

Well I wasn't lucky with the numbers tonight, for words beat me,

So I guess there is a reason, for the comprehension we'll see;

There should be a technical explanation why there's no answer,

When I asked for the money and I can't comprehend the chances.

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The numbers mean something to each and every one of us you know,

So God supplied the numbers his way to satisfy the other to grow;

I read so much now I can't comprehend how many words I've read,

My last count was about five hundred million all gone and led.

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So there seems to be some need for understanding comprehension,

Which I think means explaining yourself in words for apprehension;

As you write along the line forming and shaping sentences,

Literally challenging and verbally attacking people for offences.

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So I write the wrongs I can and read it again as right.

And the only trouble that I have is seeing it clear in the light;

For if my faith was where my mouth was whenÂ pen would hit the paper,

Writing down the things I did, that were wrong and that's the caper.

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So I have the capability to comprehend the lot but it isÂ hard,

And the idea is to elaborate on comprehension, not disregard;

Now I hope I'm making sense as cents is all I seem to make,

In need of some juicy story and woman to love and take.

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It's all a fairly tall order for the comprehensionÂ in aÂ rhyme,

When it's usually told as fably, to beÂ factually just in time;

For when there's something wrong with the right, you have toÂ write it,

And now at the end of the poem, can youÂ please comprehend I quit?

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Signed,

The truth of it.