**An Ode to Marriage – (from the girls)**

It’s surely been said, once or twice before,

That your hubby’s your biggest child,

The one that needs **most** looking after,

The one that can drive you wild.

He’s not sure where his dirty clothes go,

Not ***in*** the basket for sure,

Just a soggy wet pile right ***near***it,

On the bedroom or bathroom floor.

You can tell him all your secrets,

He’ll ***nev****er* tell a soul,

He wasn’t listening anyway,

So he ***really*** doesn’t know!

He can find the pub no problem,

But not his keys or shoes,

And ask him where the hoover’s kept,

He won’t have a bloody clue!

He ***has*** to tightly clutch,

The damn remote control,

Watching 10 seconds of ***everything***,

In between the winning goals.

He’ll want a bleeding medal,

When he helps you with ***your*** chores,

No fucker plays a fanfare,

When you wash the kitchen floor!

Any kind of rubbish,

Be it loo roll, packet, or tin,

Only ever finds its way,

***Next*** to the bloody bin!

And if you’re getting ready,

Busy rolling yourself in glitter,

Keep asking if we’re ‘done yet,’

Don’t make us any quicker!

And if we get the hump,

He’ll say sorry for a quiet life,

He hasn’t got a bloody clue,

How he ***actually*** caused the strife!

It seems that making a sandwich,

Or just a simple drink,

Leaves crumbs, puddles…all kinds of crap,

Around the kitchen sink!

And for every toilet visit,

A nice brown souvenir,

So that when you scrape it off,

You’ll know that he was here!

Now let me tell you fellas,

When you feel the urge to piss,

The pipe’s quite small, the hole’s quite big…,

You **really** shouldn’t miss!

He’ll tell you how to drive,

He’ll ***never*** ask directions,

He’s more than happy to wake you up,

With his early morning erections!

If you have a great idea,

No matter what it is,

You can be fucking sure,

That he’ll claim that it was his!

He never knows where his wallet is,

Nor his phone, or socks, or pants,

He thinks that farts are funny,

And that sex is ***actually*** romance!

Marriage is a lifelong test,

Of all your earthly patience,

If you murdered him, you’d miss him,

So for that, you swerve temptation!

It’s true that every wife,

Is usually at her wits end,

But although he’s quite annoying,

He’s a very loyal friend.

He’ll leave his shoes in the hallway,

He’ll argue white is black,

But should anyone ***else*** upset you

He’ll always have your back.

He may not know where you keep the cream,

But he’ll rub your tired feet,

And just when you think you’ll wring his neck,

He’ll say something really sweet!

He’s good for DIY,

For lifting heavy stuff,

And though he drives you mad,

It’s not ***that*** high a price for love?!