

# Fitzgerald Patrik, The Finger Of Lesotho

He smiled with contentment  
As he placed the present in the box  
Sealing up the wrapping paper  
Waiting for the courier  
The motorcycle messenger, riding through the rain  
To deliver the parcel  
To the castle of his latest flame  
he now appeared preoccupied  
Waiting for the telephone  
To confirm the arrival  
Of the parcel at her home  
The motorcycle messenger, arriving through the rain  
Pausing at the doorbell  
And studying the names  
She smiled to herself  
Imagining the surprise  
But, then, she wasn't sure  
Whether to believe what she saw  
Before her eyes  
A beautiful ring  
Of diamonds and gold  
Still attached to the finger  
Of the man whose fortune that they'd stole  
'The finger of Lesotho'