

Idle Thoughts
I want to live to Christmas

I WANT to live to Christmas,
I said on New Year's Day.
I'll take the pills to kill my ills
And help me on my way.

I want to live to Christmas.
There'll be no looking back.
Vitamin B and Omega 3
Will keep me right on track.

I want to live to Christmas,
And so take up my quest.
I find no shocks in my Thyroxine
And will pursue the rest.

I want to live to Christmas.
In this I face no fear.
Who gives a damn? Citalopram
Will put me in the clear.

I want to live to Christmas.
My goal is getting close.
And now I've seen Felodipine
I have a daily dose.

I want to live to Christmas,
But don't like what's required.
I've had my fill of Ramipril.
It's left me uninspired.

I want to live to Christmas,
Though sickness comes in bouts –
And when I tried Furosemide
Was when I had my doubts.

Idle Thoughts

I planned to live to Christmas,
But then – would you believe? –
I took a gram of Naxopram
And died on Christmas Eve.
