



I'D TAKE YOU TO MY PLEASANTVILLE

By Timothy S. Klugh

Copyright © 1996 Timothy S. Klugh. All Rights Reserved.

When I picture the old town fair,
It is my wish to take you there
To see the ground quiet and still
In the woods next to Pleasantville.

We'd walk on down to Mary Jane's,
So you can find she's just the same.
She's sweet and kind—a caring girl—
One of my best friends in the world.

I would like to show you the creek,
Fishermen's fav'rite place to meet,
To watch the water ripple by
And skip stones toward the other side.

If I could, I'd take you to town.
'Show you the place I hung around.
We'd stroll along nostalgic streets
And chat with folks that we would greet.

And, if somehow we'd get the chance,
At the town barn we'd have a dance.
I'd twirl you 'round the worn dance floor
'Til we're too tired to dance one more.

We'd stop by the general store.
Millington would be pleased for sure.
We'd play checkers and shoot-the-breeze
With him. We'd put our mind at ease.

Then we'd eat at the Seneca's
With Renee too and Iowa
And feel the warmth that exists
In this family's loving bliss.

I think you'd like what you would see
In that small town within my dreams.
If I could and we'd time to kill,
I'd take you to my Pleasantville.

(February 14, 1996)

Dedication: "Dedicated to Delora D. Horne on St. Valentine's Day, 1996 because she loves me and believes in my dreams."