

Poetry Series

Alessandra Liverani
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Alessandra Liverani()

I read a book by Allen Carr called 'Easy Way To Stop Smoking' and this book inspired me to start writing poems, mainly about addiction. I hope that my poems help people break free from addiction. They can all be found on my website and I now have a new website for my humorous poems which is

- Jiving In The Jungle : : Humour

Zulu was a zebra who loved zapping on his zither
Roger the rhinoceros rattled his rattler with raucous rigour
Leo a leonine lion loved to languorously play his lute
And Flavia the flaming flamingo fluttered flirtatiously on her flute

These beasts were boldly bashing and belligerently banging
Cavorting capriciously, in clamorous chorus they were clanging
Deafening decibels were with deliberation being delivered
Surrounding shiny, shimmering shrubs shuddered, shook and shivered

Bella the blindingly bewitching butterfly blithely blew on her bassoon
Thomas the odd toed tapir tooted a lively tune on his tromboon
Ella Elephant elegantly and efficiently whirled her trunk
And Placido the playful Platypus played a Pulalu with a pleasant plunk

Suddenly the strident symphony was silenced in a second
Bob the boa constrictor drew forth his baton as a weapon
Then through the still night air floated a pure sweet sound
Meerkat Molly mellifluously, melodiously and mellowly from her mound

Sang sorrowfully and sadly of a tale from a time long past
Of a meerkat who met a meerkat, but their love it didn't last
The members of the orchestra listened and they wept
But then they cranked it up again and started off from whence they'd left

(Sydney, Australia - 2009)

Alessandra Liverani

- Cama Cama Cama Cama Cama Not A Lion:: Humour

My father is a camel and my mother is a llama
And that is how I was born a hybrid called a cama
Created through the procedure of artificial insemination
Not via a camel/llama eyelash fluttering flirtation

My father most probably would have squashed my mother flat
If they'd tried the common method of breeding a little brat
He's a dromedary camel with a hump of fatty tissue
Half a tonne of him would have caused my llama mama issues

Humans love my llama wool and my llama disposition
And to have me camel size would be a wondrous acquisition
74 chromosomes are present in both my papa and my mama
So I am a fertile hybrid who can make little baby camas

I'm not sure of my future, if I'll be just a weird exhibit
If the journey of my hybrid is only a fleeting visit
But I'll do my very best to grow big and strong and woolly
So that the good traits from my parents can be enjoyed fully

Alessandra Liverani

- In The Garden: : Humour

The air was alpine fresh and the lake surface glistening
Bird song trilled for those who were listening
What a great afternoon, thought Glenn feeling chipper
A perfect moment to start up his new whipper snipper

It purred smoothly in his experienced hands
Trimmed edges effortlessly at the most gentle command
But while promenading proudly around his neat lawn
Glenn spied a dog poo and he wanted it gone

It looked dry as dust so he thought he'd attack
With his fearless whipper snipper, just give it a smack
And it would harmlessly splinter and shatter
But it was still moist so it splished and splattered

It splattered with power, it splattered with grace
It splattered all over Glenn's spluttering face
Flew up his nostrils, did not want to be wasted
Left him a flavour the worst he'd ever tasted

It splattered his T-shirt, it splattered his jeans
It was very much a poo splishing, splattering scene
Poor Glenn hastily switched off the power
And raced indoors for an emergency shower

(Sydney, Australia - 2009)

Alessandra Liverani

- Item Six, A Bag Of Nothing: : Humour

Next is item six, a bag of nothing, who'll give me an opening price
A bag of nothing sitting on your shelf would look rather nice
Come on give me a bid, oh is that five dollars I hear
But surely I can get more for this perfectly formed sphere

You won't get addicted to it and it'll never give you a rash
In fact this bag of nothing could save you a lot of cash
Your kids won't fight over it and it doesn't gather dust
Can I say that this bag of nothing is an absolute must

Item six won't go out of fashion or lie broken on the floor
Is that ten dollars you're offering, I was hoping for a little more
Your neighbour cannot buy one that's got more power
It won't wilt or its petals fall off as happens with flowers

Doesn't need to be filtered, chlorinated, skimmed or pumped
And it will never have to be carted off in a hired truck to the dump
Fifteen dollars bid from the man over there called Sean
That lady in red's offering twenty, going, going, gone!

(Sydney, Australia - 2009)

Alessandra Liverani

- Lemon Pepper Sauce: : Humour

Lemon pepper sauce has a lemony peppery zing
It's a lemony peppery, peppery lemony saucy kind of thing
Made with lemon zest and peppercorns and garlic that's been pressed
Splash it on your salad so it's tantalisingly, tastefully dressed

Lemon pepper sauce has a lemony peppery flavour
It has a lemony peppery, peppery lemony essence you can savour
Throw in chives or dill or mint, there isn't any law
Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall adds a dash of pig's blood, raw

Lemon pepper sauce has a lemony peppery smell
It forms a lemony peppery, peppery lemony saucy kind of gel
If you've run out of shampoo and your hair is looking greasy
Not a problem, rub in the lemon pepper scrub, too easy

Lemon pepper sauce has a lemony peppery taste
It spawns a lemony peppery, peppery lemony saucy kind of baste
May I suggest you whip up a batch, so it'll always be at hand
Or buy a bottle of my deluxe gourmet Lemony Peppery brand

(Sydney, Australia 2009)

Alessandra Liverani

- A Storm In A Teacup: : Humour

Jeny owns a little brown dog, as cute as cute can be
But don't be in the vicinity when he begins to pee
He'd put grown men to shame, a fire hose looks small-fry
When he cocks his tiny leg, and lets his waters fly

Such a dainty dog you'd think would just produce a drizzle
From his part chihuahua, part something else, pint sized wizzle
But once the spigot opens to relieve the pressure in his urinary sac
The megalitres dammed inside are rapidly unpacked

A microclimate is propagated, its chief feature a monsoon
A puddle was predicted, not a fathoms deep lagoon
And that is why we have christened him with an intention fond
Our super peeing hero's bone shaped tag proudly displays 'Big Pond'

(Sydney, Australia - 2011)

Alessandra Liverani

- Am I A Spoodle: : Humour

Am I a cockapoo or one of those spoodles
Either way, I've got oodles and oodles
Of energy, I bounce off the walls
Literally, I don't care if I fall

Am I a cockapoo or am I a spoodle
Do I know how to make use of my noodle
Maybe not, but I'm heaps of fun
Turn me over and tickle my tum

Am I a spoodle or am I a cockapoo
Wherever you're going, can I come along too
I want to go outside and race all over the place
Can I make you feel guilty by the look on my face

Am I a cockapoo or am I a spoodle
Am I a female or have I got a doodle
These are the questions, have you got the answer
I don't know much, but I'm one very nimble dancer

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- Blind Fear: : Humour, Inspiration

Is blind fear blind?

Yes, it is

Is blind fear fear?

Yes, it is

Can blind fear see?

No, it can't

Can blind fear destroy?

Yes, it can

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- Brassed Off: : Humour

Sally bought a toothbrush holder made from gleaming brass
Solid, smooth and golden, it was really class
But she was loathe to spend long dreary hours
Buffing and shining it, after hefty scours

So she rejoiced to learn that the brass could be sprayed
With a film of plastic; she was amazed
And rushed off down to the nearest hardware store
To purchase the plastic that would eliminate this chore

She searched high and low on every shelf
But thought I'll never find it by myself
So queried a young assistant wandering around
As to where this can of plastic could be found

She asked, 'Do you sell the stuff you spray on brass? '
He blushed, 'No we don't", and spun away fast
She thought his reaction rather strange
But just kept looking through the wide product range

Until eventually triumphant the elusive can she spotted
And deciding she'd tell that young assistant to get knotted
Strode up to him with the can in her hand
Saying, 'You told me you don't sell this, an explanation I demand'

He mumbled rather sheepishly, 'I thought you said something else
I thought you were looking for another product on the shelf.'
'And what might that be if it weren't stuff to spray on brass? '
He replied, 'I thought you were looking for some spray on bras.'

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- Bronwyn's Birthday: : Humour

It's Bronwyn's birthday today, her age has upped a notch
That's OK as long as on her wrinkles you don't keep watch
The spider veins, liver spots, grey hairs poking through
Are signs that on this earth, Bronwyn is not so new

She's been around a bit, done childhood and all that stuff
Now she's not exactly old and I wouldn't say her meat is tough
She could probably still dance all night if that would take her fancy
But she doesn't, because her hip and knee, well they are a little chancy

Still cook a delicious meal, she can, and wash up all the dishes
Although I'm not so sure that it's one of her greatest wishes
Sat up cosy reading a great book, now we're getting closer
So I just hope that the rest of her life, she makes the very most'er

(Sydney, Australia - 2008)

Alessandra Liverani

- Buying Lunch: : Humour

'I might go out for some lunch, ' was the thought in Bill's head
I'll ask if anyone wants a meat pattie on bread
Lucy in accounts asked if he'd kindly buy
A cheeseburger, large coke and small packet of fries

He strode up to the counter to order this meal
But was confronted with a question which made his head reel
'Do you have a senior citizen's card? ' the young girl asked
'No, I don't', he replied and looked at her askance

The manager, half grown herself, a problem she perceived
The customer of his embarrassment she wanted to relieve
So she stage whispered out loud and clear
'Don't ask them if they have a card, the poor dears

They don't like it if you ask them, even if their hair's grey
It's better not to ask, 'cos you'll only turn them away
They may look ancient, moth-eaten and fossilised
But don't ask 'cos you'll only see the hurt in their eyes'

Bill related this story to a friend of middling years
Which only served to give her an additional fear
If served by a young boy, she wouldn't feel flattered
If the burger was 10% off, in fact she'd be shattered

(Sydney, Australia-2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- Changing The Daily Backup Tapes: : Humour

Flash your pass at the sensor and it responds
With a blue light and two beeps, one short, one long
Drag open the door and step into a cold chamber
This is the world of the backup ranger

Humming and buzzing, droning and rumbling
These machines work amidst much grumbling
The normal procedure is to walk to the back
Pull out the first little tape, it's called a DAT

Then put it away in its hard plastic case
And eject the next from its overnight place
By pressing a button for it to unload
It also must leave its transient abode

Then comes the time for the humungous whopper
Containing slots by the hundred inside its hopper
Slide open the door and will be laid bare
How many tapes it's released from its snare

Encase them all in their hard plastic shells
And take them offsite for a well deserved spell
Until once again they must be placed in their drives
Thus is the rhythm of the backup tapes' lives

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- Dining In Style: : Humour

We rented a DVD and ordered Thai for our date
From the kitchen he procured two paper plates,
Two plastic spoons and two plastic cups
In style was my date going to serve this meal up

'Are you short on crockery', I asked with surprise
'Don't like washing up' he bluntly advised
He placed his container of food on his plate
And I followed suit without further debate

I wasn't expecting tableware of finest china
And I don't like to be thought a hard-to-please whiner
But my plastic spoon was just not up to the task
'Could I please have a fork', I plaintively asked

His reply 'I don't have one', stopped my spoon in mid air
'Do you have a knife, by chance, one that is spare? '
'Only for chopping food', he testily attested
And then added 'Why are you so interested? '

'Oh no reason, I guess', and refrained to add
That for someone well-off this was just sad
When I left his abode, he again hit his mark
When he didn't accompany me out in the dark

Inspired after reading Suzanne Attar's book 'Dates of Our Lives'

(Sydney, Australia - 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- Disobedient Disobedience (Parody Of Disobedience By A A Milne) : : Humour

Charles Charles
Harrison Harrison
Darrowby Borg Capri
Looked great
in his striped bathers
Though he weighed a hundred and thirty three.
Charles Charles put on his bathers,
'Bathers, ' he wore, wore he;
'He'd never drown
playing the clown,
Frolicking in the sea.'

