

Well this weekend I'm down in the Capital,
Where only Canberra can do as Canberra can;
It's not the point to keep repeating yourself,
But to understand the treasure on your shelf.

There is Parliament House both old and new,
And motels galore but they all make me spew;
I arrive just in time for a dance at the ball,
And find out now that there all booked out by them all.

Well I bought a lime coke and ticket to go home,
I think next time I'll fly out on Qantas to Rome;
But for now and the time being I'll rest on the case,
That I can come back later and in that time save face.

I know all the places and how much they did work,
To build this great nation with our Canberra our word;
But who would have thought that there was a spoil sport,
Maybe I should look in the mirror and see what they thought.

I won't let it beat me after so much effort now,
But talk to the treasury and with a live to find how;
For the prime minister must know the importance to time,
That's why I rhyme poetry and why Canberra's this rhyme.

Well thanks very much for a hamburger and trace,
I think the ACT should a launch pad to space;
For the only way to get out of here and never come back,
Is to go beyond the edge of the universe and colour me black.

Signed,

Parsifal Sorry