

# Nonny Nonny

Chris Rice

Summer warm and lazy  
Lemon sun and hazy, remember?  
Popsicle red on my chin  
Bikes and plastic army men and no sign of September  
Something in my seven years was telling me  
To thank the Author of such a biography

Nonny nonny odle'ee, river washes over me  
Up for air and carry me away  
Nonny nonny odle'igh, run the earth and watch the sky  
Praying hard and waiting for the day  
Nonny nonny odle'ay

My adolescent 70's  
Reads just like the Pevensies adventures  
'Cause every perfect now and then  
I caught a glimpse of Aslan's mane and I longed for His treasure  
Something in His mystery was drawing me  
To love the Author of my own biography

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All grown up and living fine  
Biographies all intertwined with billions  
And soon He turns the final page  
We'll look the Author in the face then the book really begins  
'Cause something tells me all these years of memories  
Are only the first sentence of eternity

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