Charles Charles
Harrison's bathers
Were very well renowned
Charles Charles Harrison's bathers
Were recognised all over town
Charles Charles Harrison's bathers
Were whispered about, were they:
They barely covered his bum
and none of his tum
Little to the imagination did they convey

John King
Put up a notice,
'LOST or STOLEN or STRAYED!
CHARLES CHARLES HARRISON'S BATHERS'
SEEM TO HAVE BEEN MISLAID.
LAST SEEN
SLITHERING SLOWLY:
QUITE OF THEIR OWN ACCORD,
DOWN HIS BUM
AWAY FROM HIS TUM -
FORTY SHILLINGS REWARD! '

Charles Charles
Harrison Harrison

(Commonly known as Chuck)
Told his
Other relations
He'd just spend a couple of bucks.
Charles Charles
Bought himself new bathers,
'Bathers, ' he bought, bought he:
'He'd never drown, playing the clown
frolicking by the sea.'

Charles Charles
Harrison's bathers
Haven't been heard of since.
John King said he was sorry,
So did Queen and Prince.
John King
(Somebody told me)
Said to a man he knew:
If people wear bathers with loose elastic
Well what can anyone do? '

(Now then, very softly)
C.C.
H.H..
Pri.
Looked great
in his striped B*****
Though he weighed 133.
C.C. put on his B*****
'B*****, ' he wore, wore he:
'He'd-never-drown-playing-the-clown-
frolicking-by-the-SEA! '

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- Dust: : Humour

The ship in a bottle brought back from Bristol
The vase filled with flowers made of finest crystal
Wedding photographs of children proudly displayed
Souvenirs of wood and iron, some made of green jade

They may look very innocent sitting quietly on the shelves
But you didn't know that they just cannot help themselves
Just as a dog will roll in an object too disgusting to contemplate
These inanimate beings also cannot wait

To cover themselves completely in a film so very fine
Of dust, oh and don't forget those many bottles of wine
And don't forget the CD's, the videos and books
As well as the strange sculptures full of crannies and nooks

Who would have thought such pretty things could chain us to a rag
A rare few may enjoy dusting but I think it is a drag
It wouldn't be so bad that if when you finished, this was the end
But you know that come next week, it starts all over again

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- Even If: : Humour

Even if your life is hard
Even if your face is scarred
Even if the road is rough
Even if your meat is tough

Even if your friends aren't true
Even if you feel so blue
Even if you are confused
Even if you always lose

Find some laughter in the pain
Chortle through the endless rain
Don't be afraid to laugh about
Your constant feeling of self doubt

You can endlessly be amused
By the fact you always lose
And then you'll never lose again
You've forged gold ingots from the pain

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- First Job: : Humour

I'll drive you to the shopping centre, Sandy's grandma offered
Sandy gladly accepted the proposition her gran proffered
"I'll just wait in the car", said gran, "while you go in and inquire
About a job in those shops, surely someone will hire"

Nervously Sandy entered the big supermarket and walked through
Until a wooden shutter labelled "Office" came into view
Tentatively she knocked and up it was raised
Revealing a lady who looked in the midst of her menstrual phase

"Excuse me but I was wondering if you had any positions"
"No we don't." Down came the shutter, end of her mission.
Reluctantly she tried the smaller shops without any success
And returned to her gran in the car, rather distressed

"I didn't get a job", she sadly explained, feeling low
"Well I got you an interview at the supermarket", her gran crowed
"But I knocked on the shutter and told no jobs, by a lady quite cross"
"Oh I walked straight past that and searched for the boss

And chatted to him about Bob, my son, your uncle, who delivered bread
To this supermarket, daily", was what her gran said
And it was obvious that her grandmother was a real pro
Because she knew that sometimes it was all about who you know

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- Gallbladder Removal: : Humour

The doctor advised Leigh's gallbladder must be removed
A few simple snips and his health would be improved
She told him to sign up for a Cholecystectomy, Laparoscopic
Four incisions are sliced for surgery microscopic

First they'd inflate his abdominal cavity with CO2
Then they'd get out their telescopes for a fantastic view
Of his gallbladder, bile duct, cystic duct and liver
Cut free his gallbladder and through an incision deliver

This organ, already emptied of its painful stones
So we'd be hearing less of Leigh's whimpering moans
We wish him good luck, they say the risk is very low
We'll see his smiling face soon with a healthier glow

(Sydney, Australia - 2008)

Alessandra Liverani

- Greg's Culinary Disas.....Triumph! :: Humour

I needed a funny story and I needed it quite fast
Of a tale plucked from the murky depths of Greg's wild past
I asked his wife, Bronwyn, to give me one or two
But she came up with nothing, what was I to do

I widened the family circle sure that others could help out
But although outside was teeming rain, of stories there was drought
I could not believe that Greg had lived a life so smooth and bland
That never, not even once, had things got out of hand

And then I myself remembered only weeks ago
Of the time Greg was meant to barbeque pork, nice and slow
He had a foolproof method, using technology most advanced
His very special thermometer which removed the element of chance

He thrust it boldly inside this choicest cut of meat
Then sat down on a chair to rest his weary feet
Feeling safe in the knowledge that all he had to do
Was wait for his beeper to make a beep or two

But then his mother's voice disturbed the slumber party
Greggy there's a bit of smoke, coming out of the barbie
Oh Mum don't worry, my thermometer hasn't given an alarm
A little bit of smoke is not going to do any harm

He returned to his restful afternoon nap
Well deserved for such a hardworking chap
Yet again his mother felt compelled to make a statement
Greggy there's now a lot of smoke, no sign of an abatement

Greg checked his trusty beeper through half closed eyes
Don't worry Mum, it's OK, my beeper never lies
He'd barely had the chance to return to the land of nod
When his mother thought it was time for one gigantic prod

Greggy there are flames soaring right up to the roof
Your thermometer isn't working, do you want any more proof
Greg now saw the fire, and his heart started beating faster
He raced over trying to save his possible culinary disaster

A mound of charred substance greeted his hopeful face
And there was no other meat that could be served in its place
Panicking he rang Judith, to head up the salvage operation
Could she turn this blackened lump into a tempting taste sensation

Judith took in the burnt offering, peeling off the outer shell
And cooked it in her weber, making heaven out of hell
Then Greg told his diners proudly, what they were eating from their fork
Was his very special recipe, of twice cooked pork

Alessandra Liverani

- Gtky : : Humour

Hi, how are you? What's your name?
We're playing a GTKY kind of game
What on earth does GTKY stand for?
Getting To Know You, can you please tell us more

How long have you lived here? Where are you from?
I've lived here 10 years and I come from a kingdom
A tiny principality of a hundred people or fewer
Our chief export there is three humped camel manure

Oh really, that's fascinating, I never would have guessed
That three humped camel manure was one of the best
Oh but it is, it's expensive, it's worth more than gold
It contains a special ingredient, that's what I've been told

If you smear it on your face, your wrinkles will disappear
I do it myself every day, have been doing it for years
But your face is covered in wrinkles, covered in splotches
You believed my story, ha ha, I gotcha

Alessandra Liverani

- Hold That Thought: : Humour, Inspiration

Hold that thought, no not that one
That one will get you undone
The one before which flitted past so fleeting
That's the one to which you should be heeding

Don't discard it and put it in a pile of junk
That's the thought which is the thought that should be thunk
The one you're latching onto is broken and of no use
It'll only give you trouble, heartache and abuse

Reach out and grab the one that you carelessly let go
That's the thought which really does know
The complete truth of the matter, unambiguous and clear
Grab that thought and let it steer

(Sydney, Australia - 2006)

Alessandra Liverani

- How To Make A Mountain Out Of A Molehill: : Humour, Inspiration

First you must pick your molehill, now here's a tip
The smaller the better, tinier than the tiniest microchip
From this speck you can conjure mountainous masses
Of soaring peaks dropping into bottomless crevasses

Slippery slopes, treacherous overhangs, avalanches
Whipped up as quickly as fluffy blancmanges
Glaciers forwardly creeping destroying as they go
Even if they do it at a speed immeasurably slow

The mountain forged from the molehill, easily soldered
Can the molehill from the mountain so easily be moulded?
I don't think you can hack it down with an axe
The best way I can think of is to just relax

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- I Didn'T Write This Poem:: Humour

I didn't write this poem, I did not choose these words
I'd never give my name to something so absolutely absurd
The idea of this poem is anathema to my senses
It should be locked away behind some very high fences

If I would write a poem, I'd pick a different theme
I'd write about a vivid and fascinating dream
A galloping steed upon which sat a handsome knight
Would be a poem subject on which I'd like to write

There are certain standards that I like to maintain
And many topics from which I choose to abstain
This poem is one from which I'd keep my distance
I cannot see a reason for its very existence

So if you read this poem, I can't believe you've got this far
Do not blame me if it leaves a sad and sorry scar
I tried to warn you that it's got nothing to do with me
It doesn't even come provided with a valid warranty

Alessandra Liverani

- I Wish I Could: : Humour, Inspiration

I wish I could, but I can't
I wish I would, but I won't
I can't do it, I don't believe
That is something I could never achieve

I couldn't do that, no way
Never, ever, the answer is nay
I will fail, I just know
Never succeed, it is just so

My mind does not compute success
It has no room for the word 'yes'
'No' has moved into every room
There are no vacancies in Hotel Doom

But wait a minute, maybe I can
Maybe, just maybe I can conjure up a plan
The failure program has just been superseded
It's obsolete, outmoded, can be completely deleted

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- In The Middle Of Nowhere: : Humour

I live in the middle of nowhere, where nowhere's all around
And in the middle of nowhere, there are many nowhere sounds
Colourful birds in the middle of nowhere screech and squawk and trill
A choir of frogs sing in chorus in the centre of nowheresville

Sometimes I go to somewhere, where somewhere's all around
And in the middle of somewhere there are many somewhere sounds
Cars in the middle of somewhere screech their tyres and blare their horns
Jackhammers hammer, sirens wail singing the cacophonous somewhere song

Then I love to get back to nowhere, where nowhere's all around
Because in the middle of nowhere, there's something all around
Peace and harmony and stillness are everywhere I see
Right in the middle of nowhere is where I like to be

(Sydney, Australia - 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- Items On My Desk: : Humour

Do you want to know the items that sit on my desk
You do? Well I'll list them and then give you a test
A pair of sunglasses, scissors, a cup and a phone
Some papers scattered over and a pen resting alone

Deep stuff this is, of which poems can be crafted
This precious information should not be merely shafted
The phone displays the words 'Hold', 'Goodbye' and 'Mute'
The apple's already eaten, so I can't mention any fruit

On my desk is a rectangle of light provided by the sun
It's shape changes over time as it makes its daily run
Unfortunately the plant is only just surviving
I'd be lying if I said that it was green and thriving

