

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