

Well let's waste the day however we like,
Who really cares and who'll go on strike;
Past times are pleasures for all to enjoy,
Like stamps and coins or buying a toy.

These games that we play are they really that bad,
Are the intimidated someone or mating them sad;
Well that's not the problem with past times you see,
The thing is having them and remembering how happy you be.

Now I'm not quite a kill joy or stick in the mud,
But tremble at times when I think I'm a stud;
For past times are really and just dying to be used,
And they're easy to love and a challenge to be confused.

So past times are not a thing to avoid,
So but keep people working and employees employed;
I won't let the sun go down without a thought ,
And I'll kill and never abort.

But the one thing in life that must come to an end,
Is the truth that a pastime must be given a friend;
For past times are best when they're had on your own,
And are stopped dead when you answer the phone.

It's now that I realise what I a past time view had,
With all of these joys others thought were bad;
We'll have to admit that this is what's right,
When are favourite past times just pass in the night.

Signed,

Wasted away