A stick of glue sits there, used only once many weeks ago
Who knows, one day its importance will once again grow
A ruler, a phone book and an ancient tape recorder
Ensure that this desk does not look in perfect order

Well there you have it, the items on my desk
I haven't mentioned everything, I'll let you guess the rest
The spare RSI preventing mouse, a few little balls of fluff
Of course you knew them, because they're typical desk stuff

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- It's All In Your Mind: : Humour, Inspiration

It's all in your mind, well of course it must be
It's not in your elbows, little toe or left knee
It's not in the hair that sprouts from the mole on your nose
And it's not in the place that smells like a rose

It's all in your mind, stuck fair and square in the middle
To oust it from this position, now that's quite a riddle
Because it's stuck in there with super glue, a great big dollop
To pull it out requires a bit of a wallop

But it can be done, yes it can, though not with brute force
Gently and carefully is always the best course
The glue should be melted to a moderate degree
And that thing will release and you will be free

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- It's All Relative: : Humour

My mother's brother's sister's name is Grace
She's my aunt and likes to go from place to place
My mother's sister's brother's name is Brad
He's my uncle and he is my cousin's Dad

My grandmother on my mother's side
Is my maternal gran, she is my grandfather's bride
She also is my father's mother-in-law
And not surprisingly they often go to war

My cousin is the nephew of my mother
His father happens to be my mother's brother
My aunty's niece is in fact myself
If you're confused please don't look at me for help

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- Jeny's Birthday Poem: : Humour

Today Jeny is having a bouncy birthday blast
At the table will be included a distinctly canine cast
Denver, a delightful, dapper dynamo of origin half chihuahua
And Alfie, his maltese mate who helps him create brouhaha

Jeny's creative panache will ensure they look their best
With matching cape and peaked cap is how they'll both be dressed
They'll partake in the candle blowing ritual and munch on a birthday slice
Although Denver will think Alfie's piece is the one that tastes more nice

Alfie will commence the feisty fiesta with a piercing, strident yap
Giving a clear, sharp signal for when everyone should clap
Although in truth he could be barking because he thought he heard a cat
With Alfie it's not always clear as to what he's barking at

Denver will present Jeny with a chewed up, spat up ball
And Jeny will graciously roll it smoothly down the hall
She loves her darling duo, and they love in reciprocation
They're both honoured to be part of Jeny's special birthday celebration

(Sydney, Australia - 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- Just Rollin' Along: : Humour

Driving along in her bread truck early one morn
With everything going exactly as norm
Margaret spied a lone wheel on the left trundling ahead
Turned to her brother, the newspaper he read

Hey look at this, someone must've lost a wheel
Jack looked up quickly, it almost didn't seem real
Suddenly her truck swerved sharply to the right
She grabbed hold of the steering with all of her might

Uh-oh, it's our wheel, she suddenly realized
Then saw a cyclist cycling towards her, very surprised
At the sight of a lone wheel and a truck bearing down
He quickly decided to turn his bike around

Margaret had problems of her own on which to ponder
The truck had veered off the road into the thick bush yonder
Jack's newspaper had slipped from right out of his hands
The news of the day abruptly seemed old and bland

Luckily the truck stopped a paper's breadth from a huge tree
Although Margaret's fingers from the wheel she couldn't prise free
But she had to recover quickly for a replacement truck soon arrived
And she and her brother continued on with their drive

Fifteen years later Margaret was once again driving
The day after her husband had fixed up her brakes' lining
When the familiar image of a lone wheel up ahead she sighted
So she quickly prepared to keep her car righted

While keeping an eye on her adventuresome wheel
Which crossed three lanes of traffic and homed into an automobile
Dealership at the top of a very steep drive
It spun around and settled, safe and alive

Margaret herself, followed the same track
Of her errant wheel, in order to bring it back
After she returned, a man kindly stopped his car to say
That her wheel nuts had fallen off about 50 metres away

So she walked back to retrieve them, then reattached the wheel
She didn't see the need to make it a big deal
But when she got home, there was plenty to say
To her husband, who had enlivened her day

Oh no he protested, I turned those nuts tight
A thief must have come in the middle of the night
To steal the wheel but been disturbed half way through
You know I never would have left those nuts askew

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- Latest Gossip: : Humour

Can someone please tell me
I'd like to know as well
What gossip a dog catches up on
When around the place it smells

It sounds very interesting, spicy
The very latest in slanderous news
Because dogs just can't wait to catch up on it
They want to hear the most recent reviews

If you let them loose from their confines
They'll rush to the nearest news stand
And sniff greedily at the tabloids
In a language we just don't understand

I would love to be Dr Doolittle
Even if it were only for a day
Because I could listen in as well
And reply with shock 'Oh I say'

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- Let Go: : Humour, Inspiration

Your hands gripped onto the metal bar so tight
Squeezing hard with all of your might
Clutching desperately this heavy bar of lead
While trying to keep above water your sinking head

I try to prise free your frantic grasp
But this piece of steel you will not unclasp
Your fingers stubbornly refuse to yield
No matter how much power I try to wield

Please let go of this bar that is dragging you down
Please let go, it is making you splutter and drown
Please let go, then you will swim so freely
Please let go, you will glide through the water so easily

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

- Making Plurals In English: : Humour

The plural in English is usually made
By adding an 's', so don't be afraid
Of making this sound so that it can be heard
At the end of the plural form of a word

Then there will be no doubt in anyone's mind
Whether your meaning is of the singular or plural kind
An extra syllable is needed when patch becomes patches
And take note that the plural of batch is batches

Of course there are always exceptions to every rule
The fish that swim around in a school
Are still just fish, they don't become fishes
But the plural of dish will always be dishes

The plural of goose is, as we all know, geese
Although the plural of moose is definitely not meese
One mouse, but a plague of them would be called mice
Though to call houses hicc is something for which I do not give advice

Hypothesis in plural form translates to hypotheses
And parenthesis, of course, becomes parentheses
But your garden variety of plurals, just stick an 's' on
Next week we'll talk about the 's' for possession

(Sydney, Australia - 2006)

Alessandra Liverani

- Me Telly's On The Blink: : Humour

Hello Bob, it's Archie, me telly's on the blink
Without me telly on it's even hard for me to think
I watch it of an evening snuggled up beneath me doona
Can you come round. Not later, I'd rather it were sooner

'Cos every night I watch it and it helps me cop some Zed's
It calms me down and stops all thoughts from spinnin' in me 'ead
Can you tell me Archie, exactly what's wrong with your television
Describe the symptoms to me with clarity and precision

It's got these annoyin' lines that are runnin' up and down
Are you sure they're vertical replied Bob with a puzzled frown
Your TV as I remember is quite an ancient beast
It's been at least two decades since that model was released

One of that era would surely have lines of a horizontal direction
Are you sure they're vertical, after considered reflection
'Course I know me vertical from me horizontal slant
Get over here now, I can't stand all day and rant

But Archie, your television is resting on its side
So horizontal seems vertical, if logic be applied
'Course I watch it like that, I'm lying in me bed
And it saves me the trouble of havin' ta lift me 'ead

(Sydney, Australia - 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- My First Proper Standup Routine: : Humour

I've written funny poems, written a heap of those
But sometimes all that rhyming gets up people's nose
So I thought I'd try proper stand up and use words which didn't rhyme
I enrolled in a stand up comedy course to become a stand up comic sublime

The first task we were given was to write down ten things that we hate
Should be easy I thought, but could barely think of eight
Then we had to write down ten things which made us feel afraid
Rebecca said the fear of revealing fears was one which on her mind weighed

Our teacher Rob, likes his lists of ten and I couldn't expostulate
Because even if two were crap, you still had the remaining eight
This is going quite well I thought, and I'll no longer sound like Pam Ayres
Because, quite frankly, the stuff she does, does anyone really care?

We listened to a bit of Derek and Clive, comedians from the past
And I have to say their humour still packs quite a blast
To call the buyer of their record a fool, well they didn't quite use those words
And then play a few moments of silence, is the funniest thing I've ever heard

So I hope you like my attempt at not putting everything in verse
I've just done a proper stand up routine, and you heard it here first!

(Sydney, Australia - 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- My Name? The Rainbow Lorikeet Of Course: : Humour

There's no such thing as a nice shade of brown
I don't want a pastel or grey coloured crown
Purple, that's more like it, and not in tones muted
Vivid orange and yellow is to what I'm much better suited

"Less is more! " What feather brain uttered those words?
A sparrow or wren, those dull, drab speckled birds
I'm bright and I'm bold, decked out in every hue
Watch me, in Technicolor, it's a spectacular view

Glimpse a flash of my feathers and you'll gasp in amazement
Get used to it, pick your jaw off the pavement
I represent resplendently the entire colour spectrum
Take a photo, why not? The charge, there is none.

(Sydney, Australia - 2008)

Alessandra Liverani

- My Shoe Palace:: Humour

I've always dreamed of having a special shoe place
So that every pair of shoes had their own shoe space
One by the other each pair would sit
Left by right in a perfect fit
There'd be no other place like it

People would come from far and wide
To gawp at these shoes placed side by side
Not thrown one on top of the other
Always looking for its brother
Part of an unsightly, messy clutter

My shoes sometimes leave their wondrous abode
To walk many miles down many roads
But always return to their own special spot
One into which they so easily slot
Their stately home, not some ghastly squat

It's always nice to have a dream
Where everything is nice and clean
Where shoes exist as ordered pairs
In a cupboard which still has room to spare
For brand new ones with a zany flair

Alessandra Liverani

- Our Budgies: : Humour

Our pretty budgies love to chatter
Oh how they love a little natter
It's no good asking for some peace
They keep on talking, never cease

Maybe they're saying their name in Latin
Melopsittacus undulates, they' are chanting
Or possibly how hot's the weather
And wonderfully cooling, to fluff their feathers

They may be talking of the crow outside
And laughing at his big backside
Or simply rejoicing at being alive
To wake up cheery at half past five

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- Pegasus The Horse That Winged It: : Humour

(subtitled Sydney to Gosford via the Scenic Route)

Seven passengers wanted to go as far as Gosford,50km north
But somehow they ended up taking a much further course
The evening had not started well when their train was delayed
By two hours, already tempers were starting to fray

Our intrepid group were then herded on to a coach of the Pegasus line
This was the vehicle to which they were assigned
It wasn't until Newcastle appeared in the rear view mirror
That they began wondering when they'd eat dinner

It seems the coach line was aptly named: Pegasus, the winged horse
Once its flight to Brisbane commenced, it couldn't change course
Even for a poor boy from a remand home who had a curfew
Or an old pensioner couple who had to travel the dark night through

On the bus flew, hour after hour, their destination receding
The bus driver couldn't stop, no matter their begging or pleading
Monday morning found them staggering out,900 km further north than planned
And told to make their own way back, RailCorp would not lend a hand

(Sydney, Australia - 2009)

Alessandra Liverani

- Perception: : Humour, Inspiration

If you have a perception that is a deception
Then you are under a misconception
If what you see has been distorted
Then you have been completely rorted

If you have a mistaken idea or a notion
Then you have just swallowed a poisonous potion
If what seems to be to you, is really not
Then what you believe is utter rot

Sometimes the wronger the stronger is the thought
The thought that really shouldn't be ought
Let this thought go, don't clasp it tight
And the thought that is wrong, will then become right

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- Prisons In The Air: : Humour, Inspiration

We have all heard of castles in the air
Noone's mentioned prisons, I really don't think that is fair
Because prisons are much more common, lurking in our minds
We create bars of steel and walls of every kind

Sometimes we try escaping, but we don't have the keys
So desperately through the bars, ourselves we try to squeeze
Oh that is just too difficult, don't get very far
So we just decide to stay put and save ourselves the scars

It's not too bad in prison, when all is said and done
If you try hard enough, you can even have some fun
But I suppose it would be better, better than I could even dream
If the bars that I created of steel, I could turn into icecream

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

- Put It In The Bad Poem Section: : Humour

I've been told to write a really bad poem
It goes against the grain but sometimes you gotta show `em
That you can write the baddest, the baddest of bad
In the bad poem section, you've got something to add

Now normally my poems perfectly rhyme and flow
They dance and they sing, a line would never end in apropos
They're deep, so very deep that their bottom has never been found
In the deep and meaningful section is where they're usually crowned

But just for a laugh, just for something different to do
I thought I'd write a poem which would get the kind of review
That you wouldn't wipe your bum with, for fear of being contaminated
Write one for which the reviewers had only vitriolic hatred

So this is my offering to put in the bad poem section
I hope it gets added to many bad poem collections
But I'd like it to be known, I make this statement bold
That all my other poems are sheer solid gold!

