

Well you're right I like to write you're wrong I like it long,

So when I write it wrong it rights itself onto a song;

This poem I know and just like to write it right then,

Is right and wrong and juist how long was it I wrote write when.

Well it's written write well into the night and the knight is right pen,

From my hand unto the land and I race it wrong and write then;

Now the right to write is back to front and it write it right,

For when until then it writes it's right and wrong what I write.

With hand on cheek and pen in hand from left to right it's write,

My left hand down on the page from cheek to cheek ahead right;

So I write it wrong to write the wrong for a while wrong time,

And life is long from left to right where from left to write will rhyme.

With pen to right to write along in which I hold it in my hand,

From where I start to when I finish it will cross the Rio Grand;

Like Niagara Falls on tight rope line the type is type of iron,

That he with main and she remain the lions and mess of crime.

So I write it wrong from where I belong and somehow it is right,

For in the way I do it all comes try and see it in the right light;

For right of way is the wrong way write to right at you're delight,

As the fine design is the right line and the lion is wrong to write.

Now at the end of the poem in time to rhyme is the end of line,

Down the page I wrote an age of years so wrong and fine;

So now it's right to write wrong and right and write it right,

For she was the lioness who wrote wrong right and it's how I see to write.

**Signed,**

**Long Right**