

Christmas Song

Spouse

Grab the weed I got a story to tell
A couple years ago, It was Christmas night back in my home town Wells
The snow fall, about an inch an hour
and on the road just our pickup truck and snow plows
After fulfilling our obligations, me and my man Phil met up to start blazin'
.
Around 8 sparked the back woods, on the back road, the wind chill blew the snow like satchmo.
I asked "How was your Christmas?", he said "it sucked."
I asked "Why?", he said
"Man my sister's fucked, and if that slut tonight it wouldn't be enough"
I asked for an explanation he just took another puff
He handed it to me, I told him "Mine wasn't better."
"I just got a couple corny-ass sweaters,
and my family embarrassed me because apparently getting arrested twice in a month is worthy of a parody."
Just then, turned onto Bear's Den, saw a whip with a woman and a kid in it,
in a ditch.
Volkswagen the color of cocaine, with the front end buried inside a snow bank.
Temperatures near 0 man, it isn't May.
No reception out here to call Triple A.
It's safe to say if Phil and I hadn't drove by, this lady and her son could've frozen and died.
We put the woods in the ash tray, stopped the truck, put the gloves on, hopped out of the shit and walked that way
We asked if we could help, she said "Oh, thank God, yes." She looked blazed herself..
Her son shivered in the passenger, wearing a seat belt, he looked to be about 12.
We said "No Prob," The son said "You're our guardian angels," we laughed and moved the truck at an angle.
We hooked the chains up and put her in drive, we had 'em out faster than a first pitch pop fly.
It was all thank-yous, and huggin', Could've sworn I smelled Rum on the breath of the woman.
Nonetheless, I gave her son a high-five, said bye hopped up in the truck and drove into the night.
Never told anybody about the good deed of the two dudes in hoodies, wish the story ended there.

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I awoke next morning with the sun, reflecting off the snow in the yard out front.
I felt fine in my flannel sheets, the day after a snow storm tends to bring clarity.
and a shit load of shoveling.
I was still living in the home that my mother's in.
I pulled the covers off, I felt quite alive as I reached to my phone that I had on silent.
Now this was years ago now, but I recall I saw 16 texts, 31 missed calls.
I knew something wasn't right.. I ran downstairs,
mom tears in her eyes, and a mouth agape staring at the TV.
I said "What happened?", I knew something was creepy.
She just pointed at the screen. I walked down next to her to see and I saw it.

"Two dead in a drunk driving crash in Wells. A woman, 22, and a boy age 12. One survivor was in critical condition," it was the mother of the boy, they think she had been drinking. The scene on the screen looked primy, a white Jetta bisected by a pine tree. in the background a green jeep flipped,

I put my hand to my mouth and said "Jesus"...

as i recognized the sugar loaf sticker on the back of the jeep that belonged to Phil's sister.

The whole scene flashed blue and red lights, illuminating Christmas night.

My heart sunk like a plane with no wings because I understood the whole thing..

My heart sunk like a plane with no wings.. broken.

I mean, what if we had left them in that ditch?

What if we never burn cruised and we were good kids?

What if Phil was a bad dude like everybody thought because he sold pot, and we never even stopped to help them?

What if I had questioned that mom?

What if Phil's sister and that boy weren't gone?

What if that right that we did wasn't wrong?

and what if? and so on and on until the break of dawn..

Just another Christmas song.