

Robert Lund, Re. Your Song About My Client Del

Dear Mr. Higgenson, it's me, Delilah's lawyer
I am writing to inform you, there's a 3rd restraining order
In effect
The first two haven't stopped you yet
She's quite upset

May I remind you, Tom, my client doesn't like you
But you keep composing songs for her which means you have the IQ
Of a brick
You couldn't "hit that" with a stick
Please seek help quick

Oh, we're watching you, you creep
Oh, we're watching you, you creep
Oh, we're watching you, you freak
Oh, it's what we do all week
All the stupid week

Do not address Delilah's mother as a MILF, and
Please desist from mailing puppy dogs and photos of yourself
In plain white T's
And next time, put some pants on, please
Nice cottage cheese

My client's gone in hiding halfway 'cross the nation
But you evidentially stalked her to her undisclosed location
In New York
You put it in your song, you dork
We're freaking torqued

Oh, we're watching you, you creep
Oh, we watch you when you sleep
Oh, we watch you when you eat
Oh, we watched you take a leak

A thousand miles seems pretty far
But you've used planes, trains and cars
And pogo sticks, and Segways, and a horse
But we've got warrants out for you
So Romeo, if you try to
Go near her, you'll regret the choice, of course
There's lots of guys who'd gladly pay
To make your love song go away
They'll quickly take you down without remorse
With deadly force

Dear Mr. Higgenson: This isn't 'cause I'm jealous
That I left the band for law school while
You got rich with the fellas
With your song
Here's why I took this client on:
Like you, I've wanted her so long
So it's so nice to sue you, Tom
P.S. How's Mom?