

Ode to J.J. Weatherhogg

Oh college lecturer, droning on and on
How I wish you were gone
God you are so boring
My apathy is surely soaring

Wearing the same shirt as last week
The smell of you, a terrible reek
Owl-like features with glasses bridging beak
Concerned only with your statistical peak

The tear in your trousers and heavy stain
After four hours of you, I'm no longer sane
There is no smiling face in the room
I get a feeling of impending doom

Twenty-two students straining to stay awake
I dream of drowning you in a lake
Who wants the history of Biro or Polaroid?
No wonder I so feel like a droid

Your lectures are simply purgatory
I think I'll pay a visit to the lavatory
Maybe I should call it 'The Bog'
What do you think J.J. Weatherhogg?

15th October 1981