

## Saturday Night at the Hall

From *Dakota Breezes*  
Copyright Chuck Suchy

The highway runs down just south of our town,  
The grass all around it now tall.  
Built by the good of an old brotherhood  
Stands the Bohemian Hall.  
The scene of romance, a neighborhood dance,  
Spring, summer, winter, or fall—  
No matter the season they'd sure find a reason  
For Saturday night at the hall.

Saturday night, beneath the prairie moonlight,  
You could hear the accordion call.  
Over and over I hear it again—  
Saturday night at the hall.

As a kid I would stand by the two-piece band,  
Feeling the rhythm and beat.  
On the floor was a whirl, a kalcidoscope swirl  
Of skirts, hair, high-stepping feet.  
You could fox-trot, bunny-hop, two-step, too,  
Above any debutante ball.  
If you can't do the polka, then do a fast waltz  
At Saturday night at the hall.

Then midnight came round, we'd line up and go down  
To the basement for kolaches and buns.  
Some lingered on til the beer was all gone,  
Not wanting to part with the fun.  
With kid-tired heads and blankets for beds  
In the backs of our mom's and dad's cars,  
We'd head home in the streams of foggy-filled dreams  
As lovers would head for the stars.

**The Likes of Me**  
 From *Same Road Home*  
 Copyright Chuck Suchy

You think it's homespun yarns,  
 Feather quilts, and weathered barns.  
 You think it's old wood stoves  
 Warming hearts and whole-wheat loaves.  
 But you see, with distant eyes,  
 The better parts, and your heart replies.

You don't know what it's like,  
 You don't know all that you see.  
 You don't know what it takes,  
 You don't know how hard it can be  
 To be in love, to stay in love, with the likes of me.

You think it's tender-sweet,  
 No raging bull all strong not weak.  
 Rolling oceans of waving wheat  
 Like waters still, they sure run deep.

I can't say time is mean;  
 I've not questioned who I am.  
 Through this struggle of faith and fear  
 To build this love has taken years.

She knows my aimless dreams,  
 My strongest doubts, my weakest seams.  
 She knows more than enough—  
 The rough and tumble and tender love.

She knows what it is like,  
 She knows there is more than you see,  
 She knows all that it takes,  
 She knows just how hard it can be  
 To be in love, to stay in love, with the likes of me.