

## Dear John

I Monster

Dear John  
He spent a lifetime counting money  
So long  
The years they all merge into one  
68, 79, 82, and 95  
He made a living from accountancy  
But then he cried I've had enough

He said Baby  
Do you read me?  
I think these numbers are  
Beginning to eat me

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Dear John  
Why don't you answer your calls?  
He's had enough of doing tax returns  
What's wrong?  
You're not at work or at home  
He's on a train heading down to the coast  
Picked up your leather briefcase on the beach  
And a message on your dictaphone

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Some say he made the swim to Normandy  
And lost his heart to a local girl  
They lived with 25 of her family  
One mother  
One father  
Three sisters  
Four brothers  
Eight nephews  
Eight nieces  
Two uncles  
Three aunts  
Plus  
Three dogs

Equals

Goodbye  
Farewell  
Cheerio  
See ya

Adieu  
Au revoir  
Toodle pip  
So long