

Little Girl Lost

By Marilyn Reeves

Where is that little girl, do you happen to know?
The one with the brown-blond hair who lived long ago.
She loved to skate and to swim, and sometimes go biking.
And she loved the mountains,
Where she would go hiking.

She'd sometimes climb trees and hang by her knees.
She laughed at cartoons, cried over Bambi,
And dressed up like Cinderella,
Hoping that somewhere, someday
She'd meet just the right fella.

She'd met the 'real' Santa Claus
And didn't catch on till the age of eight,
That he was just an old man with a long white beard
Who came to town once a year
To hand out children's treats.

Other than Christmas her favorite thing
Was going to Elitch Gardens.
She would ride the painted horses up and down
As the merry-go-round went round and round
To the music of the calliope.

She would ride above treetops way up high
Guiding her sail plane into the sky,
And when it was done she was the first to run
To get on the Ferris Wheel
And wave at the people strolling by.

Where is that little girl, do you happen to know?
The one with the brown-blond hair who lived long ago.
I think some old lady hid her deep inside her
And now spends her days trying to find her.

If that little girl you happen to see,
Please tell her that I surely do miss her.
It makes me sad to think that I've lost her.
Perhaps I've forgotten or simply misplaced her.
Where is that little girl who used to be me?