Thanks for the Memory

Serge Chaloff

Thanks for the memory
Of sentimental verse,
Nothing in my purse,
And chuckles
When the preacher said
For better or for worse,
How lovely it was.Thanks for the memory
Of Schubert's Serenade,
Little things of jade
And traffic jams
And anagrams
And bills we never paid,
How lovely it was.
We who could laugh over big things
Were parted by only a slight thing.
I wonder if we did the right thing,
Oh, well, that's life, I guess,
I love your dress.Thanks for the memory
Of faults that you forgave,
Of rainbows on a wave,
And stockings in the basin
When a fellow needs a shave,
Thank you so much.Thanks for the memory
Of tinkling temple bells,
Alma mater yells
And Cuban rum
And towels from
The very best hotels,
Oh how lovely it was.
Thanks for the memory
Of cushions on the floor,
Hash with Dinty Moore,
That pair of gay pajamas
That you bought
And never wore.We said goodbye with a highball,
Then I got as high as a steeple,
But we were intelligent people,
No tears, no fuss,
Hooray for us.Strictly entire nous,
Darling, how are you?
And how are all
Those little dreams

That never did come true?Awfully glad I met you,
Cheerio and toodle-oo
Thank you,
Thank you so much.

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