



*I'd like the memory of me  
to be a happy one.  
I'd like to leave an after glow  
of smiles when life is done.  
I'd like to leave an echo  
whispering softly down the ways,  
Of happy times and laughing times  
and bright and  
sunny days.  
I'd like the tears of those who  
grieve, to dry before the sun  
Of happy memories that I leave  
When my life is done.*

