

The Fixer

Lori McKenna

The Fixer comes home one night
Tinkers with the kitchen light
Tells his wife to find something to eat
Kisses her cheek softly

"Are you cold," he says, feeling her hand
Leaves ginger ale on the nightstand
She's too tired to take a sip
So The Fixer finds something to fix

He's got bicycle tires and lawnmower parts
Miles of wires and kitchen drawer knobs
Transistor radios, scrap metal
Hand-me-down tools, one of everything
Old keys to unlock unknown things

The Fighter says "Some things just can't be fixed"
Touching the cross on her necklace
Reminding The Fixer that she still believes
He whispers, "Then ask for a miracle please"

The Fighter is fighting so damn hard
She sits on a chair out in the backyard
And the kids will come by later on
And they'll all pretend nothing is wrong

He's got bicycle tires and lawnmower parts
Miles of wires and kitchen drawer knobs
Transistor radios, scrap metal
Hand-me-down tools, one of everything
He's got old keys to unlock unknown things
Unknown things, unknown things
Unknown things, unknown things

The Fixer washes the grease from his hands
Turns off the light by the basement stairs
Kneels down, elbows on the bed next to her
And prays he can find a way
Prays he can find a way to fix her
To fix her
Oh, to fix her