

My Favourites

The mayor of the city called today
Inviting me to a grand soirée
Without regret, I did refuse.
“My girls and I are playing chess
And if all goes well, we’ll make a mess
With water balloons and paint and glue
Then we’ll snuggle in for a reading fest
But I’ll watch for you in the news
Nothing personal, Your Worship, sir
My girls, they are my favourites”

The Governor General came to my door
Requesting my presence on her world wide tour
There’d be scientists and artists too
I’d be one of her entourage
But that won’t do
“My girls and I are off to the show
It’s Tuesday night; prices are low
We have money for popcorn and candy too
Drop us a line, Bon voyage, Adieu
Nothing personal, Your Excellency ma’am
It’s just that they’re my favourites”

The Prime minister sent a letter to say
His political party was headed my way
And he hoped, with them, I would dine
“My girls and I are lunching in
We’ve a party of our own to begin
Leftovers since Thursday noon
Then an evening stroll ‘neath the Strawberry Moon
Perhaps another time
Nothing personal, my dear Monsieur
Quite frankly, they’re my favourites”

The queen of England in her Jubilee
Rang me up for a spot of tea
I said "Thanks but no
My girls and have dancing plans
And a bit of garden work to do
Later on a laughing fit is sure
And if we can manage, a sing-song too
I simply cannot go
Noting personal, your Majesty
I admit they are my favourites

If all the heads of state should call
Expecting me to "drop it all"
I would not agree to meet them
My girls and I have hills to climb
And jokes to tell and rhymes to rhyme
We've trips to take and woes to share
Our time is full to brimming

So if by chance I turn *you* down
You share distinguished company
Please understand the reason
It's nothing personal, you see
I offer no apology
Of all the stars in the galaxy
These two, they are my favourites

My Favourites: Susan B. Anderson © 2004