozen in time,
The winter descends as she can hear motorbikes,
But every time the engine always dies,
As the wheels spin her tears turn to ice.

He's been gone seven years but still the bike remains,
Under the frost of ballerina lake.
Ballerina why do you dance so sad?
You're fulfilling the dream that he never got to see you have.

Awakes and sleeps only with memories,
They kiss her every night on her head,
Like little notes of things he said to remind her,
He's alive and well inside her body,
But what's a memory without a life?
It doesn't fill her empty side.

In their room, she'll reminisce behind a widow's gaze,
Lying on the bed imagining he's awake,
She's wearing his clothes scented with all their highs,
As the musical box is playing ballerina chimes.

The perfect end holds a place very dear by her side.
The motorbike revs and she can taste the ride,
Cracks appear as she pirouettes,
Into the lake's tears she leapt and never came back.

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