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Jacek CUDNY

THE SAUSAGE IN LOVE

Little Joan is asking daddy:

“In the evening I am ready

to eat breakfast. Yummy ! Yummy !

Where's a sausage from my mummy ?”

Rarity ! Rarity ! Honey !

Where are you ? This is not funny !

Rarity ! Missing rarity !

Where are you ? Come on, dear sweetie !

Rarity ! Rarity ! Honey !

Where are you ? This is not funny !

Rarity ! Missing rarity !

Where are you ? Come on, dear sweetie !

Joan is searching, very busy,

shoes and pockets' little missy,

but she can't feel like a hero.

Any sausage ! Nothing ! Zero !

Rarity ! Rarity ! Honey !

Where are you ? This is not funny !

Rarity ! Missing rarity !

Where are you ? Come on, dear sweetie !

Rarity ! Rarity ! Honey !

Where are you ? This is not funny !

Rarity ! Missing rarity !

Where are you ? Come on, dear sweetie !

Joan, suddenly, feels the flavor.

"That's my sausage ! What a savor !

It is eaten by somebody !

Came back sausage ! Mummy ! Daddy !"

But the sausage takes it easy.

Any message to the missy,

any reason to be sorry

because there is a love story.

Joanna's rarity, honey

was lonely. This is not funny !

Now, a flavour of the sweetie

is for Poppy. What a pity !

Joanna's rarity, honey
was lonely. This is not funny !
Now, a flavour of the sweetie
is for Poppy. What a pity !

Rarity ! Honey !
This is not funny !