

Well I was light years ahead of myself and behind the times,

I was studying management for years and wrote poetic rhymes;

It was all ancient days where everything was best off ruined,

Now I look to the stars and become constellations for years roomed.

Woven in the words I talk of clothes both bought and sold,

Where everything of value us really worth only silver and gold;

They dig mines for everything and monies the jewels and gems,

And you wear and wear them everywhere till the ware backward stems.

So then when heaven and hell are everywhere, everything hurts,

And paradise and perfection are really a very beautiful curse;

As seconds tick by and minutes pass, the hours take up the day,

To fill the weak and make the months so years turn to decades away.

As leadership leads to organization and communication is par for the course,

The coarse and abrasive literature swears black and blue from the source;

With a sort of sauce turning from a pie to a plot, we remember well,

All the magnificent flying we did around the world to speak and tell.

For management is a matter of memory that time and money try,

To buy and sell products that information must be right not to die;

And as it flows from generators to generations down along the line,

The lion gets hungry anyway and needs food to feed itself and incline.

Well as things get washed and cleaned and the weather is so fine,

You can get away with nearly anything but bring the clothes off the line;

For when everything is right somehow something just must go wrong,

And that's managements job to fix it no matter how much or how long.

**Signed,**

**We did it**