**One Sixty Two**

Music and lyrics by Bob Kessler

Dear Friends;

We thought you ought to know

We made our move a month ago

Gave up on privacy and peace

And wrote both our names upon the lease of

 One Sixty Two West Thirteenth off Seventh Avenue

There’s Jan and the Man and his dog Blue

And her cat Sam and the Cockatoo (2x)

There’s light and loads and loads of space

Small friends to grace us with their grace

A few amusements for the mind

And some kind of music all the time in

 One Sixty Two West Thirteenth off Seventh Avenue

There’s Jan and the Man and his dog Blue

And her cat Sam and the Cockatoo

 Spot, and the potted Banyan Fig and the candid shot of his

Guinea Pig Paul, and the wall of books on chess and his bowling ball and her

Watercress plants and his amps and the goldfish four and a whole lot more . . .

Someday we may move to the sea

Or live high in some mountain scenery

That dream is a distant if and when

We can’t see moving all that stuff again from

One Sixty Two West Thirteenth off Seventh Avenue

There’s Jan and the Man and his dog Blue

And her cat Sam and the Cockatoo

 Spot, and the potted Banyan Fig and the cage they got for his other pig

Fred and the bed that folds in half and the redwood stand for their

Autograph book and the cookie jar of dimes and his hooked rung loom and the

New York Times chair and the rare old pewter dish and the spinning wheel and the wishing

well glass and the . . . . .