

Hayden "Skates"

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When I was younger, a part-time job worker
Department store center, 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

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

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 take
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

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