

Once upon a time in the life of God,
A squirrel was born and nothing was odd;
In the land where he lived people arrived,
And the squillionaire was named from water deprived.

A squillionare you say who could be so rich,
That blew every glob though the spirit as switch;
Million, then billion, then trillion, quadrillion and zillion,
At last came the word we now call a squillion.

This little animal which ate nuts and drank water,
Breathed air and climbed trees just as he ought to;
A squillionaire is a figure that can never be cashed,
Just waiting for the fellow to go to out of space.

There's really no point or sense in it all,
As the world goes around as a big spinning ball;
And who would take notice of something so small,
Yet as humble as an animal who can't answer your call.

The cute little fellows but that's not what's wrong,
They don't have any money and they cant sing a sing;
So a squillionaire is derived from the heart of the squirell,
The number one with twenty on naughts in scribble.

So if you write it you'd better watch out,
Because you can't count the coins or breathe without doubt;
Even if water molecules were enough to live on,
How would your lungs last through every drink under the sun.

Signed,

One more think