

Al Stewart, Katherine Of Oregon

When I get even more old than I am now
I'll have a house overlooking the water
I'll read all the books that I never got 'round to
And pile my suitcases up in the corner

The lights of the city they blink off and on again
Names in my memory are there, then they're gone again
Albums of photographs spread on the floor again
I'll spend my evenings with Katherine of Oregon

I'll fill my garage up with things I've no use for
Obsolete knick-knacks that there's no excuse for
I'll turn my back on the world's grand illusions
Take my delights in the simplest amusements

The lights of the city they blink off and on again
Names in my memory are there, then they're gone again
Albums of photographs spread on the floor again
I'll spend my evenings with Katherine of Oregon

I'll wear my clothes with their colors all clashing
They'll be so old that they'll come back in fashion
I'll sit on the beach with my paper wrapped luncheon
I'll enjoy being the ancient curmudgeon

The lights of the city they blink off and on again
Names in my memory are there then they're gone again
I'll have a jukebox and play Lonnie Donegan
And I'll spend my evenings with Katherine of Oregon