

The cutie patootie at the end of the street,
Makes me shake and quake in my boots.
We were both at a thing where little kids meet,
And we first traded some "how-diddly-dos".

The same pretty girl, now in Chemistry class,
Was the cleverest out of the bunch.
Wherever I failed, she effortlessly passed,
When she tutored me, I asked her to lunch.

This accomplished young lady, halfway through College,
We had both known nothing before.
At that age, we both felt wine-drunk on new knowledge,
And for the first time, together, did chores.

My honey, my dearest, she's up on the altar,
Resplendent in so fine a dress.
Walking to meet her, I fret not nor falter,
My cold feet not up to the test.

My baby, my honey, an ursine new mother,
I know love that's new to me now.
A well-oiled team, each a half that we cover,
Three years blink and I wonder how.

My songbird, my sweetie, we've grown old and gray,
Seventy years together were we.
But to think that this all started on one sunny day,
With a cutie at the end of the street.