

Poem 58

Chicago

The way you talk, the things you've done
Make me wish I was the only one
Who could ever have made you laugh now?
Who could have made you, made you want to cry?

To have been there, the day
You first whispered, "I love you"
Yes, I love you

When you discovered all those new things
And when you first, first met the world
When you felt beautiful and you said 'Hello'
To everything you saw if I could have been all

So I could have known you all those times
I love you, yes, I love you
Yes I do, yeah