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- Recycled Tactics: : Humour

Hannibal's elephants had flapping ears and tusks with sharpened points
Which he set upon the enemy to disembowel and break their joints
A frightening, fearsome sight which had strong, brave men in a cower
But along came General Scipio who found a way to break their power

Let them through, let them through he boldly told his troops
Then from the side with our spears upon them we will swoop
It worked a charm, the combat won for General Scipio
A bloody battle fought in history many centuries ago

A few decades back fought a warrior who went by name of Artie Beetson
In rugby league his rampaging style was considered highly fearsome
He pushed and shoved and spun and hacked his way through the defence
With skill, dexterity and agility which belied his size, immense

But even the fiercest warrior has no weapon to conquer time
So after several years, he still played the game but at a different paradigm
He turned out for a local club he owned, and his skills were still all there
Even though his belly was twice the size and had only half his hair

He'd draw the defence, then effortlessly offload the ball to a flying team mate
Tries were being scored left and right at a very rapid rate
At half time, the coach, Joey Chambers pulled in tight his team
Let him through, let him through, he said, with in his eye a gleam

Artie grabbed the ball, and began to run, he was a legend right enough
But as he ran and ran and ran he ran right out of puff
His legs began to wobble, his head began to spin
Poor Artie hit the deck and that was the end of him.

(Sydney, Australia - 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- Saucy Chef: : Humour

Let's get these plates out there, I said to the staff
We'll get this party of 45 fed, then I heard a remark
A stripper's coming tonight, 'A stripper' I smiled
Don't get too excited, Jesse, he's not your style

Disappointed, I went back to provisioning guests
Finally we got the lot of `em fed and sat back for a rest
Then the boss came up to me, flustered, with a very sad face
The stripper was too shy to strip to his jocks in a public place

The maid of honour's distraught and the hen's most upset
They're all going nuts, can you do it instead
Oh no I can't strip, I can barely dance
Of course you can, just give yourself a chance

With all eyes on me, I gave it some consideration
My boss urged me on, the girls will show their appreciation
OK, I conceded and they followed me down to the bar
This would be the best laugh they'd ever had, by far

Lady Gaga's song "Just Dance" started playing
Although shaking, I heard myself saying
"Are you ready for a show? ", not knowing what I'd do next
The girls' glum mood lifted instantly, then they all begged

"Take it off, take it off" as my heart pounded so loud
My foot started tapping, I'd play up to this crowd
Leapt onto the table as adrenaline surged through my veins
Swayed my hips and backside, I had found my domain

In stripping mood, I seductively unbuttoned my chef's jacket
Heaven knows why these hens were making such a racket
I flung it into the crazed crowd, and started slowly unzipping
My pants, which I threw to the hen, she was tripping

Up and down I paraded in my undies and socks
Then strutted up to the hen, sizzling hot
I struck a sexy pose as the lights came back
The hens riotously cheering, they were rapt

You saved the night, declared bride-to-be Louise
No dramas, I replied, only glad I could please
And best of all after having averted all their bitchin'
I didn't have to help with cleaning up the kitchen!

(Sydney, Australia - 2009)

Alessandra Liverani

- She's A Beagle: : Humour

Brandy is a beagle
I've said a lot already
When you eat a tasty morsel
She can hold your gaze quite steady

Her eyes plead quite insistently
She only wants a little taste
Even if it's just a fallen crumb
That else would have gone to waste

Once you give her her heart's desire
Do you think that will stop her yearn
If you responded in the affirmative
Then you still have much to learn

She can smell a muffin
From miles and miles away
Leave it unguarded for a second
She thinks to herself 'Ole'

And when you return from your very brief jaunt
She will look up at you most innocently
Her dark brown eyes will stare at you
Not a single crumb in the vicinity

If she walks by a great big dog
She doesn't say a single word
Until she's safely passed it by
Then she barks like you have never heard

Teaching her how to use a dog flap
Does not always go as planned
You know that food will do the trick
But remember, Brandy is not bland

You place her gently outside the door
Then as you bend down to place the food
Her head bursts through, ears all askew
Oddly enough she's in a hungry mood

Her excitement when going on a walk
Cannot be surpassed
She may be greedy and disobedient
But she is a lovely little lass

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

- Size Rise Surprise: : Humour

I wanted a coffee so I went to a cafe
In order to drink a medium strength latte
I preferred to imbibe from a cup, not a pail
Because I'm a human, not some type of whale

I was a little concerned by their naming convention
Of 'Tall', 'Grande', 'Venti', I felt apprehension
I'm not a small person, and I don't eat small
But I didn't want to sip from a cup christened 'Tall'

'Is there one smaller than Tall', I appealed
To not have one, to me, just didn't seem real
She whispered furtively 'We have a kiddies size cup'
Well give me that and from that I will sup

I'm not a kiddy, I can eat a big meal
So what is it with this kiddies size deal
It used to be called normal, as I recall
But now it's kiddy size, I call that gall

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- Spammed! : : Humour

I sincerely hope that this letter will not come to you as a surprise
Or embarrassment, since upon each other we have never laid eyes
I am deeply sorry if I have in any manner disturbed your privacy
Let me introduce myself, I am Dr Christopher F. S. McGee

I was into currency exchange business, a British national from the UK
I have been diagnosed with Oesophageal cancer and it won't go away
According to the docs, now I have only a few months to live
I didn't lead my life well, never wanted to give

But now God has called me, did I mention I was stupendously rich
And giving away all my money has become a real bitch
I gave some to my family to pass it on to those in need
But they kept it all to themselves in a show of unmitigated greed

I have two millions dollars (\$2,000,000.00) with a financial institution abroad
I'd like you to help me give it to charity, choose any of your own accord
I shall communicate with you, and of the transfer give further detail
Whatever your decision, I thank you for taking the time to read this email

(Sydney, Australia - 2008)

Alessandra Liverani

- Spectacle Debacle: : Humour

The day was nigh approaching, coming sooner than I wished
When I would have to pay a visit to the local optometrist
No longer could I reason that it was the font size which was miniscule
I'd have to put on glasses and expose myself to ridicule

She sat me on a chair and pressed a machine up to my eyes
Then asked me to read letters which kept diminishing in size
We then moved on to dots placed in a circular formation
And she asked me to look at them which I did with trepidation

First I had to view them through one lens and then the other
I had to compare their clarity, the sister from the brother
Many times, so many that I could barely even comprehend
Whose outline was less blurry, barely a second could I spend

Finally she made her judgement on the parameters of my astigmatism
By weeks end, after paying a deposit, a new pair of glasses I'd be given
Proudly I picked them up in their brand new case with spiffy cloth
At last I could see my screen without my eyeballs falling off

I put them on and peered through with an expectation of visual ease
But instead it looked as if I had acquired an optical disease
Sure the letters looked slightly larger, a plus in anyone's book
But why did the screen now have such a strange trapezoidal look?

(Sydney, Australia - 2012)

Alessandra Liverani

- Strategic Plan: : Humour

I had to action a poem which in every box would put a tick
And do it by only the low hanging fruit being picked
I wouldn't boil the ocean but meet on my deliverables
Adhering to core values so that it was fully sustainable

I realise that this might produce a paradigm shift
And going forward I might surpass my bandwidth
But I'd like to touch base and pass on to you my synergy
We could conflict resolute on what is our core competency

I like your blue sky thinking, bring it to the table
It will ensure our metrics milestones are robustly scalable
And customer-centric as well as dynamically results driven
Excellent in corporate communication, that's a given!

(Sydney, Australia - 2011)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Anzac Bridge: : Humour

Sydney Harbour Bridge indulges in global fame
But it's not the only bridge who can claim
To span the sparkling waters of this natural sensation
We number seven in all, and we'd also like some admiration

I don't begrudge the press it gets and I'm not one to crow
But I'm the longest span cable-stayed bridge in Oz, oh didn't you know
From my dual soaring towers, a myriad of cables hang with elegant grace
You silly little coat hanger, in...your....face!

From day one you've charged a toll, a horse with rider cost three pence
But crossing the Anzac Bridge is complementary, you won't pay a cent
Standing at my entries are an NZ soldier and Aussie digger, brother-in-arms
I'm stylish and stupendous, one of Sydney's less known charms

(Sydney, Australia 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Auditors Are Coming: : Humour

The auditors are coming, a week from today
Everything that you can, please put it away
Those things on the shelf that have sat there for months
Put them away, we're playing hide and hunt

The auditors are coming, they've boxes to tick
Don't leave anything lying around on which they can pick
Those innocent looking tapes, what secrets do they hold
Only the whole financial record of the company's gold!

The auditors are coming, for audit type 7799
Are we compliant with all of the guidelines
Are we in accordance with every one of the regulations
So all boxes can be ticked, and we can have celebrations!

The auditors are coming, they're coming today
Quick, hide that cable, put it out of the way
The auditors are coming, they're right at the door
Oh just shove the lot of it under the floor

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Christmas Card: : Humour

I received a lovely e-card by email yesterday
It wished me Merry Christmas and a wonderful New Year's Day
A delightful Christmassy image was generously included
A feeling of general bonhomie it effortlessly exuded

And then it told me that if I had received this email by mistake
To notify the originator before it got too late
It also said this message had been scanned for a computer virus
In words which I have to say had an element of dryness

Views expressed in this message were those of the individual sender
Except where the sender specifies with authoritative candour
That these are the views of the company (I won't mention the name)
That is, the views of both the sender and the company are the same

If I was the recipient but no longer wanted to receive these messages
I was told to click a link to no longer subscribe to these services
And if I had any questions on the unsubscribe facility
They gave me a contact of undisputed dependability

So I read my Christmas message from start through to the end
It was a Christmas message that contained an interesting blend
Of festive wishes coupled with company vernacular
To produce a Christmas card outstandingly spectacular!

