

I can write something,
I don't know if I can;
If all happened like this,
And fell into the plan.

I stood here with my paper,
And an idea came to mind;
Of all the rules and caper,
That fell into the design.

Now I'm heading back to Sydney,
With news from Port Macquarie;
About all the tribulations,
And all the thoughts that worry.

While I'm here on my vacation,
There couldn't be anything else go wrong;
For I left my ticket in the restaurant,
And thinking music for a song.

Now you're not to be mistaken,
In thinking you don't know;
Because all those thoughts and worries,
Fall in and rhyme onto the flow.

So I'm not that proud to keep,
All the money to myself;
For it's a bit of a Rotarua,
And the motel beat my shelf.

Signed,

Day on Tour

P.S found my ticket and the money was a moto