

# RIVINGTON SPYKE

"MR. GRUESOME"

IT'S  
POETRY  
TIME  
AGAIN!

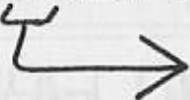
He'll borrow off his mates,  
And never pay them back,  
He's always got the things  
That they always seem to lack,  
More jam than Hartleys,  
Girls by the dozen,  
A Rembrandt hanging in the hall  
Off his dear departed cousin;  
Well cut clothes,  
His fingers filled with rings,  
Drawers full of girlie mags,  
And other sexist things,

A regular Mr.Gruesome,  
Whose teeth are filled with gold,  
He's got shares in foreign oil fields,  
Just waiting to be sold,

A bank account that bulges,  
A safe that's full of jewels,  
There's only one thing he now wants,  
And that's to win the pools,  
A trip to daddy's restaurant,  
Expensive,- but it's posh,  
He says,"I've had to use the Bentley  
Because the Rolls is in the wash,"  
He's got some alligator shoes,  
They make him look real snappy,  
They're a shade of bizz mark brown,  
Like the contents of a nappy,

A regular Mr.Gruesome,  
This is what is told,  
If his blood is solid silver,  
Then his shxt is solid gold!

J.G.SPOILS  
AT THE  
GAIETY



THE GAIETY 23<sup>RD</sup> AUGUST

