

# Wishing Chair, Sago

His work shirts are folded on the chair by the bed  
I can't bear to put them away  
I'm too numb to think  
I'm too tired to sleep  
I keep repeating the words he would pray

"Set your affection on the things above  
And not on the things of this earth"  
Do you think God imagined he'd ever find  
A man of such infinite worth

They say it was lightning, or sparks and methane  
Or maybe a company's crime  
What I wouldn't give  
What I wouldn't give  
To see him walk out of the Sago Mine

I thought it was thunder I heard on that day  
A new year and Monday besides  
We were planning a trip for all the grandkids  
He had three months to go when he died

When word first went out they had found them alive  
I believed it was going to be fine  
What I wouldn't give  
What I wouldn't give  
To see them walk out of the Sago Mine

Trapped in the blast, twelve miners went deep  
Their air packs had to be shared  
Then they hit bolts and plates to signal and wait  
For a rescue that never got there

But the hours went by, and the smoke got so bad  
In silence their last letters done  
Then they fell off their pales, asleep and so still  
While the cameras on the surface rolled on

They say Jesus works miracles  
He made the water to wine  
What I wouldn't give  
What I wouldn't give  
To see him walk out of the Sago Mine