

Piano Magic

"The Fun Of The Century"

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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

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