For God's sake, Newton.- Will you banish this idea of shame.

from that brilliant brain of yours?

Don't talk to me about la-
men-ta-ble cur-ses.__

Don't moan to me a-bout e-

ter-nal shame.__

Don't try to cast their sha-

dows__ o-ver

me.__
One time when I was seventeen

Some buddies and I went out for a drive, Just a bunch of kids having a

high old time across the state line with a case of
It must have been two or three a.m.

When me and a boy came back to my place,

And he and I went up to my room, And he touched me,
and I touched him.

God, what pleasure! God it felt good! No-thing to fear and no one to

molto f

blame. I knew in my heart there was no shame. And I'd guard that
truth every day I'm alive.

I don't mean to say I'm some naive fool.

I play my part, I'm pretty wise. But
I perform awaiting the moment. When I can cast off my disguise, When like in Greece of ancient days, So-ciety comes around and says:
"Love who you want to love,
Love without fear, love without blame."
I know in my heart there is no shame.
And I guard that truth every day I'm alive.
So don't talk to me about lamentable curses.

Don't moan to me about eternal shame. They will never cast their shadow on my way.
So to you, I'm just some haunted ghoul?

I love you, Newton. As a father, as a friend. Friends who live life in a certain way.

Friends with a quest for beauty? Like the Greeks of ancient days.