

Dean Friedman, Dodo

by Dean Friedman

I have a friend, he is a remarkable guy. He teaches little children in Bedford Sty.
Act too nice they'll just spit in your eye. But they know he loves them.
He doesn't make much money and what he does he gives away.
It's not that he's foolish it's just his way.

He drove his first wife crazy and his second wife too. He says he wishes he could change. But I know

He's a Dodo.
He's a Dodo.
He's a Dodo.
He's a Dodo bird

I know a woman she is 43. She spends every day of her life in the library.
She studies neo-classical poetry. She says truth is beauty.
Surrounded by her books, she barely ever stirs, while all around her the laptops purr.
Her heart is full of passion and the struggle for the good.
She'd sprout wings to fly away but even if she could

She's a Dodo
She's a Dodo
She's a Dodo
She's a Dodo bird

She believes in the love and beauty shining in us all.
She believes in hope and prayer and the meaning of it all.

I met a child like a flower in the sun. She puts her faith and trust in everyone.
She isn't blind, it's just she's too young to see right through you.
But she doesn't realize the danger she is in.
People try to warn her but she doesn't listen.
Spirited, determined, stubborn and naive.
Mourn for her lost innocence for which she soon must grieve.

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