

# Dean Friedman, Rocking Chair

By dean friedman

&quot;well, well,&quot; said the rocking chair.  
&quot;it's been a while since I've seen such stark despair.&quot;  
&quot;who told you like was fair? &quot;  
&quot;woa, woa,&quot; said the radio, &quot;sit, there are some things you ought to know&quot;  
&quot;there is little you can do to stop the pain and it's gonna happen time and time again,  
But just remember even though it sounds insane,  
It's impossible to ever love somebody in vain.&quot;

All right. it's gonna be all right. it's gonna be all right. it's gonna be all right.

&quot;no, no,&quot; said the balcony, &quot;if it's pity you want don't come to me.&quot;  
&quot;no, nothing comes for free.&quot;

&quot;yes, yes,&quot; said the coffee cup, &quot;maybe now is the time to act grown up.&quot;  
&quot;if you feel like your world is crashing in, simply dial up your nearest kith or kin.&quot;  
&quot;if you open up and let them in,  
You'll discover that you'll probably make it through once again.&quot;

All right. it's gonna be all right. it's gonna be all right. it's gonna be all right.

&quot;hey, hey,&quot; said the table top, &quot;don't be making like you're anything you're not.&quot;  
&quot;make do with what you've got&quot;.  
&quot;don't forget,&quot; said the cuckoo clock, &quot;any parts you need we've got in stock.&quot;  
&quot;take a look at the place you call your home. you're reflected in all the things you own. and th  
They're a measure of a part of you that's already grown.&quot;

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