

Prime Minister

"I dream I'll be Prime Minister one day
And over all the land I'll have my sway,
I'll make sure that whatever laws are passed
Their benefits will enduringly last:
There will be many changes that I'll make
So that all can both 'have' and 'eat' their cake.

Some Income Tax will be required of course,
But at a level that brings no remorse,
The number of vacant jobs will abound
So no more workless youngsters can be found;
Sports facilities will be there for all
To enjoy on a field or in a hall.

Hospitals will be open, as of yore,
With no more waiting on a corridor;
Heating in homes will be cheap and secure
And affordable by the so-called poor;
We'll welcome rich people from overseas,
But small boat Channel flotillas will cease.

For security I'll spare no expense
To make sure we have well-armed defence;
There will be no more strikes throughout the land
For workpeople's wages will be quite grand;
Each day farmers have no time to relax
So they'll pass on their farms without a tax.

I'll encourage small businesses to thrive
So entrepreneurs can happily strive;
No more CEO bonuses, I'll decree,
They'll get the rate for the job – just like me;
With opinion polls I know I will core,
For the voters will love me, more and more ..."

"Wake up, Keir," yells his wife, "it's half past four,
There's a Mr Burnham at our front door!"

Peter Smith

Would-be Prime Minister

Said Burnham, "I am discontent,
To be PM is my intent,"
So to Makerfield he went,
Whose MP was now absent -
And voters gave him their assent.

Peter Smith