

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal

"To Sir, With Love"

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Those schoolgirl days of telling tales and biting nails are gone. But in my mind I know they will still live on and on. But how do you thank someone who's taken you from crayons to perfume? It isn't easy, but I'll try. If you wanted the sky I would write across the sky in letters that would soar a thousand feet high, 'To Sir, With Love'.

Those awkward years have hurried by, why did they fly away? Why is it, sir children grow up to be people one day? What takes the place of climbing trees and dirty knees in the world outside? What is there for you I can buy?

If you wanted the world I'd surround it with a wall. I'd scrawl these words with letters ten feet tall, 'To Sir, With Love'.

The time has come for closing books and long last looks must end. And as I leave I know that I am leaving my best friend. A friend who taught me right from wrong, weak from strong, that's a lot to learn. What can I give you in return?

If you wanted the moon I would try to make a start. But I would rather you let me give my heart, 'To Sir, With Love'.

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