

Strawberry Blonde

Whitehorse

She was not the girl next door
But the girl from around the corner
At the tail end of grade four
When she came to school one morning
All eyes were upon her as she took her seat
Her name was Amanda, pretty eyes of green
Hair of blonde, strawberry blonde
Springtime and dandelions
And summer 'round the corner
At the tail end of age nine
With a million dreams before her
She lived with her mother, old decrepit house
If there was trouble at home, she kept it to herself
All summer long, strawberry blonde
And by her face there was no way to tell
Seemed that 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 a 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

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