

## *Idle Thoughts*

### *Singing in the Shower*

WHY do I *sing* in the shower?  
It's something I've wondered for years.  
I trill with the best,  
Like something possessed,  
The moment the spray hits my ears.

Why do I *sing* in the shower?  
They are not mellifluous tones,  
But I always cope  
With a soap on a rope  
With reflex regrettable groans.

Who do I *sing* in the shower?  
I simply don't know what I'm at.  
I imitate birds  
But I don't know the words,  
And if I'm not sharp, then I'm flat.

Why do I *sing* in the shower?  
All passers-by know that it's me.  
They're caught on the raw  
By sounds like a saw,  
And every three notes, I change key.

Why do I *sing* in the shower?  
I stand on one leg, cleansing toes,  
Producing a noise  
That no-one enjoys —  
But turn off the tap, and it goes.

Why do I *sing* in the shower?  
It's clearly got something to do  
With being all wet

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'neath shower-head jet  
And not having much else in view.

Why do I *sing* in the shower?  
Repeating the question's all wrong.  
I'm sorry to say,  
I stand in the tray  
And put myself right off my song.

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