Are You Still There?

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Do you remember that there once was a pretty little house
And this pretty little house sat on a pretty little hill
In the pretty little house on the pretty little hill lived a family
A June and a Ward Cleaver and a little girl,
But the little girl had a deep dark secret
There were voices, voices that drove her crazy
But she never told anyone
She tied her blond hair back
Bounced up and down
and was the all-American icon cheerleader girl
Then the summer wind blew in
The voices got lower and you got weirder
You came back gothic, a different little girl
Your friends were rougher, they drank and smoked
Drugs took the place of dolls
But I stood by you
Helped you when you needed it
I tried to believe you were still the same Kris
But the friends got rougher
And you sank farther
I prayed you wouldn’t turn out like Nancy
Dead in a Manhattan apartment
Stab wound in your stomach
Ecstasy in your hands
And a rock ’n’ roll god turned boyfriend
Crying why my baby, why?
Dear Kris what happened to you?
Do you remember the days
When all you cared about was how your hair looked?
I do
Do you remember the sixth grade dance?
You were the prettiest girl there
I remember
The summer wind blew in
And we parted our ways
You went to Plantation High
And I to University School
Kris tell me you didn’t fade away
Kris tell me you’re not dead!
Do you remember that there
Was a little house
And it sat on a little hill
And you were a happy little girl
That little hill is still there
And the little house sits there still
And your ghost runs and plays
Laughs all day
A trace of long blond hair
A trace of sparkly blue eyes
They’re all still there
And June sits in the window
Looking for her happy little girl.