

## Friends Friends Friend

Audience

I had a friend who had a friend that knew a man  
Who didn't look unlike Toulouse Lautrec  
And every chance he'd get this man would play his Pipes of Pan  
Invoking scenes that no-one could forget

The one dreary day the man began to play  
And the greyness of the day just blew away

And as he stood there in a trance  
The people all around began to dance  
And as they listened every trace  
Of lines of care were gone from every face

Then came something strange the piper's tune began to change  
And broke the spell that held the village folk  
Al lof those who saw declared there was a man no more  
As all around him grew a misted cloak

Though the music played the man was seen to fade  
And vanish in a sweetly scented smoke  
And vanish in a sweetly scented smoke  
And vanish in a sweetly scented smoke