

Excuse me this does not compute as it's ink from a pen,

I'll have to of completed the computation now then and again;

Computers seem to always know just when you say when,

But they have as much trouble reproducing themselves than a chicken and a hen.

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The man has to beat the computer not a computer beat a man,

And the women wants the words to come and put her in the plan;

In fact it's quite silly and disturbing to think of it as hers and his,

But to really fowl things up it requires a computer to perfect this.

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If we're both sitting down together sharing the same things,

Reading or writing on a computer and the typing gives it's stings;

You had better get out of bed for it because the work has to be done,

Or you're ignorant to the fact that computers can't be fun.

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So when it comes to money you had better have faith in the account,

For computers really add up quickly and they're all starting to amount;

Now a complete malfunction of the system will really rough things up,

Just like the Holy Grail of ages is in the grave, there is a cup.

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So really we must face it that people need to pay the way,

And working on a computer is seemingly continuous all of the day;

The world turns around as one to ten planets go around the sun,

If it's minor or it's major the computer will pick it up who won.

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Now I ask you a stupid question is a computer smarter than you,

Or are you like me a writer who is author to and has to be true.

If the original idea of the computer would never end in time,

Just how long will it live and let me like you rhyme crime.

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**Signed,**

**The Computer.**