

# If That Chair Could Talk

Rachel Proctor

Imitation leather, Pink Naugahyde,  
Two Inch tear down the left-hand side,  
Came from my daddy's pocketknife,  
That wasn't my fault  
Moved along with us everywhere we went,  
No matter where we lived it always fit in,  
Kinda like our next of kin,  
If that chair could talk  
My little brother, Billy, broke his left hand  
Jumpin' off the arm like superman  
With my grandma's old red afghan tied around his neck  
It's where at least a thousand books were read,  
Our Siamese cat made her bed  
It ever heard "And I thee wed"  
When sister married in the living room  
To that Phillips boy from just down the block  
If that chair could talk  
Mama bought it in a yard sale in '65  
It was daddy's favorite chair after he retired  
Survived all of that and a kitched fire,  
Smoke stains wiped right off  
It's where I spent a million hours talking on the phone  
It was my favorite place to polish my toes  
Something Mama didn't know,  
If that chair could talk  
From Leave it to Beaver to the Brady Bunch  
Chicken Noodle Soup and Captain Crunch  
TV Dinners to Sunday lunch, and movies late at night  
Brother tippin' me backwards until I screamed  
He'd get in trouble for bein' so mean  
And when he told Mama that he'd joined the Marines  
It's where she sat down in shock  
The good, the bad, it's seen it all  
If that chair could talk  
It caught my tears,  
Head me up when I felt bad,  
It called my fears,  
It's good to keep a friend like that.  
It hid the ice cream money for hot summer days,  
Listened while I practiced for my high school play,  
And all the times it heard me pray,  
When things were going rough.  
And it's where Bobby Baker gave me my first kiss,  
Mama came in and nearly had a fit,  
There's footprints of my life all over it,  
We've been through a lot.  
The good, the bad, it's seen it all,  
If that chair could talk.  
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