

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.