



A Contribution from
Winston Graham
Novelist

Don't plant me next to Mrs. Robinson,
I never got along with her too well.
Put me in a spot
Where the sun is nice and hot
And right out of earshot of that damned
church bell.
Don't thank the doctor, Dr. Faversham.
He only paid me visits four or five.
The result was quite appalling
For the object of his calling,
Which he hardly seemed to realise, was
keeping me alive.
See to my cat, Mr. Molotov.
Fill him up with liver and with lights.
A chair by the fire
Is something he'll require,
And don't allow him out on windy nights.
Send a billet doux to the Chancellor.
There's nothing for his old oak chest.
I gave my children two
All a decent man could do
And have taken special care to spend the
rest.
Call on the parson, Mr. Pakenham.
I'm sorry there's a sinner on his roll.
You might give him a prod
To get a word with God
And have a bit of mercy on a poor old
soul.