

Kevin Rowe

"Katie"

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I know this girl who keeps pulling me faces
As if I'm talking in another language
She just turned sixteen and my last bags at the front of
my parent's door

Oh, it's not goodbye at all
Cos I'm only down the road
I told her we could talk all night on the telephone
And watch the movies of us growing up

I'm three years old now and I've got a brand new friend
I'm staring at the front page of her life
And we're all alone here, and that's alright with me
We're gonna have the best days of our lives
The best days of our lives

Today she's a teacher, and her bedroom's a school
She talks to dolls as if they all could understand her
I could see even then that she could do anything that
she wanted to

Oh, one thing she'll never know
Is how I miss her everyday
I told her we could talk all night on the telephone
And watch the movies of us growing up

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