

# Katherine of Oregon

Al Stewart

When I get even more old than I am now  
I'll have a house overlooking the water  
I'll read all the books that I never got 'round to  
Pile my suitcases up in the corner The lights of the city, they blink off and on again  
Names in my memory are there, then they're gone again  
Albums of photographs spread on the floor again  
I'll spend my evenings with Katherine of Oregon I'll fill my garage up with things I've no use for  
Obsolete knick-knacks that there's no excuse for  
I'll turn my back on the world's grand illusions  
Take my delights in the simplest amusements The lights of the city, they blink off and on again  
Names in my memory are there, then they're gone again  
Albums of photographs spread on the floor again  
I'll spend my evenings with Katherine of Oregon I'll wear my clothes with their colors all clashing  
They'll be so old that they'll come back in fashion  
I'll sit on the beach with my paper wrapped luncheon  
I'll enjoy being the ancient curmudgeon The lights of the city, they blink off and on again  
Names in my memory are there then they're gone again  
I'll have a jukebox, play Lonnie Donegan  
And I'll spend my evenings with Katherine of Oregon

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