

World cup finals in swimming events, Fast race times and finishing them; Presentations for the winners and losers,
Medals awarded and gridders and choosers.

Relaxation at the end of the day,

A cup of hot chocolate to sip and say;

Perhaps another swim in the pool,

As the sun has set into the moonlight cool.

It's a romantic feeling such a time as this,

A cuddle up in the water and beautiful kiss;

A scratch on the back or stroke of bliss,

The magic of meaning revealed through his.

A millionaire made up his mind tonight,

Of what was true and really in the light;

A walk in the park after it all,

Through the rose garden of sweetness to sit by the wall.

And into the night went the whole world of sin,

The glorious beauty of the meet and the win;

And to answer it all was the time well in sight,

Of the stillness of water and it's tranquility right.

So as the two lovers in perfect new eyes,

Will unfold and discover the year it there wise;

For loveliness is but a moonlight swim in the pool,

As surely as Parsifal lives he playing the fool.

Signed,

One more clip