

Clifford T. Ward, Trousers

This is a story about a pair of trousers

It deals with a lack of a sense of humour

Or rather a lack of imagination . .

I would like to know, where you put my trousers

I really must go, please give me my trousers

Well it's stopped raining, they must have dried by now

So let's stop gaming, you'll get me in an awful row.

This joke's gone too far, I feel absolutely daft

Over-parked my car, and what's more I feel the draught

What to you hope to gain, by my being trouserless?

Oh I could curse the rain, for getting me in such a mess.

Someone's going to come, why don't you be reasonable?

Now you've had your fun, won't you please be sensible?

How long can this go on? I've looked most everywhere

To put my trousers on, and now I really just don't care.

Would you like my shirt? here's a goodly pair of shoes

Take my coat and tie, what about my underpants?

Trousers, trousers

Trousers, trousers

Trousers, trousers

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(etc. and fade).