

Melanie, GOOD BOOK

Poor little hairy kids out on their own
They run to the festival to show that
They were one
They've fallen in love with all human kind
So tell them you love them
So they don't change their mind.

Write us a book of instructions or signs
And if it's been written
Then give us more time
Recite a poem or sing us a song
And tell us you love us
So we don't feel alone.

And it's sad that we weren't born
Like horses and sheep
To know where we're goin', to know
What we need
But you've written the music
So we'll sing along
But tell us you love us
So we don't feel alone

Give the poet a poem and the singer a song
And then tell us you love us
So we don't feel alone