

Rachel Proctor, If That Chair Could Talk

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 In
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
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 Were Wiped Right Off
Where I Spent A Million Hours Talking On The Phone
It Was My Favorite Place To Polish My Toes
Something Mama Didn't Know If That Chair Could Talk

From Leave It To Beaver To The Brady Bunch
Chicken Noodle Soup To Captain Crunch
Tv Dinners To Sunday Lunch, And Movies Late At Night
Brother Tippin' Me Backwards Until I Screamed
He'd Get In trouble From Being 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, Meld Me Up When I Felt Bad
It Calmed My Fears, It's Good To Keep A Friend Like That

It Hid The Ice Cream Money For Hot Summer Days
It Listened As I practiced For My High School Play
And All The Times It Heard Me Pray When Things Were Going Rough
It's Where Bobby Baker Gave Me My First Kiss
Mama Came In And Nearly Had A Fit
It Has 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

Imitation Leather, Pink Naugahyde
Two-Inch Tear Down The Left-Hand Side