

When evening came we called a halt,
 We were tired to death--it was no ones fault,
 We sure were glad to go to rest,
 The accommodation was the best.

The next day-Tuesday was much the same,
 More wonders than anyone could name,
 Once more we hied us back,
 To Papineau Street to hit the sack.

The highlight came that very night,
 A peaceful sleep was turned into fright,
 At Two a.m. a bell did ring,
 I growled, "Oh, turn off that thing."

"We want to sleep. Go take a pill.
 Stop the noise, and let's be still".
 Then there was a knock upon the door,
 "Fire", ladies, "Fire" upon this floor."

"So waste no time--get all your stuff,
 If you stay too long, it may be tough."
 We threw our things into a pile,
 Coats and nighties were the style.

We surely were a motley group,
 When we collected on the street;
 It was hard to know just who was who;
 There was no make-up and no nice hair-do.

No fire--just smoke, but just the same,
 I feel that my friend merits some fame;
 Have we got everything--we think,
 I fear I left my toofies in the sink.

She gasped--our lunch is in that room;
 She dashed away like the crack of doom;
 She was gone before I got my breath;
 A friend in need so some one saith.

Some years ago you may recall,
 At a convention in a London Hall,
 I lost that same set to my shame,
 But happily they turned up again.

It seems that I'm destined to appear
 In public with a silly leer.
 For the rest of the trip it will be soup,
 Serves me right for being such a dupe.

But no--she's back; oh, what a gal!
 To risk her life just for a pal,
 I must keep in mind what she's done,
 My admiration she has won.

I pondered while my feet were cold,
 I'm a bit stupid so I'm told,
 When roused from sleep by the alarm,
 I must have tucked my shoes under my arm.