

New Year's Eve

By Phillip W. Weiss

(written in honor of a special lyricist)

New Year's Eve

Brings lot of joy

For those who

Want to fly

To places far

Away and nice,

On that

You can rely.

But the places that

Mean most to you

Are waiting for you here

In spots well-known

To you alone;

For you they're very dear.

You say you write

While on a couch,

Well that's a spot

Well-known,

And with your mind

You plant the seed

For something that's

Well-grown.

You write your songs
And play the words
That people want to hear
And take a bow,
With quiet joy,
And maybe have a beer.

Or is it rather
That you have
A tiny little “shot”
That makes you feel
Like you’re a keel
And life is truly hot?

You act as if
You’re just a Joe,
No different from the rest,
A New York boy
Who had a way
With words
He wrote in jest.

But you are more,
Admit it’s true,
You have a special gift
That makes us thrill
And lifts the chill
And gives us all a lift.

I read your book,
I watched your plays,
I even wrote some rhyme
To try to feel
What it is like
To make up words
That chime.

You talk about
Some real fine guys,
Like Oscar and E.Y.,
And Irving and
Cole Porter, too,
Who made us
Laugh and sigh.

Their songs were great,
Just like yours too,
They're known in
Every land,
The finest lines in
All the world,
Which make us feel so grand.

The Ol' Man song,
The rainbow tune,
And Forty-Second Street,
The Broadway melody and more,
They really made some heat.

God Bless the land,
As Miss Smith sang;
My gal, she looked so smart,
On Easter morn
With sonnet on,
She really looked the part.

The Christmas song
That Crosby sang,
It made me want to cry,
And when I heard
Those charming words
I wanted to say hi.

Hi to my mom,
And my dad too,
And to my bro and sis,
And to my pals
When we were kids
And life was truly bliss.

Those days are gone
But not destroyed,
They linger in my mind,
And help me get
Through each tough day
And help me to unwind.

It's really hard sometimes,
You know,
As a guy who knows
Of life,
That often life
Throws us a curve
And cuts us
With a knife.

So, please, I ask,
Keep writing songs
With lovely tunes so nice,
Which say nice things
And make us cheer
And melt away the ice.

You've made for us
A special world
With pencil and a pad,
And for that I say,
In a friendly way,
Thank you, and now
I'm glad.

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