

Melissa

Ray Stevens

I met her in Boston early last autumn when I was in town for a show.

She is a teacher, I am a picker, how we met I'll never know.

But we've got a mutual friend who's a fellow plays cello with the Boston Pops.

She is of Hamlich, I am of Haggard. We were a sure bet flop.

My, my Melissa, why am I missing you? Melissa we're just as different as we can be.

My, my Melissa, when I think of how I held and kissed ya.

Can't think of one difference that makes a bit of difference to me.

High fashion ladies all drive their Mercedes' and sit with Melissa at tea.

Talk of backgammon, lunch on cold salmon and decide where the fountain should be.

I start out my days at T-G-

I Friday on burgers and fried onion rings.

We didn't plan it and don't understand it. Our love is just one of those things.

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She's into fine art, Picasso and Mozart, and saving the endangered whale.

I am a painter of words on line paper that I buy at the K-Mart on sale.

But we share a small little time tunnel home where the corner of our two lives met.

Regardless of weather we'll make it together and certain we'll never forget.

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My, my Melissa when I think of how I held and kissed ya.

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