

I had to write a paper on paper because of course,

You need a writing material and it's a limited resource;

Money grows on trees you say well I've got news for you,

Because money's made of paper out of trees cut down brand new.

And you can wipe your bottom clean with it and flush it away,

Down the toilet to be recycled these days when old was grey;

And you print on it whatever you need and whatever comes to mind,

But if you write on a piece of toilet paper ill tell it's not mine.

You can't flush everything down the toilet with God there's hell to pay,

And people are doing it all day and it always goes their way;

But here on my piece of paper this is going down all right,

Because I'm certainly sure it's good enough to always find a bit more.

So now I'm up to tell you that the paper is the news today,

And all the words that's wasted can be pasted another way,

For this might be electronic to some as a paper on the screen,

And that can go down the toilet because it simply doesn't mean.

But I have my way of doing it and you really must have your own way,

Because this has got to be typed by someone who needs what I owe;

And if it's me or you then you will understand what I write,

But other people have their own way and I won't know if it's right.

Well now this piece of paper is a poem of rhyming poetry,

And the trick to it this time is that first I signed the paper;

Because the poem I wrote before this one I stood up to write,

As I didn't know whether I could do it again so now I sit tight.

Signed,

Sit down and write it