Woody Allen

To love is to suffer. To avoid suffering, one must not love. But then, one suffers from not loving. Therefore, to love is to suffer; not to love is to suffer; to suffer is to suffer. To be happy is to love. To be happy, then, is to suffer, but suffering makes one unhappy. Therefore, to be happy, one must love or love to suffer or suffer from too much happiness.

**I Like You** by Sandol Stoddard Warburg *(the whole poem is*[*here*](http://erikstar.blogspot.com/2009/02/i-like-you-sandol-stoddard-warburg.html)*.)*

*I like you and I know why.  
I like you because you are a good person to like.  
I like you because when I tell you something special, you know it’s special  
And you remember it a long, long time.  
You say, “Remember when you told me something special?”  
And both of us remember  
  
When I think something is important  
you think it’s important too  
We have good ideas  
When I say something funny, you laugh  
I think I’m funny and you think I’m funny too  
Hah-hah!  
  
I like you because you know where I’m ticklish  
And you don’t tickle me there except just a little tiny bit sometimes  
But if you do, then I know where to tickle you too  
  
You know how to be silly  
That’s why I like you  
Boy are you ever silly  
I never met anybody sillier than me till I met you  
I like you because you know when it’s time to stop being silly  
Maybe day after tomorrow  
Maybe never  
Too late, it’s a quarter past silly!  
  
Sometimes we don’t say a word  
We snurkle under fences  
We spy secret places  
If I am a goofus on the roofus hollering my head off  
You are one too  
If I pretend I am drowning, you pretend you are saving me  
If I am getting ready to pop a paper bag,  
then you are getting ready to jump  
HOORAY!  
  
That’s because you really like me  
You really like me, don’t you?  
And I really like you back  
And you like me back and I like you back  
And that’s the way we keep on going every day  
  
If you go away, then I go away too  
or if I stay home, you send me a postcard  
You don’t just say “Well see you around sometime, bye”  
I like you a lot because of that  
If I go away, I send you a postcard too  
And I like you because if we go away together  
And if we are in Grand Central Station  
And if I get lost  
Then you are the one that is yelling for me  
  
And I like you because when I am feeling sad  
You don’t always cheer me up right away  
Sometimes it is better to be sad  
You can’t stand the others being so googly and gaggly every single minute  
You want to think about things  
It takes time  
I like you because if I am mad at you  
Then you are mad at me too  
It’s awful when the other person isn’t  
They are so nice and hoo-hoo you could just about punch them in the nose  
  
I like you because if I think I am going to throw up  
then you are really sorry  
You don’t just pretend you are busy looking at the birdies and all that  
You say, maybe it was something you ate  
You say, the same thing happened to me one time  
And the same thing did  
  
If you find two four-leaf clovers, you give me one  
If I find four, I give you two  
If we only find three, we keep on looking  
Sometimes we have good luck, and sometimes we don’t  
If I break my arm, and if you break your arm too  
Then it’s fun to have a broken arm  
I tell you about mine, you tell me about yours  
We are both sorry  
We write our names and draw pictures  
We show everybody and they wish they had a broken arm too  
  
I like you because I don’t know why but  
Everything that happens is nicer with you  
I can’t remember when I didn’t like you  
It must have been lonesome then  
I like you because because because  
I forget why I like you but I do  
  
So many reasons  
On the 4th of July I like you because it’s the 4th of July  
On the fifth of July, I like you too  
If you and I had some drums and some horns and some horses  
If we had some hats and some flags and some fire engines  
We could be a HOLIDAY  
We could be a CELEBRATION  
We could be a WHOLE PARADE  
  
See what I mean?  
Even if it was the 999th of July  
Even if it was August  
Even if it was way down at the bottom of November  
Even if it was no place particular in January  
I would go on choosing you  
And you would go on choosing me  
Over and over again  
  
That’s how it would happen every time  
I don’t know why  
I guess I don’t know why I really like you  
Why do I like you  
I guess I just like you  
I guess I just like you because I like you.*