

Amie



Steve Tabor
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Amie

I can see why you think you belong to me
I never tried to make you think, or let you see one thing for yourself
But now your off with someone else and I'm alone
You see I thought that I might keep you for my own

Amie what you want to do?
I think I could stay with you
For a while, maybe longer if I do

Don't you think the time is right for us to find
All the things we thought weren't proper could be right in time
And can you see
Which way we should turn together or alone
I can never see what's right or what is wrong
(will it take to long to see)

Amie what you want to do?
I think I could stay with you
For a while, maybe longer if I do

Well now
Amie what you want to do?
I think I could stay with you
For a while, maybe longer if I do

Now it's come to what you want you've had your way
And all the things you thought before just faded into gray
And can you see
That I don't know if it's you or if it's me
If it's one of us I'm sure we'll both will see
Won't you look at me and tell me

Amie what you want to do?
I think I could stay with you
For a while, maybe longer
Longer if I do

Yeah now
Amie what you want to do?
I think I could stay with you
For a while, maybe longer if I do

Fallin' in and out of love with you
Fallin' in and out of love with you
Don't know what I'm gonna do, I'd keep
Fallin' in and out of love
With you

The song "Amie" by Pure Prarie League brings me back to the time I was a 20 year old college student living in a crummy basement apartment with my girlfriend, our cat, nine other flatmates, and three dogs. Next door lived a group of townies---young people who lived in the city but didn't go to school, as far as we knew. One of the townies was a gorgeous young woman named Amie, who took my breath away every time she walked past.

One winter's day I was down with the flu, and heard some sounds coming from our common living room. I wandered out of my bedroom to find a number of my flatmates sharing a joint with our neighbors, the townies. Wearing little more than a ragged bathrobe, I sat down on the couch next to Amie, and started to chat with her.

At one point, Amie asked me if I'd like to get together for a drink. Just at that point, my flu started acting up, and all I could do was cough.

I don't think I ever spoke to Amie again, and so this song brings to my mind the wonders of a youthful crush, and the heavy burden that great beauty must be for some young women.

In this series, a model Ankie (rhymes with Amie) strikes simple poses in the studio.

Ankie is about the same age that Amie was back in my college days. The way she carries herself and her forlorn expressions brings me back to that hazy wintertime day on the living room couch.











































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