

Parsifal wins provincial races give or take a city with a bet,

Proving he has the ability to provincially stay out of debt or his bed;

He's such a lonely chappy so caught up and influence by himself,

That one might lead him up the garden path where he faces lonely death.

But take courage does he with an area to each knee, need a little pill,

That will make him a little bit smarter than others because he was a dill;

And it's an each way bet dead heat result that burns his little nose,

As up to the corner he goes to buy the paper and then smell a rose.

Parsifal prove provincially the each area is a real dare and challenge,

As he travels city streets in a car or on his feet, for went the worth of chalice;

And study he may and read all he likes to write the very next verse,

For money will come at the end of the day as time, rhymes it's curse.

So it's probably early to call the shots and the problem is really to pay,

For the property all the proverbs were about, seems to be going it's own way;

But write the next line he really must do as preferably for right,

For the provincial proverbial policies point to Parsifal's perfect plight.

Now hands on head or hands on heart he must to quickly dart,

For the games he plays in the proverbial way really are quite smart;

Now provincially the borders are enough worth at the end of the day,

To keep him quiet and content, to sleep and awake to rediscover away.

The city has lights which dazzle at night to lead Parsifal astray,

But here what you want for the provincial cup is always enough to say;

So the promise is there, the cup he will bare, to suffer a little for God,

For after all he's been through, it's what's provincial will do, nothing left that's odd.

Signed,

Movement May