

# Deadline

Why does the word "deadline", start with a word called dead,  
Should you live all your working life, in a fearful dread?  
Maybe you will lose your precious job, your family won't be fed,  
But who put this grave thought, inside your human head?

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There was a time before Fianna Fail, had a prosperous Celtic tiger,  
And very rich men with subtle pen, were trading Bonds insider,  
But who has lost and what's the cost? to the Irish Man provider,  
He's lost his way and who can say, but money is a divider !

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With heartfelt truth, you spend your youth, trying to get rich,  
But yes my friend, it will be your end, and that's the fatal glitch,  
You toil and pursue, the greed in you, and then you start to twitch,  
Your brain in pain, it starts to strain, and then the fatal switch

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So now you don't like Mondays, you just sit and stare,  
Yes my friend in the end, your reward a four wheeled chair,  
So when you hear of " Deadlines", please my friend beware,  
The well-heeled boss does not a give a toss, as he lives without a care !



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Burt what do I know and can I show, the way to a new found wealth,

Yes my friend in the end, it's just your own good health,

So on your bike, or take a hike, it will decide what you are dealt,

Your greed will heal, and reveal, how Irishmen once had felt !

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