

The courts got a declaration order for the establishment,

And I've got to catch up with the proclamation statement;

I'm all court up in the logical progression and procession of things,

Because I have to catch up with the past and proceed with rings.

It's been a long while since she came around to talk to me,

And the years have gone by and I'm starting again to be free;

Just wait and see what she has got to say for herself now,

As I'm leaning that with patients all of your dreams can come true.

Court up in the seventh heaven and sitting alone on cloud nine,

The catch up is in the writing as it's going down along the line;

And there's movement at the station that the weather will be fine,

The word to place and country as the train fits in with design.

Now there's plenty in the asking and it seems to take a lot of a time,

But it's flowing nice and freely as we catch up in the rhyme;

And the beauty of the law is the legality that must be life,

For the more you want to pay, the more upstream for your wife.

So now we're playing catch up as we frequently do or do not call,

That the reunion of the mother and child is turning us nearly all;

And the precious undertaking of passing from death to life is sin,

Meaning the money is on the table for nearly any good to win.

Well the measure takes priority as all things go into proportion,

For the majesty of reigning is a course without distortion;

So the wage is on the horse for the current champion to win,

And all that can be beaten must be out of the house and in the bin.

**Signed,**

**A piece of cake**