

I want to go out on the boat to sea and east to eat my lunch,

The roses need pruning and the business is of the bunch;

I could give reasons, but secateurs in red and pink were hard to pick,

Because the white was the one for the wedding and the wetting.

The marriage between the two was the marlin and the Island betting,

Where you can have a coffee in paradise and roses are in England;

It wasn't Dublin or Belfast but Stradbroke and South America,

Where gold meets the sunshine and the meet, the money in the cup.

If you want to meet me at home, you had better have my card,

To give me a ring or email or find my website and regards;

For the sword will give a cup of coffee out on the water hard,

In a second you maintain it, with all the water off by heart.

And if you want the cup of water, the television or computer.

For a drink from the Holy Grail means that your the right commuter,

And read it right to answer what is written in the light;

For the scar for the car you know was sex and it will sight,

For two hundred was the rule and regulations,

When there is no money, you account to calculate formulations;

You need fifty for the book and have to borrow from a friend,

Because the bank won't buy the bookshop and they have to read and lend.

And if you run or walk, then money is the motor to the motel,

You know that she was married and had no unit to tell;

As you're sister is the answer and you're brother could be as well,

And I am waiting in agony for the partner and property in hell.

**Signed,**

**Do it Properly**

