

Bed

O how well I do remember
the mis'ry of a cold November.
A month of gray and chill and dread
I will chose to stay in bed.

Let the world roll in its slime,
I'd rather pick a warmer clime.
Where the rest of the world will never tread
you'll find me in my cozy bed.

Pull the blankies way up tight
I don't care if it's day or night.
And once again hear what I've said
I'm staying in my comfy bed.

I've always found when in duress
I do my best on a firm mattress.
I'll find a book that I've not read.
Stake my claim right here in bed.

You may opt for the world at large.
To stake your claim and lead the charge.
But soon you'll lose and you'll be dead
I'll pay my respects right here in bed.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday too
I'm horizontal the whole week through.
It's to this scene that I am wed,
comfy cozy in my bed.