

Heidi

These crazy old thoughts just started to flow,
So then I just thought - well I'll give it a go,
In George's mind's eye , the picture did grow
Just what did happen - here's what I know.

In Coman's old pub - well what better place
A rare old establishment Charlie did grace,
Heidi was all dressed up but not in white lace,
Charlie discussing the whole human race.

When George arrived it was just after ten,
Well Charlie was cock and Heidi the hen,
Mutual admiration was at it again.
The only question would she say when ?

We all had a few drinks – maybe just eight.
Then the next one arrived - now it's too late,
The last bend was rounded into the straight,
What happened next - Only God can relate.

A scroll of parchment with text on it. The scroll is unrolled and held by wooden rods at the top and bottom. The parchment is yellowed and has some cracks. The text is written in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

Charlie's a big lad- well you know just tall,
But the bigger they are the harder they fall,
Our Charlie proved it , to both one and all,
First came the walking , then came a crawl.

He used his nose, to prevent himself falling.
At this stage - the ground was just calling,
Yes my friends , the story 's enthralling,
And all of this, for his sweet darling.

The story's been told , well just as a token,
And Charlie's nose , well it's just broken
All of these words are just truly spoken,
It's a pity my friend - As she was just jokin'
