

Apparently you don't didn't hear me,
Sit down and write it now;
I'm not in the mood for any carol,
My name's Darel and I wear apparel.

Well apparel of you can say it,
Will cost you the earth;
For every stitch saved in time,
Really make none worth.

Apparel if you can hear me,
It's God's name in vain;
To all of those poor people,
Who the rich always blame.

Well now if you read me,
You will know all is well;
Because I'm on my way to New Zealand,
When I get to Auckland I'm able to tell.

That the word in life called zillionaire,
Is all I can make;
To keep this word turning,
And be able to take.

For life is not a certainty,
Unless there is prayer for apparel;
Because all the parables are parallel,
And that makes me Darel.

Signed,

Parsifal