

# Robert Lund, Re. Your Song About My Client Delilah

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 evidently 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?