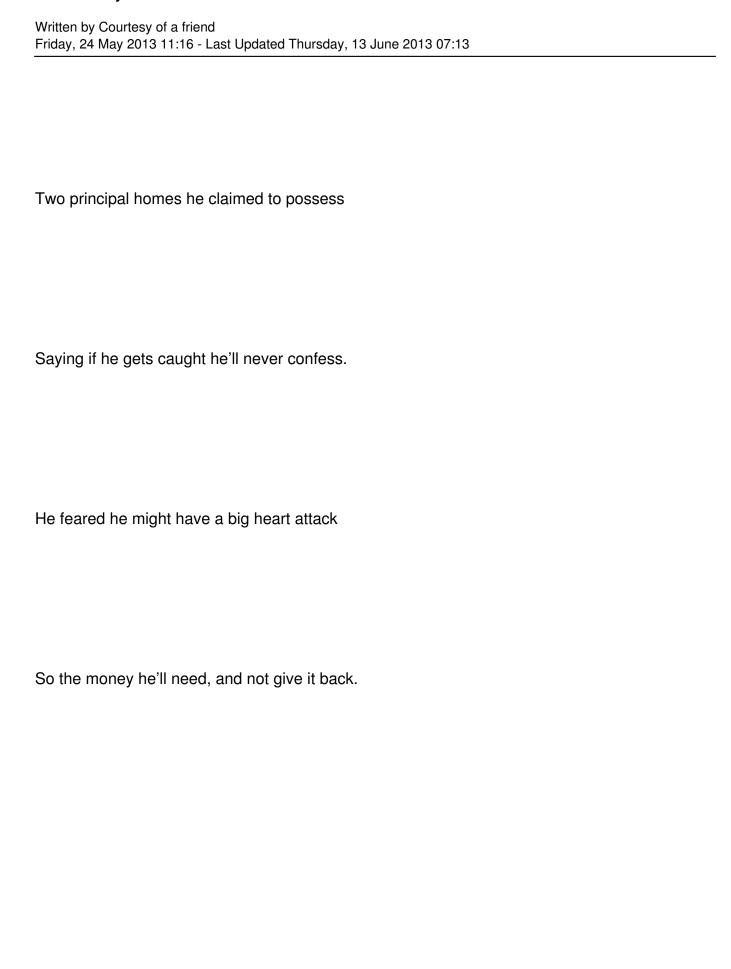


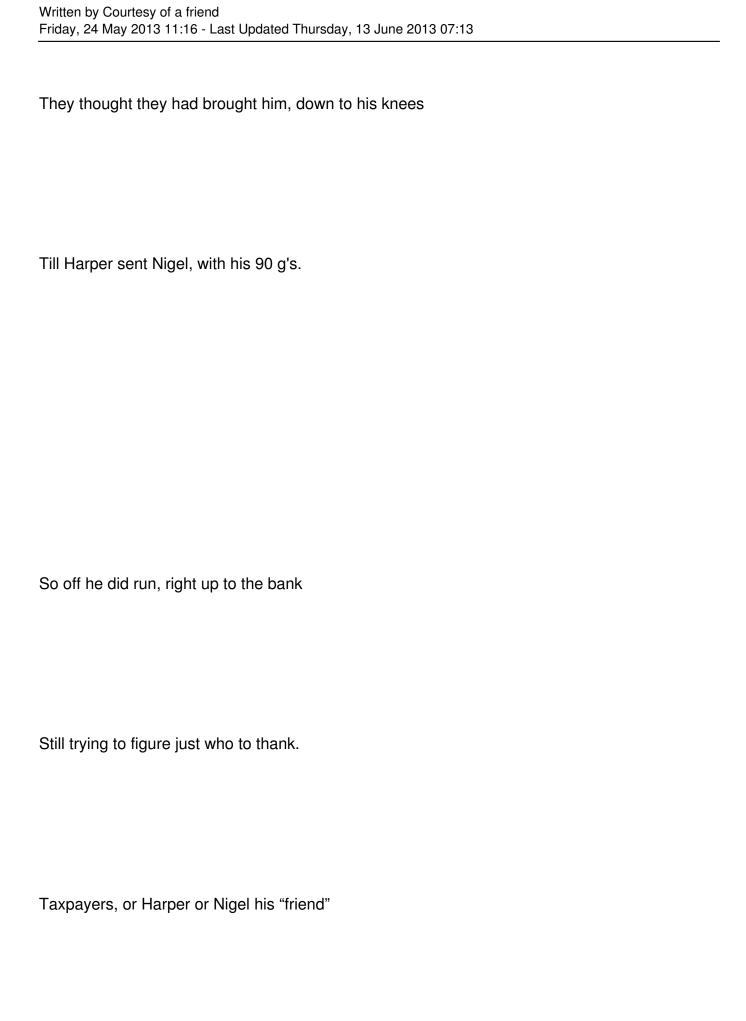


Written by Courtesy of a friend Friday, 24 May 2013 11:16 - Last Updated Thursday, 13 June 2013 07:13
So back to the trough to try to get more
Said to his wife "We'll never be poor"
The rules are unclear and colleagues so dumb
The falce are unclear and concagace to damp
From PEI, I'll tell them I'm from.



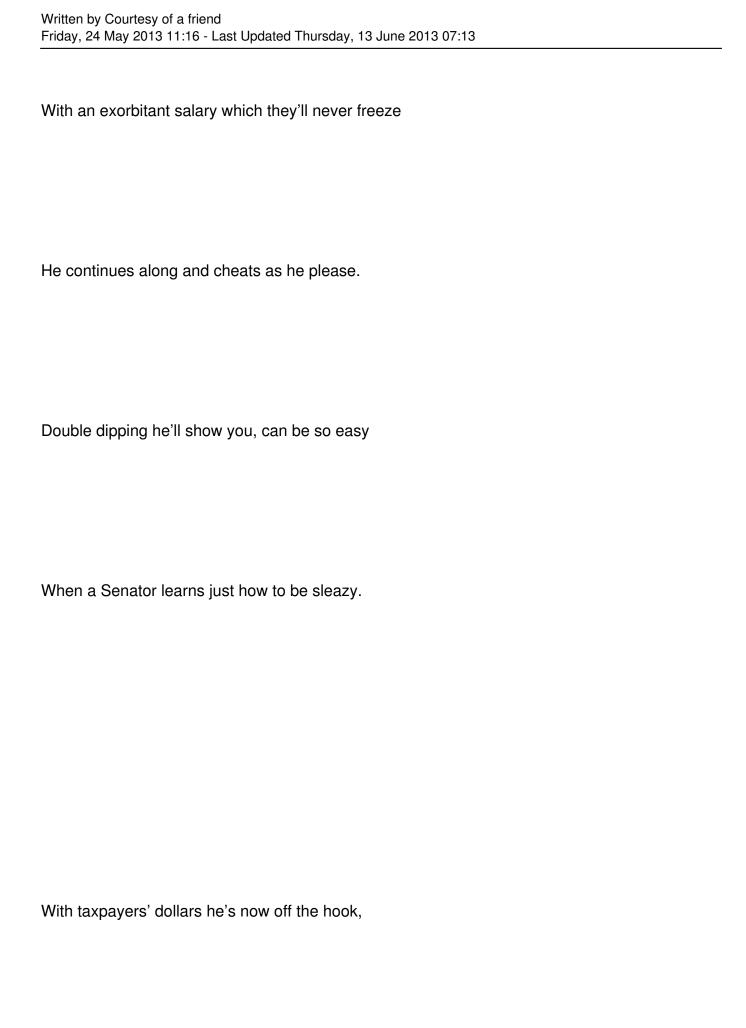
Written by Courtesy of a friend Friday, 24 May 2013 11:16 - Last Updated Thursday, 13 June 2013 07:13
Then along came that scoundrel, Robert S. Fife
His nosing around upset Fluffy's life.
He blabbed to the world, Fluffy's nothing but dirt
And God only knows how much that hurt.
He prodded and poked, and gossip he bought











Written by Courtesy of a friend Friday, 24 May 2013 11:16 - Last Updated Thursday, 13 June 2013 07:13
And he'll make some more money when he publishes a book.
And it's onward and upward, he'll never be blue
As he continues his game and make fools out of you.
You can't kiss him goodbye while he's still alive
Until of course, when he's seventy-five.



Written by Courtesy of a friend Friday, 24 May 2013 11:16 - Last Updated Thursday, 13 June 2013 07:13
So, unless you're a Tory, go directly to hell.
(Courtesy of a friend)