

# Rilo Kiley, And That's How I Choose To Remember

When dad moved out to a frozen land  
The TV was jumping and it didn't quite feel right  
The cards they came with pictures of frozen lights  
and giant frozen sculptures  
So big right beside him  
carved out of snow  
We traveled all night  
The clouds fooled us into seeing snow  
As far as we could see  
but it was summer and the sun came up  
and never went down for two whole weeks

My mom she cried about money and time  
and how she felt older  
I didn't understand much  
She left and I stayed  
My dad played in the bar  
I wondered if I looked like him  
He was small even with boots on  
He looked like an Eskimo  
and we were in Alaska  
In the airport I had seen or imagined a mural of an arctic scene  
with seals and people that seemed nicer than me  
where they smoked and talked about the disappearing ground

My dad was nice and seemed sorry for not being around  
He left work early and took me to a skating rink  
Where all of the kids in the world could have been  
I was scared and tall with skates on  
and my favorite jeans  
There was a boy who wanted to skate with me  
He held my hand  
and we went around  
More times I counted  
By a mural of an Arctic scene  
I was looking at my feet because  
It was perfect and the air was clean  
My dad was there  
It was summer's last eve  
and that's how I choose to remember it