

Table manners

I watched an old man eating dinner,
Getting gravy all over his face,
He had bits of old pie in his pockets
And ketchup all over the place.

His trousers were covered in custard,
The turnups were full of roast lamb,
And his shirt front was more like a sandwich,
With a thick layer of butter and jam.

His socks were all splattered with soup stains,
And his shoes smelled of cabbage and peas.
He had yesterday's yolk on his elbows,
And meatballs months old on his knees.

I mentioned all this to my mother,
His manners were really quite bad,
But she said I should mind my own business,
And not be so rude about Dad.