

THE PROSTITUTE'S ACCOUNTANT

I've seen the business end of a dear friend
This one is living down the hall.

Behind the black lace and the white face
She guards her life behind a wall.

At night she'll walk in from where she's just been
And then she'll greet me with a smile.

No explanation, my expectation
Lies at the center of her style.

She'll never know a thing about me
Happy to live her life without me

Seeing that we're just friends
I'll keep to the business ends.

I lead a quiet life without a dear wife
With these few things to call my own.

Among these stone towers I keep my own hours
And leave my message on her phone.

She'll leave the end score tacked to my front door
And I'll receive it when I'm in.

I'll take the last amount, and her expense account
And I'll advise her of her men.

My being here entails no complication
And if by chance I find some indication
To draw her out I'd offer invitation
No doubt to warrant some investigation.
She'll never know a thing about me
Happy to live her life without me
Seeing that we're just friends
I'll keep to the business ends.

FACTS AND FIGURES

A friend of mine in record time
writes words that rhyme with lemon-lime

Another guy makes women cry
reciting why lost lovers die

but I stick to facts and figures
while the other guys have their fun

backs waxed so they can dig yours
when you're lying in the sun

A life that's rich and full of kitsch
is not my niche not mine to itch

I buck the crowd and stand up proud
I'm not allowed the chew they've chowed

my ulcer's mine I'm feeling fine
be not unkind need not unwind

so I stick to facts and figures
while the other guys have their fun
backs waxed so they can dig yours
when you're lying in the sun

their laughs are based on lack of taste
their life's encased while mine's erased

CENTRAL PARK SHAKEDOWN

Our love has scaled the heights to a penthouse in Manhattan
Our dogs have known Central Park

Our love has seen the best that this old world has to offer
We come alive after dark

We've made and spent millions
On psychological refrigeration
Of stylistic inference
we're always up to date

Our love has such a wealth of intense and bold emotion
We turn our heads at the thought

Our love defends the truth with a fierce undying notion
Our trick is not getting caught

When we begin to weaken there's a way around fidelity
And though we're not supposed to look,
we always chalk it up to fate

Oh, Now—What can we do?
With our love, with our money
For our love and our money?

Oh, Now—What can we do?
What about political influenza?
And what about our copulative cadenza?

We could sell the houses and the schnauzers
for a villa in Capri
I could even give up my Ferrari

We could liquidate all our holdings in the ITT
they never meant that much to me

Our love could bloom again
In the warm sea air of the Mediterranean
And we could write each other sonnets
for in prose we surely look our best!