

L EAU LA LA

It rains in England but zut alors

The French get rain that really pours.

From the great forest of Fontainebleau to the majestic river Seine

Both people and animals get relentless drenching and rain.

We wrecked our own oak forests to build the man o war

But dear old Napoleon had planted beautiful oak trees on which the raindrops
now pour.

So, we love their charming Paris and they admire our unique London town

It's because we've got in common, il pleut, and the rain coming down.

Now us Brits drink Champagne, Burgundy and Beaujolais Nouveau

And the French sow the seeds from which their tall green vines grow

But it would never work without the underground water

Whereas our Park Royal Brewery makes only ale and porter.

When we're dull and plodding and only drinking the above

We turn to French wine that we've learned to savour and love

It brings a sparkle to our eyes reflecting those Champagne bubbles

We forget about the Common Market, Channel Tunnel delays,

and other minor troubles.

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Mr Michael's Potboiler Poetry