

I was trying to count the soap as there was hope for the obsolete,

The obstetrician spoke to the pediatrician of the soap joke to organise;

The leadership was fit for it going down the toilet out to sea,

So I had to take a pill for that before it would destroy me,

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Well cleanliness is next to godliness, so I had to speak up to say,

That the manufactures challenge was for the brand name to change today;

You can model it on a catwalk and the dog will bark and won't pay,

For the beauty is in the smell of it, in a kind of old fashioned way.

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Now we all had to cope with what we saw, as some will swear to it,

And was out there mouths with suds because birds are not a twit;

It is sweet to eat a cake and mistake it like paper for the scissors,

As you butter up the bread and use a wooden spoon for the dishes.

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Now it's rock hard to detect the material they use is to clean with,

A piece of soap is new and the pills are just a piece of cake too;

I want to get some sleep at night but know I must be clean,

Pure and holy in the sight of God to dream a shower and mean.

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Well the icing is on the cake and the cream and jam are in the middle,

And you had to wash your hands first and the cake of soap will riddle;

So we know we have to hope and cope the pope is not a dill,

For he'll have time for sex and sin when he's sleeping on the pillow.

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Now there's different kinds of soups and now she will know the difference,

I will know the different companies but the countries are difficult;

So the cash is up for grabs and the coin and note need no account,

For the dope that had the soap business knew a widdle and a diddle.

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Signed,

Not Much Sense.