

My Memory of You

By Marla J. Deaton

I use to call you Sue
And now I know
I still love you.

We use to sit on your bed and talk
Of what we thought we would be
As if by wanting
We could make it so.

I don't know
What became of you
And still wonder what of me?

I just remembered
I still love you
And that will always be

You went your way
And I went mine
But if I could go back in time...

I'd sit on your bed
And say "Even when we're old...
To me, you'll still be Sue".

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