

If That Chair Could Talk

Rachel Proctor

Imitation leather, pink Naugahyde
Two inch tear down the left-hand side
Came from daddy's pocketknife, that wasn't my fault
Moved along with us everywhere we went
No matter where we lived it always fit it
Kinda like our next of kin, if that chair could talk
My little brother, Billy, broke his left hand
Jumpin' off the arm like superman
With my grandma's old red Afghan tied around his neck
It's where at least a thousand books were read
Our Siamese cat made it her bed
It even heard an 'I thee wed'
When sister married in the living room
To that Phillips boy from just down the block
If that chair could talk
Mama bought it in a yard sale in 65
It was daddy's favorite chair after he retired
Survived all of that and a kitchen fire
Smoke stains wiped right off
It's where I spent a million hours talkin' on the phone
It was my favorite spot to polish my toes
Somethin' mama didn't know, if that chair could talk
From leave it to beaver to the Brady bunch
Chicken noodle soup and captain crunch
TV dinners to Sunday lunch, and movies late at night
Brother tippin' me backwards until' I screamed
He'd get in trouble for bein' so mean
And when he told mama that he'd joined the marines
It's where she sat down in shock
The good, the bad, it's seen it all
If that chair could talk
It caught my tears
Held me up when I felt bad
It called my fears
It's good to keep a friend like that
It hid the ice cream money for hot summer days
It listened while I practiced for my high school play
And all the times it heard me pray when things were goin' rough
And it's where Bobby Baker gave me my first kiss
Mama came in and nearly had a fit
There's footprints of my life all over it
We've been through a lot
The good, the bad, it's seen it all
If that chair could talk
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