

Do you remember the secret life of your childhood? The one you dreamed about over and over again? And how your knees about aches and things you couldn't possibly know? And they tell you it was just your imagination.

I still believe I was the child of a lighthouse keeper, spending my days by the sea and yet,

I was born into the sweeping, flat plains of

the Midwest, far from the oceans and the great heights but I still know

