

Amore

When the moon hits your eye, Like a big pizza pie,  
That's Amore.

When an eel bites your hand, And that's not what you planned,  
That's a moray.

When your horse munches straw, And the bales line the walls,  
That's some more hay.

When Othello's poor wife, She gets stabbed with a knife,  
That's a moor, eh?

When a Japanese knight, Draws his sword in a fight,  
That's Samurai.

When our habits are strange, And our customs deranged,  
That's our mores.

When your horse munches straw, And the bales total four,  
That's some more hay.

When your sheep go to graze, In a damp marshy place,  
That's a moor, eh?

When your boat comes home fine, And you tie up her line,  
That's a moor, eh?

When you ace your last tests, Like you did all the rest,  
That's some more "A"s.

When on Mt. Cook you see, An aborigine,  
That's a Maori.

When your chocolate graham, Is with marshmallows crammed,  
That s'more, eh?

When you have had quite enough, Of this dumb rhyming stuff,  
That's NO MORE, eh?

