

Opaque

In the town that I grew up in
there was this girl I knew next door
her name was Eileen May Frances Winfield
I called her Ellie just for short
ever since I can remember
we were as close as kids could be
we fished for bull-heads at the culvert
she even climbed that big oak tree

I used to say "Hey Ellie May, won't you come on out to play
I need you just to hold my hand and tell me stories all day long
hey Ellie May, I'll just wait out here all day
until you come on out and run with me down through the trees"

Now she was a little older
a little smarter just the same
she used to quote me lines from Shakespeare
while I read aloud Mark Twain
and we savored all the good times
we stuck it out through all the bad
and through the early years of my youth
she was the only friend I had

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Now around the time I went to high school
Ellie's family moved out of town
and though we wrote each other every single day
I never, never felt so down

One day the letters stopped coming
and some of mine came back returned
so I took all those of hers that I saved
put them in the fire and watched them burn

How can time ruin friendships?
How can distance play a part?
How can fate be the dull blade that severs the ties
that bind out lonely hearts?

Why do children have to grow old?
Why do old friends always change?
How can something that once meant so much
mean less than anything?