Kitchen Table and Chairs

Rita Hosking

Thirty years of love and work, children come and gone,
Living on the land, fought hard times to make it work

Fifty thousand acres, and still going strong,
This firestormâ€™s moving fast, â€œhoney what you gonna take along?â€•

â€œIf I canâ€™t take the house itself, and I canâ€™t take the barn,
Letâ€™s load up the kitchen table, ...canâ€™t take it all, Iâ€™ll take a part...â€•

Itâ€™s where they gathered at the end of the day,
Itâ€™s where they were when grandpa passed away,
Itâ€™s a chair that was broken in a terrible fight,
Gently repaired by the same hands the next night.

In her dreams sheâ€™d seen it - the ghosts walking by,
Bent over wheelbarrows, collecting anything they could find.

Frightened creatures zig and zag, ashes in the sky,
An old stand of cedars wave their branches goodbye.

â€œYou go on ahead, Iâ€™ll catch up soonâ€•
She knew heâ€™d stay, but drove away, ...there was nothing she could do.

Itâ€™s where they gathered...

Driving down the road thinking of him and that fire
And that beat up table and chairs, two halves bound by old wire.

Roundabout four a.m., a man straggles in â€“
Coughing and covered in soot, she jumps up and runs to him.

â€œI had to get out for my life, at least weâ€™ve got ourselves.
I tried my best, ...guess we know weâ€™ve got one thing left...â€•

Itâ€™s where they gathered...

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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