

## Friday the Thirteenth

Friday the thirteenth and a black cat crossed my path  
Unlucky for the Moggy when I kicked it up the ass  
I walked under a ladder that was propped against a wall  
No bad luck for me it was the window cleaners fall  
I walked along the pavement aiming footsteps at every crack  
Never ever tripping up and landing on my back  
I put my shoes up on the table and my brolly up indoors  
Put a hammer through a mirror and my luck increased in scores  
So much for superstition it's all inside the head  
With all the things I've done today with bad luck I would be dead

By Lee Haigh