

The five star motel is the best resort,
Luxury laid on your island paradise;
Banquets fit for heaven forever,
Life at its best, does not get better than that.

The five star motel has leather lounges,
Satin sheets upon the bed;
Croqueted lace table cloths,
With the finest silver cutlery.

All to be capped off by foyer in heaven,
And to expect service at its best;
A exotic food to die for, eating out by the island pool,
The result of hard work for the elite upper crust.

The marina and the bar by the island lagoon,
Sea planes and airport, golf course and the rest;
Lay back and indulge in the rest you paid for,
By the second bar and tropical pool.

Seafood banquets and indulgence is a self thing,
A restaurant fit for a king or God;
And the treasures of the island paradise are free,
To think and live to eat and win.

The five star motel on our island tropical resort,
Is an island in the sun where oceans seem to never end;
Light through the coconut trees, islands drinks to sip in paradise,
For the thoughts of heaven, never seeming to think twice.

Well home again we go after spending all we can,
A new sense of heaven and a new found friend,

Love is really now all left far behind,
With the tropical paradise memory in mind.

Signed,

The best is left unsaid.