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try to get rid of these age lines, these gouges and grooves. You know what I tell people in my district? Because some of them will tell me if I'd just have a little something done with my forehead here and these lines running from the edges of my nose down past the corner of my mouth, I could look younger. What do I want to look younger for? I'm not young. But, at any rate, I tell my...the people in my district--and this is where I let white people off the hook--I say, that strip of bacon that you see across my forehead in the form of those wrinkles were put there by you all. I earned every one of these wrinkles working with you all. These gouges, you all took some miniature plows and plowed those furrows from the sides of my nose down past the corners of my mouth. You all turned every hair on my head white that is white, my moustaches, my beard. Imagine what I would look like if my hair and beard were as ebony as they used to be (singing) when I wore a younger man's clothes. I sure like that song. I think Billy Joel sang it, the "Piano Man," and I think he said to that piano man: Play me a song, you're the piano man; play me a song tonight. We're all in the mood for a melody, and you are playing it just right. Or something like that. Music, some people say, is the universal language. I don't know if I can complete what I want to say during my closing, but it applies to this job of legislating. People who play jazz, true jazz, not just technicians, those who are excellent manipulators of their instruments, they can play beautiful melodious tunes with what they call great musicality. I think Dave Brubeck was one of those people. His compositions are extremely complex, they are pleasing to the ear. And he had a saxophone player. Now, the young people may not have ever heard of him; some of the older ones may not have ever listened to him, so I may not give his name and somebody will tell me later on, but he had one of the most melodious creations that I had heard. The title doesn't do it justice. It's simply "Take Five." The drummer was a man named Joe Morello. I've always admired drummers, not just because my brother is one, but drummers have a way of tapping into the beat or rhythm of the universe, and it's why, when you want to make people pat their feet or their hands, even if they can't keep time themselves, a drummer, without any instrumentation, can do that. Other instruments can make you dreamy and maybe you'll sway, but they don't make you get up and boogie like a drummer can do. This