

"Cathy and Me"

I met Cathy nineteen-six-four
At summer's end: we laughed one hour.

I tried to guess what was her name
But could not then her sister came.

In Chautauqua, part of each day,
I listened to what she would say.

She came over every day
"Here comes Cathy!" I liked to say.

Once I told her: you're my fav'rite
In the whole world. And she loved it.

Then we had to go back to school
When you are young, that is life's rule.

Even though I am now eighty
Ev'ry day I think of Cathy.

I remember Cathy because
She was the best there ever was.

I loved Cathy, and she loved me.
That is the way that it should be.