

## Second Letter Home

Marti Webb

Mum, I know you'll think I'm potty  
But at last I think I've found him  
He's young but he's mature  
And you will love him I can tell  
He says one day we'll marry  
And I don't think I should rush him  
But if he gets his skates on  
We can have some kids as well

There are lots of things I miss, mum  
No-one makes a normal sandwich  
You need Goliath's mouth to eat  
The ones New Yorkers buy  
I long to find a drink  
That hasn't got an ice cube in it  
And for an English sausage  
I swear I would gladly die

Anyway, as I was saying  
He just can't sit still a minute  
He's not like Neville Braithwaite  
This one likes to dance all night  
He does a lot of travelling  
And when he goes I miss him  
For once I think it's safe to say  
I'm doing something right.