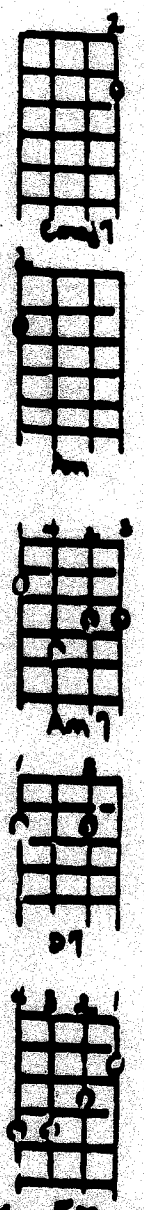


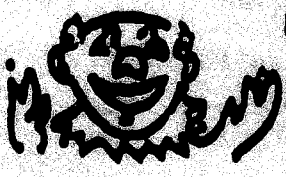
DAYS OF MY YOUTH

Used to fly like the birds on the wings of the wind
 I have played in the sun with a joy deep within
 I have laughter as a toy and a sweet for my tooth
 In the beautiful days of my youth.
 Everyone that I met was a friend not a foe
 The fears I have learned way back then I didn't know
 Not one deed meant unkind or one thought uncount
 In the beautiful days of my youth.
 But time quickly passed as the years traveled on
 The hopes and the dreams have diminished and gone
 Now the child that I face, how familiar he seems
 He's wearing my eyes and he's living my dreams
 Oh, my innocent child, I will spare the untruths
 In the magical days, the sweet candy days
 The beautiful days of your youth.



TRY TO REMEMBER

Try to remember the kind of September when life was slow
 and oh, so mellow.
 Try to remember the kind of September when grass was green
 and grain was yellow.
 Try to remember the kind of September
 When you were a tender and callow fellow.
 Try to remember and if you remember,
 Then follow. (Echo) Follow, follow....



September?
 10th?
 12th?