

# I Could Write A Book

Anita O'Day

A-B-C-D-E-G

I never learned to spell  
At least not well.

1-2-3-4-5-6-7

I never learned to count  
A great amount.

But my busy mind is burning  
To use what learning I've got.

I won't waste any time,  
I'll strike while the iron is hot.

If they asked me, I could write a book  
About the way you walk and whisper and look.

I could write a preface on how we met  
So the world would never forget.

And the simple secret of the plot  
Is just to tell them that I love you a lot.

Then the world discovers as my book ends  
How to make two lovers a friend.

Use to hate to go to school  
I never cracked a book;  
I played the hook.

Never answered any mail;  
To write I used to think was wasting ink.

It was never my endeavor  
To be too clever and smart.

Now I suddenly feel  
A longing to write in my heart.

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About the way you walk and whisper and look.

I could write a preface on how we met  
So the world would never forget.

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Is just to tell them that I love you a lot.

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