

## Not Common No Sense

It makes no sense to me none at all  
The sixth one so special other five organs small  
The five we all know the sixth less so  
The one to use most so easy to grow

They say it's so common, so easy, such sense  
It's all such a game, it makes just nonsense  
For it's not very obvious no common tense  
It's so easy to say, but not common and less sense

Nose for the job, it's a sense to smell  
Aromas so different, so many to tell  
Flora or fauna, many other flavours  
Some to offend, so not ones to savour

A sight to behold, a sight to be seen  
Such wondrous views for you to gleen  
Short or long, keep a keen eye  
All colours so real, others some dye

Hark to listen, a lark to hear  
Sounds of the world, nature so dear  
Song to sing, music to any ear  
A horn when it sounds, danger is near

The tongue not to wag, but discern any taste  
The lips to lick, a spread and a paste  
A cocktail to sip, a soup to sup  
A brew to refresh, from the pot to the cup

The sldn all around, to touch and to feel  
Able to tell what's false and what's real  
Take the hand, put it there, and shake on a deal  
Take knife and fork, time for a meal

Use your common sense, to avoid much offence  
But what to do, when it's not common, makes no sense



*No Sense*