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This song is dedicated to the young lady who made Westercon in 1985 an unforgettable experience for me.

C G7 C F G C
 You're Daddy's little darling, and a trufan from your birth
 G6 C G7 C G7
 Cutest thing I've ever seen, on or off the Earth.
 G C F C G C F C
 You were born at your first Westercon one evening in July,
 G7 C G C
 So I just had to write you a fanish lullabye.

C F G C
 And it's hey, diddle diddle, the cow jumped over the moon
 G7 C G C
 The moon is a sandbox 'way up in the sky
 G7 C G7
 Maybe we can play there soon,
 C F G C
 And it's hey, Katy diddle, little Katy don't you cry;
 G7 C G C G7 C
 Your Daddy's here to sing you a filksong lullabye.

When the trufen get together, they have fun in many ways,
 But I've had one convention I'll remember all my days.
 I missed the Masquerade this year, and the filksong concert too,
 But all of that was worth it, 'cause I ended up with you.

It was sixteen years that summer since Man first reached the moon,
 Sixteen 'til next century—my Ghod it seems so soon,
 You'll be sweet sixteen at Westercon in the year 2001.
 Bet you'll be fan guest of honor; don't you think that would be fun?

Coda: (To the tune of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star".)

C F C
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
 F C G C
 Katy wonders what you are.
 F C G
 Up above the world you fly
 C F C G
 Out in space, beyond the sky.
 C F C
 Twinkle, twinkle on your way;
 F C G C
 Katy's going there someday.

Written during Westercon 38 in 1985, when Katy was 2 days old.

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