

Ron Sexsmith, Strawberry Blonde

She was not the girl next door
But the girl from 'round the corner
It was at the tail end of grade four
When she came to school one morning
And all eyes were upon her as she took her seat
Her name was Amanda with pretty eyes of green
And hair of blonde, strawberry blonde

Springtime and dandelions
And summer 'round the corner
Was at the tail end of age nine
With a million dreams before her
She lived with her mother in an old decrepit house
If there was trouble she kept it to herself
All summer long, the strawberry blonde

And by her face there was no way to tell
It seemed like all was well in her world
But the neighbours said
Her mother had lost her will
To gin and sleeping pills
It was no life for a little girl

Still I see her face framed in blue sky
At the top of a slide coming down
And when the sirens wailed
(her mother had failed to rise)
All the neighbours stood outside
As Amanda just stared at the ground

Time flies and years are piled
I'd forgotten all about her
When I saw her down the aisle
Of a streetcar with her daughter
Then I heard Amanda say as she got up
'C'mon Samantha, girl, this is our stop'
And they were gone
Two strawberry blondes