An Ode to Marriage (from the boys)

To all you like-minded men out there,

With a woman in your life,

The one we’ll never understand,

The original trouble and strife.

She’ll fill your house with cushions,

In complimentary hues,

And other pointless items,

That you’re not allowed to use!

And what’s with all the little hearts?

Hanging from every handle,

They’re clearly there to compliment,

The hundred bloody candles.

It takes an hour to light them,

It smells like a fucking brothel,

All we need’s a Ouija board,

And someone to spin the bottle!

The Buddha’s face, picture frames,

Fluffy rugs and throws,

Completely useless style ideas,

From her favourite telly shows.

And then there’s all the ramekins,

Cause she clearly isn’t able,

To put the actual jar she bought,

Upon the fucking table!

She makes a list for everything,

Of ‘jobs’ she needs to do,

It’s funny how the biggest jobs,

Will often involve YOU!

We like to call it nagging,

She really won’t agree,

“I wouldn’t keep on asking,

If you only listened to me!”

And when she’s getting ready,

And you’re pacing round the floor,

It’s always bleeding hours,

Before you’re out the door.

And what’s with all the shoes?

She’s a human centipede,

Boots that look like all the others,

That she absolutely ‘needs.’

And you really cannot argue,

With someone who’s always right,

And who recalls your ***exact*** words,

From a long-forgotten fight.

The house is like a furnace,

She always bloody freezing,

It doesn’t matter what you do,

There ain’t no bleeding pleasing!

She’s always moving things about,

To unexplained locations,

And when you cannot find your stuff,

She laughs at your frustrations.

For a little weekend break,

She’ll pack a ***load*** of stuff,

‘We’re only going for two bloody days -

You *sure* you’ve got enough?!’

And though she drives you totally nuts,

You know she cares for sure,

‘Cos your pants appear like magic,

Into your bedside drawer.

She’ll help when you’re sick, she’ll make you soup,

She buys your favourite treats,

She’s totally in charge - and she knows it;

But she makes your life complete.

And all in all, you know full well,

When those eyelashes start to flutter,

You’ll grant her almost anything,

For a little bit of the other!