

The Fun Of The Century

Piano Magic

Could it be that you drove me
into your fleet of hand-melt candy
Could it be that you sent me
falling off the roof backwards, gently
Do not let my words depress you -
I'm here to uplift you now
(I'm here to uplift you now)
Her eyes have gone south -
terrible lies she denies
Could it be that you broke me
into a sheet of rain swept sideways?
Could it be that you wrote me
a dead attempt? It just plain scares me
Do not let my words distract you
from all the fun you demand -
from the fun of the century

No more glistening wet poems
in your honour, captain of alienation,
New York, money, compassion