

(It's Mom's Fault)

ALL MY LIFE IT SEEMS, I'VE WANTED TO BE
A PURVEYOR OF REAMS OF POETRY
IT ALL STARTED WHEN I WAS ABOUT NINE
MOM RHYMED HER CONVERSATION WITH MINE
WE'D GO ON FOR DAYS AT A TIME
WHATEVER WE SAID IT WAS SAID IN RHYME.
IT GOT TO BE SO MUCH FUN
WE'D DO IT WITH EVERYONE.
EVEN NOW THAT I'M AN OLD TIMER
I STILL LIKE TO BE KNOWN AS A RHYMER

I ASKED THE PUBLISHER IF SHE KNEW THIS
WHEN I SAID I WANTED TO DO THIS
SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T SEE ANY HARM
SO I QUIT TWISTING HER ARM!

SOOOOO, WITHOUT FURTHER ADO
I HEREWITH SHARE SOME WITH YOU.
AND IF YOU FIND THEM AWFUL, WHAT CAN I SAY
EXCEPT A GUY DON'T GET A CHANCE LIKE THIS EVERY DAY!