

I sit alone in my home, thinking of distant days.
Sitting here, it is queer, divorced my sordid phase.
I know I'm sure, it was the cure, the way to beat my craze.
But at this hour, in the shower, I begin to feel so strange.

It's been some time on the climb, now farther from relapse.
Some mornings dull with pounding skull, I'm wishing to collapse.

To come this far, my life ajar, I freely use the taps.
A gifted horse, mouth no remorse, well maybe some perhaps.

He was my friend, a stately man, in times before I grew.
When I was down, he stole my frown, and gave me something new.

Not too old, flung in the cold, he navigates the blue.
I needed help, that's what I felt, so there he came to do.

He was so fond of the pond, he saw it as his home.
He'd kick and splash and have a bash, but never on his own.
They'd laugh at me, while he's at sea, at his joyous tone.
I'd had enough, I wasn't tough, expelled him from my throne.

It's for the best, I would guess, I know I've had my fill.
I'm not alone, I have my Joan who keeps me on the pill.
I love her so, since we eloped, my patient wife Bastille.
But I must confess, even through the stress, I've come to miss the thrill.

My old friend, I must commend the silliness you'd bring.
But it could not stand, you addled man, she's expecting in the

spring.

Of your gigue and jaunt, your quack and stomp, some night
I'll proudly sing.

My child will hear and have no fear of the splendid Water
King.