

April 2 2024

Fifty-seven years to mark, or is it fifty-eight--

And yet there seems to be no time in which to celebrate

All afternoon and evening she's devoted to the town

For deep deliberation and announcing that she'll run

His morning is full occupied by cutting up some trees

And fitting out a brand new home among the birds and bees

But though they run on separate tracks throughout this special day

To meet and feel and show their love they'll get to find a way

