

At school I would like to eat a salad sandwich or roll,

With ham and egg or lettuce and cheese with teachers on patrol;

But I drank a bit much for five years and ate five dollars with ease,

I ran along the beach for ten years the sand which did always tease.

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The salad sandwich which was my favourite was always fresh to please,

And I liked the vegemite sandwich too, but a bit hard together to squeeze;

Since I was ten or twelve the years have passes by till now,

And I'm reminded of the salad sandwich, but whether the doctor knew how.

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So now the salad sandwich is on the plate with bread and meat,

I don't know the time that I had it, but am willing and raring to eat;

It's as simple as a picnic at a different beach, or place to meet,

And the doctor has stressed the point that a salad sandwich is really neat.

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Two hens or two pens depends on the egg on the roll,

But like salad sandwiches there is meaning to the school role;

To meet up in heaven there will be a salad sandwich to sell,

With meat and salad that the old witch has sold and gone to hell.

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Those lovely ladies in the canteen at school are getting a bit too old,

And God has given up on me as too hard on the gold crust told;

I know he never really gives up so I'll have a salad sandwich just to reach,

And remember the fun on the sand which I run to remind and teach.

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So you have to read between the lines of so much poetry and wines,

For if you think I'm doing it all again have another beer to win;

Because I want a long time and money to get me rich,

But in heaven I'll be happy with just another salad sandwich.

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Signed,

Spirit of Love

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