

I have an old photograph from when you started. I know it by heart. We'd taken the old Straight Eight down to the river. You can see it sparkling in the background. She's standing on your knees, wearing that cap which comes right down over her face. Play the beep, she was saying, play the beep. Such simple things used to entertain her. Now she's all grown up, and it's Anything Goes. You're looking away, but it feels like you're watching out for her. I love this picture. Everything about it is perfect... everything that is said, and some things that are not said. [] for her. Perfect late-late show.

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