

Is it obsolete, is it all electronically now,

Are pen and paper writing down like this on a page;

Or are you reading me however you prefer in print,

The reason for the writing is food and making for the mint.

I've written thousands of pages and am still left a dill,

Chewing things over and not hungry for more than a mill;

It takes a minute to think about it and every second you write,

You want to earn a profit but the bill is getting the prophecy right.

So I write it down on paper now with a pen I thought just how,

For the way to write and win is to be patient like a secret cow;

And the sacred milk is ink in the beauty that you think;

So that to perfect with pen and paper it's an invisible type link.

Now I'm going to bed tonight with my pull to earn a payment,

For this schizophrenic electricity is power to make a pavement;

And I've got to pray to God not to take it as it makes me sick,

Because the problem is the property and it makes me rich and hard to pick.

Now I wonder if I've got it straight because the doctor says get well,

And my business on the computer is poetry and it's hard to tell;

But if I get some sleep at night ill wake up raring to go,

For I can't be rich and sick because I'll be poor and not well you know.

So I live my life in denial because I can't have all I want,

And it would be nice to go out to dinner each night and shout;

Maybe the lunch in the restaurant would always keep me out,

But I stay home and write with pen and paper while everything else I doubt.

Signed,

Par for the course