

## 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