D. Dinis

Rubrica
Mr. So-and-so, the other evening,
talked so much I thought he'd keep me
up all night, till finally he said,
"I'm going home, it's time for bed,"
and I said, "I wish you all the best,
because you're leaving me at last.”

I got so sick of having to listen
to him go on – God be my witness –
I couldn't keep my eyelids open,
and when he said, "I'm going home,"
then I said, "I wish you all the best,
because you're leaving me at last.”

He chattered on for the longest time,
until he had bored me out of my mind,
without caring if I found him interesting.
And when he said, "I'm turning in,"
then I said, "I wish you all the best,
because you're leaving me at last.”

cantigas-stag.square-bit.com

© 16/11/2026