

IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER

I'd dare to make more mistakes next time.
I'd relax, I'd limber up, I would be sillier than I have this time.
I would take fewer things seriously.
I would take more chances.
I would take more trips.
I would climb more mountains and swim more rivers.
I would eat more ice cream and less beans.
I would perhaps have more actual troubles, but I would have
fewer imaginary ones.
You see, I am one of those people who live sensibly and surely,
hour after hour, day after day.
Oh, I've had my moments, and if I had to do it over again, I
would have more of them.
In fact, I would live moments, one after another, instead of
living so many years ahead of each day.
I've been one of those persons who never goes anywhere
without a thermometer, a hot water bottle, a raincoat and a
parachute.
If I had my life over, I would start barefoot earlier in the spring
and I would stay later in the autumn.
I would go to more dances, I would ride more merry-go-rounds.
I would pick more daisies.

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