

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