(Sydney, Australia - 2011)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Clones: : Humour

The pair of them were just like two peas in a pod
Although one was light of step and the other heavy trod
If you didn't know better you'd say that they were twins
Except one carried a constant scowl and the other a permanent grin

I couldn't believe how they were so very, very alike
Even if one had skin of ebony and the other almost white
If you used them to play cards, you'd be yelling out snap
It didn't matter that one was a refined lady and her partner a burly chap

When they looked across the table, it must be like seeing a reflection
Although one was grossly deformed and the other sheer perfection
They were two carbon copies, and one was certainly no slouch
Although the other was a potato of the variety couch

I always used to struggle in telling them apart
Except one had quiet bowels and the other inclined to fart!

(Sydney, Australia 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Dining Table: : Humour

I have some friends, a man and wife
I'll tell you a bit about their life
So that you can get a grip
On what constitutes a relationship

I visited them a short time ago
Looked down with shock and had to know
Why their dining table's smooth veneer
Carefully protected for at least a year

With coaster, placemat for all food and drink
To not use such a thing would be unthink
Was christened with not just a little mark
But that there was an unsightly gouge in this bark

'What happened here?' I questioned Sue
She seemed to have something else to do
I looked at Vince but he turned away
No information would he convey

I needed answers so back to Sue I turned
How this happened would be learned
Sheepishly she mumbled an argument began
Her anger built but she had a plan

To place her plate upon said table
With as much force as she was able
So that no damage would be done
But still make a statement, and the battle won

She didn't count on her husband's reaction
To be sure of complete satisfaction
His coffee mug had to smash down hard
And alas we have our table, scarred

(Sydney, Australia - 2006)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Dolgopolov Mountains: : Humour

The Dolgopolov mountains are fierce and forboding
Balashkabav River descends them, icily flowing
Chernogolovka Peak rises spectacularly into the mist
Forming part of the Chasm of Chemanzhelinsk

The Zheleznogorsk Pass is a shocking misnomer
Only Gorbatov goats'd be game to roam her
Flisselburg Falls dropp into Volokolamsk Lake
Its freezing waters the home of the Skovorodinsk Skate

The slender Slyudyanka tree bows to the Gundorovka Gale
In its branches are the nests of the Quarovsky Quail
Who migrate to Khibinogorsk at the first hint of snow
And are swiftly followed by the Chesnokovka Crow

Inside the Gubkinsky Glacier lies the Chapayevsk Crevasse
On its sheer sides grow the hardy Gavrilov grass
Munched on by the mysterious Mednogorsk Moose
And if you believe all of this you're a Gelendzhik Goose

(Sydney, Australia - 2011)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Fight: : Humour

Anastasia Bathsheba Coriolanus also known as ABC
Considered Xanthia Yolanda Zaccharius her mortal enemy
Xanthia Yolanda Zaccharius (called XYZ by her friends)
Teamed with Larissa Marissa Narissa, aka LMN

To fight ABC and her pal, Delilah Elisabetta Finocchio
Who due to her wooden tipped nose was aptly christened Pinocchio
This battle would take place behind the old school shed
Refereed by Quintessa Raquelle Sabreenah quaintly nicknamed Fred

School mates came from far and wide, this joust had quite a pull
Harold Ignatius Jones had one glass eye so he was dubbed half full
He started off the schoolyard chant, it only had one syllable
Fight, fight, fight, fight - could not have been more typical

Ursula Valentina Wendlesworth, UVDub was her appellation
Caught a clump of flying hair, amidst the altercation
And after all the hoohah stopped, it was considered an even score
UVDub turned to ABC and said, I think that this is yours

(Sydney, Australia - 2011)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Red Hat: : Humour

You say her hat was red but I need more information
Was it burnt sienna, carnelian or incandescent carnation
Dark pink, hot pink or a crimson turning cherry
Or was it reminiscent of a ripening raspberry?

Her scarf you've portrayed as blue but I must still enquire
If its shade was soothing azure or a deep and dark sapphire
Was it tending towards turquoise which is clearly a shade of green
Or a flamboyant teal which is something in-between

You've described her coat as yellow, I'm picturing a mustard
But have I got it wrong and it's actually baked custard
Or does it speak of sunflowers turning where the sun goes
Then again it could be a quietly retiring primrose

Her bag you've classed as brown, but can I please ask
Is it chestnut or chocolate or a cheeky shade of chaff
Is it brown which turns to purple when the light is growing dim
Or is it metallic bronze, a lustrous alloy of copper and tin

Too many shades, too many hues
You've left me feeling quite confused
Can I just say her hat was red
Because now I'd like to go to bed

(Sydney, Australia - 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Rooster: : Humour

Dear Mr Rooster, I have never had the pleasure
Of meeting you or seeing you and your splendid feathers
But I do hear you early every morning with the sun rising low
That is when insistently and persistently you decide to crow

I live in the inner city and never would have dreamed
A cock-a-doodle rooster was just not part of my scheme
Maybe it's time to seriously rethink your location
And head off to the country on a permanent vacation

The air is clean and fresh out there
There's many hens I'm sure you're aware
You can crow and crow from dawn to dusk
And satiate your insatiable lust

It's Easter Sunday and I've just walked past your yard
I saw a grave with a small cross and on it stuck a card
I'm not certain if it was placed there ensuring I would weep
Because the words on this card say, 'I died so that you could sleep'

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Sniff Test: : Humour

The two Murrays wanted to discuss 'The Sniff Test'
A subject, let's face it, which was dodgy at best
They pondered on sniffing items of clothes
Such as jeans and undies and ladies pantyhose

I was listening along when I let out a nervous laugh
One of the Murray's wore the knickers of his better half!
He was at pains to insist that it happened only rarely
And they covered up all his bits even if only barely

It's better than going commando he concluded
And it stops anything from being protruded
My kids nick my knickers, leaving me without any
So I nick my wife's, because she's got so many

We don't know if his wife wears her knickers frilly
Or if she wears the ones that leave your bum a little chilly
And maybe it's best if this information is left out
As Murray keeps telling us 'What is all the fuss about? '

Alessandra Liverani

- The Space Race: : Humour

A cup of tea went floating by ascending into space
With a pickled cucumber it was having a flying race
Jostling each other, to reach the stratosphere
The cup of tea decided to notch it up a gear

It whirled around and round and round
Clacking and clicking, such a clattering sound
The din was heard in nearby Mars
Complaints broadcast from a wandering star

Gherkins are a hard nosed pickle
In this fierce stoush it would stickle
And torpedoed, hurtling headlong in turbo mode
It's knobby surface, greenish glowed

In a photo finish they crossed the line
But an astronaut thought that he'd combine
A cup of tea with some bread and butter
And a pickled cucumber for his supper

(Sydney, Australia 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Truth: : Humour, Inspiration

Tell the truth, are you crazy, the truth is for fools
In my clever world it's lying which rules
Why opt for something as silly as sincerity
When you can easily choose dishonesty

Then you can tell lies upon lies upon lies
So many out there for you to devise
And believe them yourself, very nearly, why not
You weaved such an interesting, exciting plot

The truth, big deal, the truth is nothing but lies
My truth's so much better, at least in my eyes
My lies versus the truth, so easy to win
Because I can keep lying ad nauseum

I'll just spout out a lie, how easy was that
Don't look for the truth in my kind of chat
You think I'll be discovered, I'm way too smart
I'll never say what's there in my heart

My heart was stunted a long time ago
All this lying stopped any chance it could grow
When you don't speak from your heart, it's hard to see
The difference between truth and dishonesty

(Sydney, Australia - 2006)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Weather Report: : Humour

In Sydney today it's 20 degrees centigrade
Humidity is 94% and the light at 6: 21pm will fade
Wind blows from the north east, at 17 kilometres per hour
The moon is waxing gibbous and Monday there's a late shower

On Saturday it'll be mostly sunny, temperature 17 degrees max
Thursday, UV's only moderate, these are the facts
Air pressure is 1012 h Pascals, no longer measured in millibars
They use hectos instead of kilos, yes I also thought it quite bizarre

On Sunday there'll be morning clouds, which won't linger in afternoon
They'll drift over to Honiara, maybe take part in a monsoon
Waves will arrive every 7 seconds, be careful, they're head-height
And on Friday, 05: 53am is the exact time of first light

Well that's all of the weather captured in verse
You'll have to weather it whether for better or worse

(Sydney, Australia - 2008)

Alessandra Liverani

- The Worstest One: : Humour, Inspiration

The strongest, most powerful worstest fear of all
Is the one where what you fear is actually nothing at all
The fear that is generated out of thin air
Is the one of which you must be the most beware

For if you don't know what it is, that leaves you trembling weak
How can you overcome it, you don't know where it sleeps
Your enemy is invisible, elusive and adept
At not allowing you, to know where it is kept

You search in every corner, every nook and cranny
But not a trace do you find, for it is far too canny
You cannot get a single glimpse, but you certainly feel its power
It has you where it wants you, in a perpetual cower

There must be a way of conquering this evil freak
Of stopping it from causing all the havoc that it wreaks
And if you are so lucky as to find out what it is
Can you please, please tell me, you really are a whiz

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

- They Said He Was Really, Really Dumb: : Humour

He was a little fluffy white dog, well more accurately grey
He'd jump and he'd run, he knew how to play
Sometimes he barked persistently in the middle of the night
Like I said, his owners didn't think he was too bright

Monty would sit looking up, while a raging torrent of words
Flowed past him, for all we knew, he thought them completely absurd
But amidst all the cacophony, a single utterance caught his attention
He suddenly looked bright and alert, full of comprehension

The word 'walk' was dropped ever so briefly and offhandedly
But Monty responded immediately and completely understandingly
'Walk' meant loads of fun, meant sniffing around
Seeing nature in its glory, scampering over new ground
Meeting old pals and stretching his limbs
Twisting and turning at any old whim

Words like tobacco, alcohol and ecstasy had no meaning to him
These words were easily lost in the general din
They didn't signify excitement or having bucket loads of fun
Sometimes I wish people had his kind of dumb!

