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## Tism "Kate - Fischer Of Men"

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I know he owns a paper Kate, but I buy one every day; It's not that he's rich and successful that you love him, so you say,

Which makes me feel so much better, Kate, cos I'm not any of those;

And, just like him, that's got nothing to do with my abilities: God, no -

As it is, I'm still renting, and the place can get a little drab.

But at least you know in two decades' time I won't look like his dad.

There's a tall poppy syndrome, Kate, that is ready to attack:

Come with me and I'll guarantee you won't get any of that flack;

There's sneering two bit disaffected maladjusted types Ready with their oh so moral high ground jeering hype Condemning you just because you are who you are - I'd drive round now and rescue you, 'cept the diff's gone on my car.

It's not too late: give him the a and come with me to Airport West -

We've got a brand new shopping mall with a eight cinema multiplex;

There's a half tube skateboard ramp and the waterslide's the best -

Down Airport East they say we're snobs, but I know you'll be impressed.

In Airport East they ain't got much, so all they do is slag.

Just like the people whose weddings don't make the women's mags

I'm interested in wog ball and I really like Acca Dacca; And I'm better than him 'cos I'm a store man as well being a Packer.

Cos, I'm a bit short of cash right now, but before rumors get about,

Any one says I like you for your dough, I'll snap the

bastard out.

If I marry you I'll be famous, Kate, but they won't take my privacy $\tilde{A},\hat{a}\in \$ 

Enough about me: what about you - what do you think of me?

I'll just assume it's a done deal, then, and get on with the rest,

Like finalizing photo rights and which tabloid offer's the best -

Give it a break, Kate, you can't complain if we make a buck:

Our marriage could set up us for life, with a little bit of luck.

I could be rich and famous Kate, just you mark my words:

Why marry some unknown jerk from the outer suburbs?

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