

Well I write pages full of lines to fill up books,

And it takes time and makes money for the cost of looks;

And go along the lines in words to go down pages;

And you need to read to write and it takes right ages.

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Now I've got no idea just what is going to happen next,

It's just a matter of dialogue and written down in text;

It's just the stage I'm going through to end up on a page,

And every word and letter is just some indication and gauge.

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So it's just a matter of fact if anything really means that,

And the truth of the question is whether I can take off my hat;

I'm a little bit sick and tired and fed up not sleeping,

From all these would be robbers like wolves in sheep's clothes creeping.

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So if you've got the time please sit down and read these lines,

On pages black and white that will mean the throne with lions;

For the books that come and go and add up amounting on the shelf,

Are simple for all the readers who really like to be themself.

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Now all this is going down the page and ending up in pages,

For many people to read and hopefully pay me wages;

I'm not now really very happy at constantly remaining free,

But freedom is what we have and its good enough for you and me.

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So the cost amounts astronomically and it's hard to pay the price,

But it's really quite a luxury and it's something very nice;

For to have the pleasure and privilege of something you can read,

Is you have to know a writer and all the pages that they lead.

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Signed,

I did it my way.