(Sydney, Australia - 2008)

Alessandra Liverani

- Thoughts For Sale: : Humour, Inspiration

If you go to the shop and say
I'd like to procure some thoughts for today
And the shopkeeper says we have thoughts on sale
That will make you weep and make you wail

Leave those thoughts sitting on the shelf
And buy some other ones for yourself
Thoughts that may concern simple pleasures
Are beyond a priceless measure

There are countless thoughts in this shop for sale
So why pick the ones that make you weep and wail?
Rummage through those until you will always find
Thoughts that are of the uplifting kind

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- Three O'Clock Her Time: : Humour

I was told to ring tomorrow at 3 o'clock her time
In the land where Big Ben is famous for its chime
A simple calculation, should not cause consternation
Involving a simple primary school addition operation

On the eastern shores of this southern land
I just had to add nine hours to the clock's big hand
Using modulus twenty four, the number of hours in a day
If I'm counting using fingers, well I'd rather not say

Which makes it midnight the next night at our longitude
This simple sum did not take me long to conclude
But then I remembered, and my hands began to tremble
Daylight saving was about to start, and my arithmetic to dissemble

Tonight our clocks were moving forward an hour or was it back?
And their clocks by one hour would take the opposite tack
Once so clear, dark clouds were forming on the horizon
A computation which would have even Einstein extremely frightened

If you think you will find the answer in this rhyme
I'm sorry but I don't tally up in daylight savings time

(Sydney, Australia 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- Time Changing Is Constant For All: : Humour, Science

Einstein's theories were accepted before experiments were done
And when they finally did 'em, they only performed one
He asked us to believe that time could be sped up or slowed
Depending on how fast you travelled from another person's abode

He thought it was the only way to take into account
That the speed of light was a constant and absolute amount
The other day it hit me that time cannot be dilated
And I know you're waiting for my theory with your breath bated

I don't know if it's my theory or if it's been said already
But there's another way to explain that light's speed is always steady
In relation to any body moving at any velocity
This theory is very simple, I'm sure that you'll agree

A torch sitting on a barge will travel at the same pace
As the barge itself, it's an open and shut case
But the light from the torch only comes into being
Once it leaves the torch, are you seeing what I'm seeing

It never exists on the barge, with the torch switched on or off
It could never gain momentum, relative or not
The light cannot 'sit' on the barge taking in the view
And time passing is constant for all, this much I know is true

(Sydney, Australia - 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- Uuuiie: : Humour

uuuiie – that's not fair
How can I display my fabulous flair
So you think ywkqzjx is better
Believe me, this is not a good string of letters

A few consonants and vowels is all I ask
So that I am not given such an impossible task
uuuiie – what kind of joke is this?
This game is not one that I'll reminisce

There's nowhere to go, the board's all blocked
Into Scrabble hell we've all been locked
There's Double Words galore way over there
But we've got all tightened up in this little square

I thought playing Scrabble was supposed to be fun
With letters like jxinaing, wtaiesr or tuodone
Placing them down on the board with élan
Seven letters at once, strategically planned!

Covering two triple word boxes all in one go
Then you could just sit there happily and crow
But what's with this uuuiie
I'd rather be falling over and skinning my knee

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

- Vampire Of The Night: : Humour

I went to bed last night hoping for sweet slumber
But a tiny little insect had totally got my number
As my eyes were about to close and sleep was just in reach
It began to buzz and buzz its nasty little speech

No sleep tonight, no sleep at all is the forecast that I write
I'm hungry, I need blood and it's you I'm gonna bite
I like to buzz, it's lots of fun, I love to be annoying
Knowing that your pleasant dreams I'm totally destroying

You attempt to swat me in the dark and only slap your face
In the darkness of the night I'm very hard to place
Wearily, so wearily you stumble to turn on the light
Yet still you can't see me, oh no no no no, although it's very bright

You return to bed, a wretched soul, perhaps I've gone away
But then you hear my little buzz, and know you're still my prey
I am the vampire of the night, and on your blood I'll feast
Gee I can cause some havoc for such a tiny little beast

(Sydney, Australia - 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- We Didn'T! : : Humour

They've been to the moon and back six times, no less
Got dropped off and picked up, I was impressed
For many years, I never questioned this outstanding feat
Didn't even know others thought there had been a deceit

But recently I started reading what the sceptics had to say
I pondered, I wondered, had we really been betrayed
The flag fluttering in the breeze, footprints etched in dry dust
Shadows at all angles, could it be explained without fuss

"Mythblusterers" attempted to convince us on TV
Except on television, again, there may be tricks you can't see
Prove it on television, come on, it's got to be done live
With investigators checking and watching that nothing's been contrived

It was claimed the fluttering flag was under centripetal force
And they even proved it (on television) , I laughed myself hoarse
The footprint: that was explained using magical dust
How this powder was made, well, we were just asked to trust

Will Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin go to their grave
With the truth still locked inside, or could they be so brave
To become honest men and let everyone hear
That they never landed on our neighbouring sphere

(Sydney, Australia - 2009)

Alessandra Liverani

- Whatever: : Humour, Inspiration

The sun is shining, so what
The birds are chirping, who cares?
The dogs are barking, what for?
The river's flowing, only from here to there

Things aren't going right, will it ever turn
Are obstacles put into place just so I will learn
How to overcome them, whatever's thrown my way
Must I repeat this lesson, day after day?

Challenges 101, surely I've passed it by now
I know I've failed it a couple of times, well it really is a cow
I'm more than ready for Smooth Sailing 201
My time with Challenges I'd like to be done

Are you listening to what I'm saying?
Or is this just some meaningless braying
Come on Professor just give me a pass
So I can finally exit this class

Alessandra Liverani

- Where Are My Glasses? : : Humour

Where are my glasses, where did they go?
I've searched high, and I've searched low
I looked on the shelf and behind the TV
Where, oh where can my glasses be?

I've looked on top of the table, behind the door
Inside the cupboard and inside the drawer
Beside the lounge and under it too
I went outside and checked inside an old shoe

I walked down the hallway and up the stairs
In front of me was a bicycle lying right there
I walked around it and jumped over the toys
Left there by those most lazy of boys

I walked past a doorway, then crawled through a hole
Which led to a cupboard that only contained bowls
I've looked everywhere, under each and every bed
The only place I forgot was on top of my head

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

- Writing On A Writing Course: : Humour

I went on an evening course to get an education
On the best way to write for our younger generation
How do I compose words to take them on a journey of delight
Lead them into a clear, bright day or the deepest, darkest night

First I had to learn all about the direction of my voice
An innocent child or omniscient god, I had to make a choice
Then also pick the person: first, second or third
Would my subject be realistic or in the realm of the absurd

Of course I had to have a story, technically called a plot
Although apparently there are stories where what happens just does not
'Throw in some crisp, clear dialogue', Judith said dramatically
'But go easy on the adverbs', she scolded most emphatically

I needed characters and already had one from the start
The narrator of my story was one who plays an important part
I've met some lovely people who each had a surprising tale to tell
I know we all have inside us a masterpiece that will sell, sell, sell!

(Sydney, Australia - 2010)

Alessandra Liverani

- Yes Please : : Humour

I wrote a funny poem, and then I wrote one more
After several years I'd written twice a score
Humour With Lemon Pepper Sauce sounded a title good to me
So I went to a recording studio and put the lot on a CD

This fabulous fiesta I hope provides a feast
For all digestive systems, children's not the least
Currently my CD's are sitting patiently in their cases
Strewn around my abode in tucked away places

I'd love to get them out there, proudly on display
But so far all I'm hearing is nay, nay, nay
I'm hoping to find someone who's heard of the word yes
It's only a tiny word but it can lead to great success

In the common vernacular it's called a win/win situation
One that culminates in a joyful celebration
I raise a toast to those who don't shout no, no, no
But are willing to give my CD a red hot go

Alessandra Liverani

A Smoker's Life

Smoke, withdrawal, smoke, withdrawal, cough

Smoke, withdrawal, smoke, withdrawal, cough

Buy cigarettes, smoke, withdrawal, smoke, withdrawal, cough

Smoke, smoke, withdrawal, smoke, withdrawal, buy cigarettes, cough

Smoke, withdrawal, smoke, contract emphysema, cough

Buy cigarettes, smoke, withdrawal, breathing laboured, smoke

Withdrawal, smoke, withdrawal, smoke, withdrawal, cough

Die

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

Abracadabra

Abracadabra, wikitizam
A fresh air breather is what you am
Abracadabra, wikitizoom
Flooded with light, no longer in gloom

Abracadabra, wikipoo
Cigarettes no longer have a spell on you
Abracadabra, wikipop
Inhaling noxious fumes has come to a stop

Abracadabra, wiktisplat
You're a fresh air breather, just like that
Abracadabra, wikipoop
Exiting from an endless loop

Abracadabra, no longer tragic
Could this really be magic
Abracadabra, what do you believe?
Whatever it is, that's what you'll achieve

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

Addiction Is Addiction Is Addiction Is Addiction

Addiction is addiction is addiction is addiction
3 parts fantasy and 3 parts fiction
Something which should be served a notice of eviction
Because all that it is is a freeloading friction

It's a pariah parasitical
A conning, conniving disease of level critical
That turns people into puppets pitiful
No longer complete individuals

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

Analyse This

When you see someone drag on a cigarette
They appear to be feeling great pleasure
You would like to get some of that too
You want enjoyment in the same measure

But let's do a bit of psychoanalysis
How is this pleasure achieved?
In a way you couldn't possibly have dreamt of
It's a design elaborately weaved

When you first drag on a cigarette
It's not something you will adore
You're missing out on all the thrills
You'll keep trying til you score

You try and try and wonder why
The magic just doesn't come
But then a new thought enters your mind
It starts as just a gentle hum

Nicotine's been in your body for some time
Although you've never had any fun
But maybe, just like every other smoker
You must continue, or you'll be done

You start to think that once the poison's in
It MUST be kept filled to the right elevation
You start to worry if it's low
If it is, you feel some trepidation

Now comes anxiety, fear and worry
That you never had before
You drag in deeply, they disappear briefly
Oh, the pleasure of being so sure

That your nicotine levels, they're OK
It gives you such satisfaction
But as soon as they dropp even a little bit
You swing right back into action

You must light up no matter what
Nicotine is needed, that is clear
What did you find in those cigarettes?
It wasn't pleasure, it was fear

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Appearances Are Deceptive

Look at those smokers how cool they appear
They inhale so stylishly but don't you think that it's queer
That what they're inhaling is ghastly and vile
They don't seem to notice that it should be a trial

Why do they do it? Could it possibly be
That they are addicted, they're not at all free
But because they look so much in control
They'll lure you in with them right into the fold

Please try to remember often things aren't as they seem
They may look confident, part of a team
They'll tell you they enjoy it it's one of their pleasures
But that foul smelling stuff is not one of our treasures

You'll only enjoy it when you're under its spell
And believe it or not it's like being in hell
You don't believe me? Then you've swallowed the myth
That smoking is glamorous. Get over it.

That's how people are captured year after year
Their health and their wallets they will lose, I do fear
Let's stop this senseless slaughter once and for all
I ask you, I beg you into this trap please don't fall

Alessandra Liverani

Are Brainwashers Brainwashed?

Are brainwashers themselves brainwashed?
Have their brains also been squashed?
Have they been indoctrinated
To spew out brainwashing most hated?

Have they soaked up false reasons
To commit on their fellow man ungodly treason
Horrific lies they see as creative truth
Targeting our naïve and vulnerable youth

Yes, they are brainwashed indeed
While brainwashed their hearts will never bleed
Brainwashing has stultified their very soul
Now to brainwash others is their deadly goal

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

Are You Crazy?

