

NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE

There's a grief that keeps me woken
It's a pain from night to dawn
Empty bladder three or four times
Restful nights are dead and gone
Doctors talk about ablation
Using heat or laser flame
Promising better tomorrows
But tomorrow never came
From the bedroom to the bathroom
It's like milking a small cow
No more fire hose among us
We're all dribbling now
Oh my friends, my friends forgive me
If my complaints go on too long
There's a grief that can't be spoken
When your streams no longer strong
BPH is at the window
BPH is at the door
Now I find I am unable
Of a night's sleep anymore
Oh my friends, my friends
Don't ask me what all this peeing is for
Advanced age has finally found me
Just don't block the bathroom door.

By Brian Narelle (to the tune of Empty Chairs at Empty Tables. Les Miz)