75 SEPTEMBERS
Cheryl Wheeler-
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In the year of the yellow cab
In the shadow of the great world war
The third kid grandmom had
Came into this world
On a rolling farm in Maryland
When Wilson was the President
And summer blew her good-bye through the trees

A child of changing times
Growing up between the wars
The Fords rolled off the line
And bars all closed their doors
And I imagine you back then
With snap brim hat and farmer's tan
Where horses drew their wagons through the fields

chorus:
Now the fields are all four lanes
And the moon's not just a name
Are you more amazed at how things change
Or how they stay the same
And do you sit here on this porch and wonder
How the time flies by
Or does it seem to barely creep along
With 75 Septembers come and gone

Were the fields all gold and fawn
Was the spring house dark and cool
Did the rooster crow at dawn
When they got you up for school
And would you tell me once again
The tales of grandad's hired men
And how they drove the old road to town
chorus: