

Wire, A Mutual Friend

As a mutual friend it was difficult to pretend
That I was anything less than concerned

Hearing of your troubles
Has forced me to double
My interest in your current affairs

It's no use despising a new unknown horizon
Now your son has set his sights on the moon

So precipitous a decision has clouded your vision
And altered the pitch of your tune

Please don't turn a deaf ear to the noises you hear
While savagely your love you prune
For he might replace the old with the moon
He might replace the old with the moon

In March, April, May, and June
July, August, September, soon
He might replace the old with the moon
It could be October
November, or even December
So in January and February, remember

He might replace the old with the moon
He might replace the old quite soon