

I think I'll have a drink,

And write it down in ink;

It's thirsty weather and comes naturally,

And whether you think it out rationally.

Must people have something alcoholism

But I usually drink water spasmodically,

Now I am drinking ice tea, continually,

With all the flavours systematically.

I stop for a breath and a smell of the ink,

For another sip of tea and casual think;

A rose would be nice but sour and stink,

And I'd worry if it was red or yellow or pink.

When there's so many dinks to choose from,

And the top shelf is full of the unusually;

And whether they're drunk abusively,

Which picks and chooses abrasively.

So I don't think I'll have a drink of the ink,

But might surprise you with a new kind of drink;

And you can taste and try and drink all you like,

But don't whine to the wife about the colour of life.

Why complain when you want to be rich,

Why drink when all you need is a stitch;

Why want money when all you need is time,

To pay for the problem when the property does rhyme.

Signed,

The smell of it