

I get dressed for the occasion for appropriately to eat away,

So you're ready for breakfast or lunch and dinner at the end of the day;

While they set the table, with table cloth, crockery and cutlery,

Then you find the menu to choose from and order from the butler.

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Start with soup and roll or entre as an appetizer to get you going,

Then the main meal of meat and vegetable from the day of the doing;

Well if there's any room, dessert goes down nicely for after eating,

So now the coffee is for drinking like the diet you're defeating.

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Now I offer up to God a prayer for each and every meal,

And people want to ignore me and they don't care how I feel;

I love to give thanks a lot even when it's cold or it is hot,

For it's really nice and reminds me of things I have forgot.

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I love the food to eat but I must remember all my manners,

For eating rude and quickly is not how we have for planners;

So digestion is done slowly and it takes a while to pass it all out,

So the time you take for eating you can sleep without a doubt.

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So the banquet tables set and the lamb is on the spit,

The pig is in the middle, we're all to eat of it;

The vegetables and the salad are served well perfectly on time,

As dessert is slowly making it's way and arriving while I rhyme.

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Now I hope you see the sense in writing down all of this,

Because it's better to eat a meal when hot for her and his;

If you can understand the intelligence reading eating lines,

I'll give you something to finish by resigning from the designs.

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Signed,

Ate and eight!

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