

Toilet Roll Poem

A good ticking-off for messy diners, in six sheets (with perforations)

If I'd known before I booked this fancy restaurant
That you'd been digging for an hour down on the sands
You'd not be quite so scruffy, and be dressed wrong
Now wash your hands!

Look... all the print is coming off the menu!
Every letter - and those little ampersands!
If they see that mess, we'll have to leave the venue
Now wash your hands!

Yes, I realise the soup is very tasty,
And twice as thick as many other brands
But half is in your lap, you're being so hasty
Now wash your hands!

Don't eat the calamari with your fingers!
(Yes, I know it looks like little rubber bands)
Do you know how long that oil and batter lingers?
Now wash your hands!

The problem blowing bubbles in your shake, Dear
Is that slowly all the milky froth expands.
It's on the tablecloth - for Heaven's Sake, Dear!
Now wash your hands!

Was that you, flicking little blobs of custard?
And laughing when you see just where it lands?
We're going home! You simply can't be trusted!
Now wash your hands!
