

Well who is welcome to sweep up the crumbs under his table,

Was it I who made the mess or is that just some kind of fabel;

Some label you are trying to pin on me, but it won't work this time,

Because with the bread and the biscuit, it is a bit of a tall story in rhyme.

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A billion little biscuits and the bread is money made of doe,

But they are sweeter for eating after the baking in making now;

Well one will make you rich and the other make you very poor,

For all the wealth is in the health and selling, for each pour.

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Now make up your mind just for yourself or you'll be rottenly ruined,

With the little tea or coffee we drink with German bread is in the brain, rained;

For the luxury of everything is broken by the downpour on the train,

Because the cat has got your tongue and the cart was put before the horse in vain.

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Now with bread and biscuits, it is really a nice way to relax,

While the big companies are baking them, Mum put businesses to tax;

Because they got the recipe passed down along the lines of time,

And Dad ate the profits, while God was the prophet of rhyme.

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So give the biscuits to Santa Claus and Bunnies at Easter time,

Because he ate the cookies and drank the milk in prime mime;

For bread and biscuits were tradition since the very first year,

Since candy and cake were baked and we all forgot the fear.

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So next time you go to the shop and buy yourself a packet of biscuits,

Remember they don't grow on trees like money for the washing basket;

For the dough has got to be baked daily and they get up before dawn,

So thank you mum and dad for bread and biscuits and God will have a yawn.

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Signed,

Yes you are.