

Fiona Buzz Fit

Today I joined Old Orwell , on a hardy frost filled day,
Embarked on a brand new journey, Fitness was the way,
I spoke to a man called Nigel, it was Orwell I would join,
So far so good he understood, everything was going fine

I asked the cost no time was lost a 100 euro paid,
My name was told the ticket sold,, the fitness seeds were laid,
But now the crap and here's the rap, Fiona was on the scene,
What she said next would have you vexed and turn a shade of green,

With arrogant shout she let it out " Buzz Fit " was the clubs new name.
You're not welcome here, She says sincere, If Buzz Fit is not the game,
But I only smiled because she was riled, and I was still the same,
I'll take no rule from a female fool, no matter what her fame

So I'm signed up for Orwell Club, as always it was known,
But in my mind the right of reply , the seeds already sown,
Her control of me will never be, I'll always be my own
Boss of George you see with fun and glee, her arrogance was already shown.



You know its gas, But she's so crass it shows in her fat class,
And she may gloat but she'll also bloat, as Fiona our Orwell Lass
And I don't care and I will share the wisdom of the mass
She can take " Buzz " Fit and it will permit, and SHOVE it up her Ass.
