

## 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?