

Ritchie

Matt Costa

The evening storms were rolling through the middle of June
And when the storm had passed she'd take a walk
Among the oak trees and find the rock
Where her and Ritchie would watch the moon come up

Every summer he'd come back with yarns to spin
And he would quickly sweep her off her feet
And they'd be dancing among the leaves
And he would whisper to her dark and sweet

Everyone knew but they kept it from her
How Ritchie ran his job van to a tree

Sometimes he would play pool and have a few more drinks
Maybe one more just to clear his head
While she would wait because she thought
That Ritchie was the closest to a saint

That night the moon rose first gold then red
A thunder rumbled in the rolling hills
And she could not hear a siren's whim
Or she might have seen his twisted prayers

Everyone knew but they kept it from her
How Ritchie ran his job van to a tree
In his pocket was a ring for her
But the [?] dead row straight through

Evening she goes walking towards the old oak grove
And plump blossoms are falling on the road
Years had passed, now she walks
With Ritchie's brother Tony hand in hand

She told herself she'd never get to love again
Not after the awful thing she's been through
How a woman can endure so much
That she just cannot explain

Everyone knew but they kept it from her
That Tony fell asleep behind the wheel
In his pocket was a letter for her
Saying Ritchie's gone but I'll take care of you