

Rupert

Glenn Tilbrook

A nasty business that never enhanced us,
The sort of truth they'd have us believe,
Coke sniffing vicars and kiss and tell chancers,
Digging the dirt for us to receive,
The cops came knocking, rat-a-tat-tat-tat,
Well we're sure it's nothing, but some phones were hacked.
A rogue reporter went beyond the pale,
But he acted alone and he was sent to jail.
The initial investigation concluded;
No further action was needed,
Job done!
In for denial but no one deluded,
A cosy relationship for everyone,
Everyone says you know it wasn't me,
There was a culture of deniability,
Cynical consequence free,
Even proper persons with no memoies,
With no memories.
Rebekka Rebekka could not quite remember,
James it turned out had similar recall.
Rupert was humbled and terribly sorry,
That this sort of thing ever happened at all.
The influence he cultivated,
In amongst the great and good,
Incidious and understated,
But everybody understood,
Everybody understood,
Everybody understood,
Everybody understood.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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