Not have another cigarette, you surely must be jesting
It is my sense of humour that you can only be testing
You obviously don't realise that without them I cannot function
I must have them before breakfast, after dinner and after luncheon

I must have them when I'm anxious and have them when relaxed
I must have them when I'm on the phone and when I smell a rat
I must have them when I concentrate and have them when I rest
I must have them watching television and have them on a quest

I must have them in the daylight and have them when night falls
I must have them when a short time passes or even no time passing at all
I must have them when I see them or when they're out of sight
I must have them first thing in the morning and the very last thing at night

I must have them when I'm talking and have them when I'm breathing
I must have them when I'm walking and have them when I'm sneezing
Do you understand what I am trying to tell you?
I must have them

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Because I Said So, That's Why

Because I said so, that's why
Reasons? Those I don't supply
I am your subconscious, what I say goes
And if I were to say stand on your nose

You'd do it of course, without hesitation
I order, you obey, there's no contestation
Snap my fingers, you jump right up to attention
'Cos you really hate having to spend time on detention

I am your subconscious, I'm always present
And to be honest, I'm not always pleasant
Try to control me, go on, have a go
Is that your best shot, come on, you're way too slow

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

Before You Start

Many smokers fail to quit before they've even started
Because their frame of mind is such that they are all disheartened
They're very good at thinking of every possible obstacle in the way
And envisage clearly in their mind how long and tedious will be the day

Each minute will take hours, each hour will take years
So much time at their disposal to ponder on all their fears
How could they possibly stop smoking, they're beat before they start
And yet, should it really be that difficult to have a change of heart

To not smoke any minute, any hour of the day
Is so very, very easy if you look at it in a different way
But the smoker's mind has fixed the meter at impossible, maybe higher
And they'd probably say right to me that I was a downright liar

If I said it's simple, don't overcomplicate the matter
Remove from your mind all that constant, busy chatter
That constant, busy chatter which is rubbish, I'm being kind
And not smoking is so simple, I'm sure that you will find

Alessandra Liverani

Better Have A Cigarette

I see a traffic jam up ahead
I'll be late, may as well be dead
Better have a cigarette

The boss at work
Is such a jerk
Better have a cigarette

The car won't start
It's got no heart
Better have a cigarette

It has started to rain
That's such a pain
Better have a cigarette

Had an argument with my wife
There was a bit of strife
Better have a cigarette

I've just got up
Before I pour my first cup
Better have a cigarette

Better have a cigarette
That's what I say
At the slightest thing
Throughout each day

I'm not sure how to finish this rhyme
So I will say it another time
Better have a cigarette

Alessandra Liverani

Big Tobacco And The Government

The packets were shining on the shelf,
Shining with all their might:
They did their very best to make
Their appearance smooth and bright-
And this was odd, because they were
An absolute and utter blight.

Big Tobacco and the Government
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
How much more they could still expand:
'If we could only grab them all, '
They said, 'it would be grand! '

'The time has come, ' Big Tobacco said,
'To talk of many things:
Of glamour, image and suavity
Not of hoodwinking and stings
And why addiction has such power-
And what money to us it'll bring.'

'O children, ' said the Government,
'You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again? '
But answer came there none-
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd murdered every one.

Alessandra Liverani

Big Tobacco's Creed

Big Tobacco's Creed

They got lips? We want them
They got lungs? We'll destroy them
They got money? We'll take it
They got happiness? We'll crush it
They got family? We'll kill them
They got pride? We'll lose it
They got hope? We'll remove it
They got peace of mind? Not any more

Do we care?
It's not company policy

Alessandra Liverani

Breakfast At Tiffany's

Breakfast At Tiffany's - a movie revered as a true classic
Audrey Hepburn, the icon, with bearing aristocratic
George Peppard, the actor, so suave and debonair
So should I, would I, ever so much as dare

To point out the most seemingly insignificant of facts
That Audrey Hepburn, under her most fashionable of hats
Had stuck in her mouth an object most vile
Most destructive, most evil, fills me with bile

And don't forget George, he should also be included
Had one stuck in his mouth, the object to which I have alluded
They both smoked fags, now was this just by chance
Or somehow, in some way this movie to enhance

Or did the tobacco companies pay for this ad
Was this infact, something evil, very bad
You may not believe that this could possibly be true
But watch carefully many movies and you'll see that that's exactly what they do

Alessandra Liverani

But It Makes Me Lots Of Money

Cigarette addiction kills people
But it makes me lots of money
It ruins their health
But it makes me lots of money
They cannot breathe properly
But it makes me lots of money
Their addiction causes them misery
But it makes me lots of money
A trillion cigarette butts pollute our earth daily
But it makes me lots of money
Cigarettes cause fires which burn many people to death
But it makes me lots of money
Parents buy cigarettes when their children need to eat
But it makes me lots of money
Cigarette smoke fills our bars and nightclubs, very unpleasant
But it makes me lots of money
Dirty ashtrays are disgusting
But it makes me lots of money
Why are you allowed to promote and sell such a disgusting product?
Because I've got lots of money

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Can You Do It?

Can you do it, can you do it
Can you really take the plunge
Can you not puff one forever
And get rid of all that gunge

Are you ready, are you ready
To live your life so free
Not to worry if you need one
Or maybe two or three

We are waiting, we are waiting
Come on and take the jump
The only fear is fear itself
You'll land with a gentle thump

At last you've done it, yes you've done it
I always knew you could
It's so much better than you thought it
As I always said it would

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Can You Sell This?

We'll start you off on an easy task
Selling fresh air and freedom is all that I ask
You could use words like crisp and invigorating
Uplifting, refreshing, rewarding, rejuvenating

Hmmm, I don't think it's as easy as you say
Moreover, would you give me a big fat pay
If all I sold was freedom and fresh air
Releasing burdens, worries and a life of care

If I sold noxious fumes and slavery, I could get rich
I'd have to lie a little, a completely phony pitch
But who cares, I'd never get caught
My soul is one that is easily bought

Go ahead and tell all your lies
One day you'll wake up to a nasty surprise
Bringing misery and despair into this world
Into its depths you also were hurled

(Sydney, Australia - 2008)

Alessandra Liverani

Caring For An Absurdity

An absurdity, like most creatures, must be cared for
It must be housed, clothed, fed, made to feel secure
If not, this poor little thing will vanish into thin air
And we're left with nothing but a single strand of hair

Smoking, dare I say it, is absurd
It's the most absurd that I've ever heard
I've travelled far and I've travelled wide
I've travelled low and I've travelled high

And everywhere I turn my head
I see an absurdity that's just been fed
That's just been housed in a towering mansion
On a property with lots of room for expansion

If you think this poem is absurd
The most absurd that you've ever heard
Then all I ask is that you turn your head
And you'll see one that's just been fed

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Caught In A Rip

You're only ten metres from shore
But it may as well be one hundred, or even more
The current you didn't know existed
Is taking you out with strength most twisted

You swim against it with all your might
It does nothing to save you from your plight
You're starting to panic and starting to tire
The shore is receding, you're in straits most dire

But if you swim sideways out of this rip
You'll give yourself a much more pleasant trip
Don't tackle this monster in a head on way
Sidle out sideways and you'll live another day

Addiction is a power I wouldn't lock horns with
It'd beat me every time, with just a tail whisk
So I'd go sideways, in crablike fashion
And finally my head, I'd be able to stop bashin'

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Cockroaches Rule

Did you know that cockroaches are actually quite smart
They realise we lay baits for them and have taken it to heart
Those little scuttling things have hatched themselves a plan
An ingenious way they've thought of, how they can get back at man

Cockroaches bankroll movies which are shown on the widescreen
Where people smoke a poison, but their lips and teeth will gleam
They'll be dressed in the most stunning gowns, glamour all the way
But the movies never show them when those people start to pay

Cockroaches don't wrap their poison in a black, plastic case
No, they use gold and silver and have developed many ways
To make that poison so attractive, an enticing bait of pretty hue
Next time you kill a cockroach, make sure it's not killing you

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Comfort Zone

We don't like leaving our comfort zone
It is the place that we call home
Outside it is a strange, strange place
Where we don't recognise anyone's face

Your little nest is a charming abode
Unless it's feathered with poisonous toads
Then I'm afraid you'll have to venture forth
You may have to go a little west of north

You're very reluctant to leave your armchair
Always need much more time to prepare
So you will have to be prodded and nudged
Otherwise you will not be budged

After what seems like a long eternity
You start off out on your exciting journey
And eventually arrive at your new destination
Finally coming to a wondrous realisation

That your new hangout is really groovy
Even better than in the movies
It's fresher, cheaper with its own little drawbridge
And best of all you're no longer in bondage

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Complicated

Stopping smoking cigarettes has many complications
Otherwise it'd be easy, there wouldn't be any frustrations
You cannot simply stop buying them, putting them in your mouth
For starters all the planets must align directly north to south

Before even thinking about starting this monumental task
There are many, many questions that you yourself must ask
Will it rain tomorrow or perhaps the sun will shine too hot
Maybe you could do it then but probably better not

Your train might run a few minutes late
And then you'd be forced into an unplanned wait
You may trip over your own two feet
Infront of an audience in a busy street

I haven't even touched on all the endless possibilities
Let's just put this thing on ice, a perpetual deep freeze
All these complexities are fuddling up my brain
Better not to stop at all, there really isn't any gain

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Confused

When we are born, we have no fear
Our fear list is quite bare
But as we grow and stub our toe
There are many things which scare

Our parents tell us don't touch the stove
It's very hot and'll burn you
Don't climb the tree, you'll skin your knee
Oh, you fell, well that'll learn you

Don't cross the road, don't touch that toad
There's danger at every turn
That snake'll bite with all its might
Oh when will you ever learn

Most fears we have will keep us safe
From being burnt and bitten and bruised
But sometimes fears can be all wrong
Sometimes they can get confused

An evil skull and crossbones
Is usually stuck on a poison jar
We learn to fear it, stay nowhere near it
To eat it would just be bizarre

But sometimes there can be a mix up
It has been known to occur
A poison's absence is the fear
A catastrophic way to err

A cigarette addict has this fear
Implanted deep within their brain
They struggle all of their life
This poison within them to maintain

It's quite hard work keeping the poison in
Because their body wants to expel it
They try their best, they cannot rest
If only they could farewell it

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Copied Fear

Tobacco firms spend vast sums of money
To ensure their product seems sweeter than honey
A product loathsome in every way
One which must be purchased every day

You want to be like these glamorous folk
So you light a fag and begin to smoke
You feel quite safe because it tastes offensive
No need at all to feel apprehensive

You copy them as best you can
Blowing in and out like a real tough man
At first you're just going through the motions
You haven't found the power of this poisonous potion

Aping the actions, no problem there
It's when you copy the fear that you must beware
Each smoker dreads his nicotine falling low
If he ain't got none, it is such a blow

But you don't realise what's going on
That you're about to be part of the biggest con
Too late, you didn't watch your back
The fear came from behind, a stealth attack

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Coulda Woulda Shoulda

If I woulda known that smoking's just a hoax
I coulda refused them, I'd never even be coaxed
I shoulda listened to what my elders had to say
And then I woulda been a lot happier today

If it woulda been explained clearly to me
So very, very clearly so that I could plainly see
That smoking is a mug's game, it really, really is
I coulda avoided it and not enslaved myself to it

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Cycles

Addiction is a cycle which goes round and round and round
It starts off making you miserable, then when you are lying on the ground
Oh, it shows a little compassion and lifts you up a short while
Only to return you back to the depths, but it has so much guile

That you only think it picks you up, only plays the good guy
It would never toss you down, only lifts you way up high
Something else it is which brings you down, crashing to the floor
And if you knew exactly who, you would show them to the door

This cycle goes on forever, programmed in your mind
You're on a never ending treadmill with good and bad entwined
The high does not come, without the low preceding
It's a tricky situation, which is unmistakably misleading

If you reason in your mind that you are better off
Going round and round this cycle, surfing the crest and trough
Then you will go round forever, forever in a spin
And probably realise when it's way too late, much to your chagrin

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Dave The Drunk

Dave's a nice bloke, don't get me wrong
But, well, the truth of it is that he's a bit of a nong
From morning to night he's continually ingesting
Poisons that his body is vehemently detesting

