

Idle Thoughts

Public Corporations

ADMITTEDLY, we see all sorts,
Trying hard to get a tan,
Holidaying when they can —
But who is Nature's also-ran?
An Englishman in shorts.

Whose bulging front is out of sorts,
A sagging centrepiece encased
Unsightly, tightly, all unbraced —
Good living gone, alas, to waist?
An Englishman in shorts.

Who's the last of all resorts,
Pasty, pudgy, to be found
Bravely bare-kneed all around,
When good taste has run aground?
An Englishman in shorts.

Who for dress sense just scores noughts,
Knock-knees nicely to the fore,
Socks six inches high or more,
Sweating well from every pore?
An Englishman in shorts.

And what is the eternal plan,
Preordained and in the stars,
Guaranteed the thing that mars
Other people's time in bars?
Shorts inside an Englishman.
