



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.