

Moderation

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I met a man
Along the green Caribbean sea
Wearing a collar
Father McDee
Sitting on a stool
Waving at me

Sit down my son
Said he
Patting a stool
Ordered a round
And,
We drank a toast
To him and me

He offered another
To celebrate life
Said he
With his new found
Brother

A long day it was
Of sun
Beer
And jubilation
So,
I said I pass
You know
All things in moderation

Moderation?
He laughed
Life's too short
My son
You have to
Moderate your moderation

Is that so?
I said to him
Tis so
He said to me.

You see
He said
In explanation
We are but a speck of sand
On a sunny beach
In the grand equation

A fine lad you seem
But all work
And little play
You'll wake up too late
And realize
Life's as short
As a December day

Moderation!
He laughed
Life's too short
My son
You have to
Moderate your moderation

So,
We drank another
Toasting him and me
Celebrating life
By the green Caribbean sea

And,
I left the island
With an exclamation

Moderation!
I laughed
Life's too short
You see
You have to
Moderate your moderation
I'm gonna
Moderate my moderation