Fitzgerald Patrik, Down Mexico Way

She wanted to be a mother -The final touch -Towards their picture of domestic bliss They failed, though, the audition For adoption " What can I do " he thought "To keep the peace" " What can I do" he thought " To keep her in one piece? & quot; A baby, it seemed, could be a solution She couldn't have a baby though He reached into his briefcase And prepared to write a cheque To some unknown girl Living a hundred miles away He'd simply seen an advert Saying " womb for sale...." It didn't matter that much About her background As long as she could provide The means For birth: The baby born, the cheque signed The baby delivered.... Problem solved