

## John Gorka

### "Mr. Chambers"

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He was longing for Eliza  
In the darkest part of winter  
That comes here in December  
Followed by the deeper cold

He'd been longing for Eliza  
Ever since he saw her  
And wondered if there were a way  
To draw her to his dreams

He had loved other women  
But couldn't find a way to show them  
So he never got to know them  
To have or to hold them

This time it would be different  
If he could only touch her spirit  
Or even could get near it  
Somehow she would know

He'd been longing for Eliza  
Since he saw her by the river  
And longed to be delivered  
To the inside of her ways

His name was Wyatt Chambers  
He fixed vehicles for his neighbors  
He charged for parts and labor  
People paid what they could pay

One day he saw Eliza  
Car broke down on the shoulder  
His first chance to be the boulder  
He just made repairs and waved

Now she says "Hello Mr. Chambers"  
He says "Call me Wyatt"  
Then it quickly gets too quiet  
And they both rush to say goodbye

He's been longing for Eliza

Since he saw her by the river  
And he longed to be delivered  
To the inside of her ways

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