Verse 1

Each summer at the Chatham Fair

The midway called and we were there, Annie

A pair of giggling mismatched girls,

Off kilter on the Tilt-A-Whirl, Annie

You’d never seen a Broadway show, I’d never raised a goat

But there we’d share a funnel cake, a Cool-Whip shake, a root beer float

And then we’d ride the Man-O-Steel,

The Thunder Cloud, the Wonder Wheel, Annie

Verse 2

My backyard was a city park

And no one went there after dark, Annie

So we watched shooting stars in yours

And I inhaled “The Great Outdoors”, Annie

I planned to be a novelist, and you an army nurse

We’d leave this world a better place, or else at least not leave it worse

And through the years I’d meet you there,

The midway at the Chatham fair, Annie

Bridge

Sun burns, mosquito bites

Board games and Drive-In nights

Lorna Dunes, Beatles tunes, except that you liked Elvis

June bugs and Queen Anne’s Lace

Time crawls at a snail’s pace

But time turns cruel

And soon, it’s “Back To School”

Verse 3

One summer, at the Chatham Fair

The midway called and we were there, Annie

A pair of gangly mismatched girls

Off kilter on the Tilt-A-Whirl, Annie

But tilting made me seasick then, for several years had passed

And whirling? I thought, “What’s the point?” Did this mean we’d grown up at last?

Oh, how I miss the Man-O-Steel,

The Thunder Cloud, the Wonder Wheel, Annie