

# Hold My Hand

*by* Tim G. Young

Billy Joel wants to hold my hand.  
He slipped me a note.  
I can't even sing but he still likes me.  
He said I could touch his microphone.

Finally it was time for the show.  
I was excited.  
He growled like he was looking into my eyes.  
I felt his piano play

I couldn't be still.  
I lost a ring from my finger.  
I was shaking like the devil.  
Music took me in its mouth  
I danced on its lips

Billy Joel dedicated a song to me.  
My voice elevated to a scream.  
I didn't know what song it was.  
I cried and cried.  
He reached out for my hand.

