

**Title : First Lesson**

**Composer : Dick Lee**

**Lyricist : Dick Lee**

Every plan & example, cuts a wound deep inside  
And I smile, but I bite my lip to choke the cry.  
So you say I must listen, keep my ears open wide  
And I seem to be here, but I'm a thousand miles outside  
Remember the old time - only yesterday —  
Conversation came naturally - now what do we say  
We see the point but don't understand  
And nothing works out the way we plan  
So much for rules, the message is plain  
Maybe we should give up playing games  
Every light, every quarrel, brings you closer to me  
And I hurt, but I'm cold so you won't think I feel  
If you muster the courage to approach carefully.  
You might win if you treat the subject very tenderly  
Remember when love came very easily —  
Now we have to be so suspicious of what it can mean  
Why should we care - nobody tries —  
All the old morals don't apply  
So much for love — take it and pay —  
Maybe we can give up playing games  
Take your chance while you don't care  
Take as much as you can bear  
we won't know if we don't try  
See if what we know are lies