

This is skin  
You can wrap all of your arms and legs in  
An address that you know  
An envelope unfolds

I'm writing to catch up  
We were small when we last met  
But the letters are unread  
She's heard it on cassette

Taught to read and write  
At such an early age  
Passenger still  
She's got books on tape

I'm running to catch up to that old VW  
They're leaning out the back  
You've never heard of fiction  
You've never heard of fact

Way back when  
We met 'cause my parents  
Knew your parents  
Steady hands, easy friends

All these designs  
Parading on the rooftops  
All of this time, little kids  
Intrepids

I'm running out of space  
So let me sum this up for you  
I'm only wishing well though you won't believe me  
This coming Thursday evening is our centennial