

No skin off my nose, the race was a dead heat,

The sun was burning brightly and money on the beach;

The train came to the station in the pouring and the rain,

And the reign was black and old and money down the drain.

I had second degree burns on the very tip of my nose,

And the healing ointment wasn't right for the money and the rose;

And people were going off with the race for the Holy Grail,

And the sandstone and headstone were the business of the Grave.

And the reflection on the water as the boat came back to more,

Had burnt the living daylights out of my eye and I not sure;

The marlin was not biting and the kingfish were out to lunch,

And I had a salad roll and chips and water to have munch.

The pilot saw the rubbish and flew off knowing the nose,

And he knew he had cancer on the nose and the nurse a rose;

It was time for the doctor's appointment and dentist wanted truth,

Because the pine forest and the park were coffee and the proof.

So I have got a scar to prove it and whether it heels or not,

Does not really matter because I was naughty and that I got;

For a little two dollar bet was when I could do it again,

And the one that I found was one wrong and right then.

So the healing service mattered and I slept through the whole lot,

And God make little apples and the dam was full of what,

So I put it down on paper with it in the palm of my hand,

And I knew the ring was round like the coin I lost so hard.

**Signed,**

**Smells Right**