

Music

By Tommy Norgang

I had an old friend,
We met long ago,
We made music together,
We started out slow,
My hands then were soft,
Lacking hard callous,
But the longer I played,
The stronger they'd get,
Years ticked on by,
I was getting quite good,
I was a bird chirper,
My friend was wind when she could,
The one day it stopped,
I put my guitar down,
I can't explain why,
And I know how that sounds,
Again years go by,
Tick tick tick tick,
And never did I pick up
My guitar or my pick.

Then a day came,
When asked what am I doing,
And right then and there,
I picked her up while I was singing.
I'd forgotten a lot,
In my time without music.
My hands they were shaky;
My fingers would stick,
But slowly and surely,
I returned to my ways,
And now without school,
I play night and day,
I'm not what I was,
Actually I'm quite better,
To anyone who wants to play,
I say,
Go and get her.