

Fitzgerald Patrik, Pilot Of A Private Yacht

They treat him well enough though
As he takes them to the warmest seas
As they enjoy the silence
And seclusion of the sun lounge
They have to thank him
For their daily glass of port or sherry
He has to thank them
For his daily bottle of red wine
Eating with the company, downstairs
Of two uncomprehending strangers
The boat visits exotic lands
He develops his suntan
He does his job well
And they tell him so each evening
He goes to sleep each night
To bad dreams from his childhood
Whispering small prayer to thank you
For the job he has today
Eating with the company, downstairs
Of two uncomprehending elderly strangers