

Stan Rogers, Lies

At last the kids are gone now for the day.
She reaches for the coffee as the school bus pulls away.
Another day to tend the house and plan
For Friday at the Legion when she's dancing with her man.

Sure was a bitter winter but Friday will be fine,
And maybe last year's Easter dress will serve her one more time.
She'd pass for twenty-nine but for her eyes.
But winter lines are telling wicked lies.

All lies.
All those lines are telling wicked lies.
Lies all lies.
Too many lines there in that face;
Too many to erase or disguise;
They must be telling lies.

Is this the face that won for her the man
Whose amazed and clumsy fingers put that ring upon her hand?
No need to search that mirror for the years.
The menace in their message shouts across the blur of tears.

So this is Beauty's finish. Like Rodin's "Belle Heaumiere";
The pretty maiden trapped inside the ranch wife's toil and care.
Well, after seven kids, that's no surprise,
But why cannot her mirror tell her lies.

All lies.
All those lines are telling wicked lies.
Lies all lies.
Too many lines there in that face;
Too many to erase or disguise;
They must be telling lies.

Then she shakes off the bitter web she wove,
And turns to set the mirror, gently, face down by the stove.
She gathers up her apron in her hand,
Pours a cup of coffee, drips Carnation from the can,
And thinks ahead to Friday, 'cause Friday will be fine!
She'll look up in that weathered face that loves her's, line for line,
To see that maiden shining in his eyes
And laugh at how her mirror tells her lies.

All lies.
All those lines are telling wicked lies.
Lies all lies.
Too many lines there in that face;
Too many to erase or disguise;
They must be telling lies.