The Mayor Of Naples Pier

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The Mayor of Naples Pier

I walked down a pier with
A strong and tall man once.
He was bigger than life,
And I was proud to be holding his hand.
And we stopped, of course, to talk
With his friends along the way.

Sometimes it would take almost an hour
To get to the end,
And we'd fish, me and the "Mayor of Naples Pier"
Until it was time to leave again.
And we stopped, of course, to talk
With his friends along the way.

Last spring I walked the beach
With that same man.
We talked about the same things
We always had,
And I was prouder than ever
To hold that man's hand.

It's sad how time can change things
From what they used to be.
What I wouldn't do to see him
Stand again and walk with me.
But, I know in my heart
When I look in his eyes
He's not lost;
He's just far away;
He can remember that pier;
He can remember that beach, and
He can remember those walks
that took all day.

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