

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 glean
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