I Could Write a Book

[Harold Lang](https://www.google.com/search?client=firefox-b-d&sxsrf=ALeKk03dDsPYCfk9Elnp3fmRpBApwTU5xQ:1589895798764&q=Harold+Lang&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLSz9U3MDKzKI7PXcTK7ZFYlJ-TouCTmJcOAEUfJMocAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwjDp8Kyh8DpAhXDShUIHT02B9QQMTAAegQIDxAF), [Beverley Fite](https://www.google.com/search?client=firefox-b-d&sxsrf=ALeKk03dDsPYCfk9Elnp3fmRpBApwTU5xQ:1589895798764&q=Beverley+Fite&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLSz9U3KM5ILi4pWMTK65RallqUk1qp4JZZkgoAi1JCXR4AAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwjDp8Kyh8DpAhXDShUIHT02B9QQMTAAegQIDxAG)

If they ask me, I could write a book  
About the way you walk and whisper and look  
I could write a preface on how we met  
So the world would never forget

And the simple secret of the plot  
Is just to tell them that I love you, a lot  
Then the world discovers as my book ends  
How to make two lovers of friends

If they ask me, I could write a book  
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I could write a preface on how we met  
So the world would never forget, never, never forget

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