

# 100th And May, Carolee

Ive seen the city, six times Im sure  
Answered all the questions that you left on my door  
Wrote all the answers on a Top Flight page  
On the bed in my bedroom where I first thought you would soon amaze me  
Well heres one question  
For your diary filled with pages  
What was the last thing I said?  
Can you find the memory?  
Or have you lost me  
In pages beside your bed?  
I find it strange that all you see  
Is an open doorway, right before me and you walk on in  
You said Please to meet you with that southern voice  
So why cant I see that you leave me no choice?  
Now listen dear  
Speak words to me  
Let me know that the place where youre at is halfway free  
Cause here tonight  
I fear youre lost