

How to get on it,
How to get off it;
Too many on it,
What about the profit.

The pension did shine,
With bread and with wine;
A pill's all it cost,
With the thought of the loss.

I put it all down,
In verse and in rhyme;
No need to rehearse,
All in good time.

The problem was paid,
By pen and in pain;
As the wind changed direction,
All was in vain.

This ink and the price,
Was like melt in the ice;
As the sun beamed down,
Each pen wrote the town.

So now the meaning to this,
Is if you're not well you are his;
And the pension is paid,
To these sick, tired and made.

Signed,

Grade and Waylaid