

In the West African Desert

In the desert
you can get no peace
for the "Bonjour Monsieur" never cease,
the dust and sand makes you sneeze,
the dates taste like frozen peas,
there's nothing worse than goat's cheese,
the police are hard to please,
the camels are full of fleas,
the flies endless bzzz bzzz,
the hee-haw of the donkeys,
and sleep on greasy sheep fleece,
on nights that are deep freeze.

There's no belly dancers doing strip tease
demonstrating the birds and the bees
while giving a delectable squeeze
and pretending to be your niece.

You spend money like it grows on trees

It brings you to your knees.

But otherwise it's a breeze

Just drink plenty of mint teas

(With Apologies, 2012)