

Willie, what can I say to you
to hold true in your changing life?
You've come into a cruel world;
little girls can lose their way in the growing night...
I hope you'll be alright.

Willie, try to stay a child sometime,
for as long as you feel you can learn.
Babies all turn to people
and people can really be strange;
they change and, changing, bring pain.

Try to treat your parents well because they care,
and what more can you do?
When you find your lovers, be good to them
as you hope they'll be to you -
be honest,
be true.

Willie, you are the future;
all our lives, in the end are in your hands.
Life's hard now; you know it gets harder
and hope is but a single strand:
we pass it on and hope you'll understand....

We know that we do it wrong,
we're not so strong and not so sure at all;
groping in our blindness,
we may seem big now but, really, we're so
small and alone and searching for a home
in the night.

Meanwhile you're still a baby;
you'll be a lady soon enough
and then you will feel the burn.
So hold my words: people all turn to children,
spiteful children, and they're really so cruel,
cruel fools!

Just follow your own rules...
don't think that I'm silly, Willie,
if I say I hope that there is hope for you.