

The Movement

"Checkers Speech"

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Once upon a time, life was sweet and everything was fine. Each day was like a triumph of the will, and every night was even better still. Now, suddenly you don't wanna do it anymore. Nothing I could say would change your mind. I watch you walk away, and scream and whine. It was worth a try, though I can't deny, it's a weak reply. But there's never gonna be another way to say goodbye. Once I had a dog. A little puppy dog who was my friend. I almost lost him when he went away, kind of like what's happening today. Let's face it kid, you never were that kind of friend at all. You were never there to catch me when I faltered, or needed to be mind depressed and altered. But still it seems to me, we should wait and see, but you don't agree. And if that's the way you want it well now that's the way it's gonna be. And now there's only one thing left to say, though it's been said before, you won't have Nixon, to kick around anymore.

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