

A hamburger or Pizza or Hotdog or maybe Fish and Chips,

Hungry as a horse and you could eat it without it touching your lips;

Talk about eating, is this really what life's all about,

It's food and it's growing and being bred for human life's to consume.

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It's making my mouth water just to think about such lovely things,

I'm developing new taste buds for the joy that it all brings;

It's a kind of a passion and a real delectable delight,

A delicacy to swallow as it goes down to your stomach just right.

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I'll offer up a prayer to God who cares about our health,

Nutrition and dieting and turns the business into wealth;

You have to have faith to get the food cooked and ready to eat,

So you can sit down and enjoy it and take the weight off your feet.

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The thing for the chef who cooks is nutritional perfection,

Thinking back to mum who looked after me with each daily selection;

The kitchen rules are kept as the courses are all prepared,

It's the food on the table and your starvation satisfied is cared.

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Three meals a day and a snack if you're still feeling famished,

Skip a meal if you like but if you upset the cook, you'll be banished;

The dishes are all done when it's all gone and you're happily finished,

And put away in the cupboard for the new day from old we relinquish.

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From the supermarket to the restaurant or to café and takeaway,

The thing with the food is it's got to all go in one day;

But more is shipped in and bought as required to be replenished,

So the plate has readily got food on it and you'll live well royal English.

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Signed,

Another Language

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