

The painful points of Parsifal as looks unto the cross,

For all he's ever wanted was the suffering cup of his real boss;

And Christ is always so very beautiful to him in a messianic way,

That he could find hope in the achievement of winning at end of day.

And heaven is the direction from his world of hell and constant sin,

Where the money pays for peanuts because of all the cash he wants to win;

He tries his God dam heart for a slap in the face or kick in the teeth,

But there's no sense in the grave so he sets out to keep above from beneath.

Now the dentist and the doctor have clean water from the tap,

But their smarter with the money and the mark they got for that,

And a drink is very nice to have but the cost is more than water,

But the water is the drink to have if you have to bring up your daughter.

Well he's a man who wants a drink and it's eternal life and water,

And the world goes on and around like any fine supporter;

If sports the thought money the bet of whether to gamble win and lose,

For when you're Parsifal you want the money and you can't even choose.

Now if the team wins you'll be the queen and she has all the reigns,

Until the king is rained upon them she'll need all of the brains;

As the lines go down upon the page the lions are bound to win,

For if you're Parsifal yourself the chances are that the Christians sin.

So help me now I ask of above n a prayer of constant pain,

Give me enough to write my nooks and print and publish to pay;

The funny part with Parsifal is that he's a myth and has to eat,

Like any smith in days gone b who belt metal standing on his feet.

Signed,

If only I were a rich man