

## **HUNG OVER**

As the rosy fingers of dawn  
Spread across the sky,  
I raise my weary head  
And open up one eye.

My brain is quite woolly  
And the mind is just as thick.  
Breakfast and my stomach  
Do not seem to click.

I am too old for partying  
And stopping out 'till late.  
I always pay the price;  
It is surely to be my fate.

So now I make another promise;  
One I hope to keep.  
Ignore all the revels  
And get a good night's sleep.

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