Nourishing food that his body is craving
Is something that he brusquely aside is waving
Instead, he unerringly goes for alcohol and nicotine
Two things which make his body so very unclean

And once he starts with a schooner and smoke
He can't seem to stop, he keeps going for broke
He may think he's tough, that he's indestructible
But the tobacco companies just think that he's gullible

My advice to Dave, not that I'm one to give it
It's only that I want him his life to go on and live it
Is to gather his smokes and stubbies and throw them away
And start enjoying himself each and every wonderful day

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Domestic Violence

Please forgive me, you know last night
When I coated your lungs with gunk
I didn't mean it at all
It was only because I was drunk

That artery I clogged of yours
Is something I truly regret
I love you with all of my heart
If you didn't love me, I'd fret

I promise I'll never do it again
Can we please try once more
You know you can't live without me
Now come on, open the door

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Don'T Copy That One

Let's face it, we are people
But we're very much like sheep
We often stick to fashions
We can do it in our sleep

What we wore a decade ago
May now seem a big mistake
It doesn't really matter
It won't cause a big heartache

But the fashion which is smoking
That's a different one altogether
Once it gets you in its clutches
It keeps you through all weather

The decades come, the decades go
You're still slavishly following it
You hope one day that you'll break free
But its hold has not released one bit

So when some kind person asks you
Here, why don't you try one of these
Politely refuse their offer
What's not in fashion is a wheeze

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Don'T Get Caught

I'll tell you a secret that very few know
One of life's great mysteries, it may save you some woe
You're young and strong, healthy and able
You cannot imagine being old and unstable

Your mind cannot grasp the power of addiction
It won't catch you at all, it's just someone's fiction
How could it catch you when you don't like the taste
Ah, yet it can very quickly, but not in haste

The secret my friend and remember it well
Are the steps that you go through when you end up in hell
There are only two steps, not four or five
Just two tiny steps and then you arrive

Step One - you don't like it, it's nearly a chore
You could stop tomorrow, it's just such a bore
Step Two - you must have it, see how things change
How did that happen, it's really quite strange

From Step One to Step Two with nothing between them
Not a stop, not a pause it's really quite awesome
Then you will learn a feeling quite new
We call it withdrawal which gives you your cue

Each time you feel it you must light another
And another and another and another and another
Millions have thought they would not take Step Two
Can you see them clearly? Just look around you

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Don'T Rush Me

Don't rush me, don't push me, don't give me grief
The time I've been smoking has only been brief
30 years is a mere eye blink in the history of time
Can't I smoke just a few thousand more, is that such a crime?

Don't rush me, don't push me, I'm scared out of my tree
Can't you wait a bit longer, just one more century
What's all the fuss, what's the great hurry
Do things always have to be done in a tempestuous flurry

Can't we drag it out a bit longer, just a little bit more
I just don't understand what all this hurrying is for
Don't rush me, don't push me, you've only waited for years
But I can't move, I'm frozen, I'm frozen with fear

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

Dragged Back

Cigarette? Oh sorry are you trying to quit
I didn't want to drag you back, not that I'll admit
No, I'm quite happy being in this awful trap alone
I'd much rather you didn't accept it, it'll sink you like a stone

But you've weakened, I see that you really want this stick
I normally never offer them to you, but I felt obliged to proffer it
I didn't want you to escape and get away scot free
I'd rather you were stuck here, stuck right here with me

(Sydney, Australia - 2006)

Alessandra Liverani

Enjoying My Fags

I really do enjoy my fags I really, really do
The one when I wake up in the morning and the one when I'm on the loo
Each and every one has that special, divine taste
Even the ones which are two hurried puffs and the rest of the fag goes to waste

The feeling as my lungs fill with noxious fumes is something I just can't describe
It makes me feel so relaxed and at peace, impervious to anyone's jibe
It's not that I must have a smoke, no it isn't that at all
It's just that I enjoy them so much, I have myself such a ball

Whenever I ring someone up I light a cigarette as well
How on earth else could you make a phone call? God, it would just be hell
When driving in crazy traffic, a cigarette is a must
It relaxes me so wonderfully, other drivers eat my dust

I don't get withdrawal pangs, no I smoke because I choose
And why shouldn't I continue, what have I got to lose?
Sure, they cost a bit of cash but they are worth every cent
They give to me so much, I'd hate it if they went

It's said they're bad for your health, who cares about that anyway?
Lungs? I don't need to breathe but cigarettes I must have everyday
I'm sure that I've convinced you that fags are wonderful things
In fact I'm lighting one now that must be the phone which rings

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Erosion

A healthy, eager youngster decides to take up smoking
For a while
He doesn't really like it
But he wants to look in style

And because he doesn't really like it
He thinks he'll be able to stop
Whenever he chooses
So that he'll come out on top

But he doesn't, and erosion begins
Slowly but surely
Of his body and soul
He begins to feel poorly

Those who encourage children
To smoke the dreaded weed
Have contained within their heart
An evil, evil seed

(Sydney, Australia - 2006)

Alessandra Liverani

Everybody Loses

I've only just realised, for a while my brain was stumped
In fact it took so long I'm feeling quite a chump
That those who benefit most from cigarettes disappearing from our shelves
Are tobacco company employees, yes their very own selves

But how could this be, you're not making any sense
Let me explain it to you, here is my defence
The proportion of smokers within the tobacco conglomeration
Is higher than the proportion within the general population

And all the money in the world won't be very satisfying
If you've only half a lung and you know that you are dying
Cigarettes kill and they don't pick and choose
While cigarettes are sold, everybody loses

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

Exercise In Futility

Can you think of anything more futile
Than desperately puffing on a cigarette
The fear that you hope to relieve still stays
It's not something that you will forget

Sure, it may die down a little
As you madly puff away
But never, ever disappear completely
It's here with you to stay

You can smoke one after the other
Trying to suppress that nagging doubt
But you may as well be Lady Macbeth
Who said 'Out damn spot, be out'

Fears cannot be pandered to
They'll crush you in many ways
It's best to take a big, deep breath
And fight your way through the blaze

I am sure you remember in the past
Something you thought you'd never be able to do
Maybe someone supported, helped and coaxed you
And you triumphantly saw it through

This time the fear is of not doing something
It's a little bit upside down
Admittedly, that makes it trickier
But there's always a work around

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Fear Is Not A Fault

Fear is not a fault
There's no need to lay blame
Fear is not a fault
Though it can kill and maim

Fear is not a fault
And can be overcome
Fear is not a fault
Though it's usually not much fun

Fear can tighten around and around
Your mind needs to be gently unwound
All the wrinkles and knots smoothed away
To make for a much more enjoyable day

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

Fiddle Faddle

Something which seems clamorous and compelling
Crucial and critical it seems to be yelling
Important, indispensable, an absolute must
Really, can you explain to me what is all the fuss?

That feeling which claims you must light up a smoke
On what authority does it say you are yoked?
Who said you must always bow to its wishes?
Who said you have to listen to something so vicious?

(Sydney, Australia - 2004)

Alessandra Liverani

Fresh Air

I am fresh air, I have no airs and graces
I am fresh air, I'm in quite a lot of places
I am fresh air, do you want to breathe me in
I am fresh air, fill your lungs with me, it's no sin

Because lungs know what to do with air so fresh
They absorb life giving oxygen through their biological mesh
That's all lungs want, from morning to night
Anything else gives them a big fright

Fresh air, so simple, so free and so pure
Please don't scoff at me, your life I ensure
I am something which is beyond compare
I'm peerless, I'm unequalled, I am simply air

(Sydney, Australia - 2004)

Alessandra Liverani

High Anxiety

Thank goodness, the yellow ball is hanging from the rope
If it weren't there, well I really don't think I could cope
Oh no, it's now the red ball swinging in the breeze
My hands tense up, I start to sweat, my whole body's in a freeze

Oh what relief, I can see now the yellow ball shining like the sun
At least for now, just for a short while, I can really have some fun
But just as I thought, the red ball has come and displaced my yellow friend
My anxiety returns, my calm has now come to an abrupt end

All those emotions sparked by coloured balls of complete irrelevance
The relief, the anxiety, the calmness, and then so tense
Just like a smoker whose emotions constantly whirl and spin
Around irrelevant, useless sticks that hang above their chin

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

How Dare You

Officer, who is this you have brought before me today
Your worship, it is a prisoner who tried to get away
Oh indeed, and what did this villainous rascal do?
He skipped the cigarette he normally has on the hour of two

This is absolutely preposterous, it could start a dangerous precedent
Why, he could then refuse the four and the six and cause a dangerous accident
How dare you think that you can skip a cigarette any time you please
Don't you realise that forever and ever, even after you acquire a wheeze

You must smoke them on and on, never missing a single fag
You must inhale them deeper and deeper, ever so deeper the drag
So deep infact, that the fumes will reach right down to your toes
We always know if you try to cheat, believe me, 'cos it shows

Alessandra Liverani

How Hard Is It?

How hard is it to in a bikini Mt Everest climb?

It's not as hard as quitting smoking

How hard is it to find a word that with orange does rhyme?

It's not as hard as quitting smoking

How hard is it to fly freely like a bird cross the sky

It's not as hard as quitting smoking

How hard is it to never, ever die

It's not as hard as quitting smoking

How hard is it to swim up Niagara Falls

It's not as hard as quitting smoking

How hard is it to juggle ten thousand balls

It's not as hard as quitting smoking

How hard is it to read every book that's been written

It's not as hard as quitting smoking

How hard is it to give birth to a kitten

It's not as hard as quitting smoking

How hard is it to eat a rhino for tea

It's not as hard as quitting smoking

How easy is it to take a walk by the sea?

It's as easy as quitting smoking

(Sydney, Australia - 2004)

Alessandra Liverani

How To Do It

I could give a talk to you
On cigarettes and how they create a mucky goo
But you'd just look at me right through
And keep doing what you do
Keep smoking cigarettes

I could for hours pontificate
Set up a brilliant, logical debate
But it probably wouldn't even rate
And you couldn't even wait
To smoke a cigarette

But if I could turn you into an object of ridicule
Make you publically a fool
Harness that power as my tool
The one as kids we learned in school
Then you'd never smoke a cigarette

Alessandra Liverani

How To Stay A Smoker

I am the chief head shrink for a tobacco firm
And the most important thing from me that they want to learn
Is how to make you stay a smoker, never give them up
Until you're on your death bed, and with them still in love

Firstly, you must always think that they give you great enjoyment
That is how tobacco firms will always have employment
Then you must think that your health doesn't mean so much
You have to lose contact with reality just a touch

Next you must believe that right now is never a good time
And always have many reasons to support the continuation of this pastime
Better yet, if you can think it a complete impossibility
To never smoke again, then for sure you'll never be free

(Sydney, Australia - 2006)

Alessandra Liverani

Hunted

Addicts are hunted people, hunted far and wide
But addicts have nowhere to run to, nowhere at all to hide
Because you cannot escape your very own mind
It's constantly with you all of the time

Their faces are drawn and anxious, eyes furtively peer around
For the hunter continually hunting them, has he gone to ground
They cannot let him catch them, otherwise they'll be doomed
So quickly they consume their drug of choice, before on the horizon
he's loomed

Yet he never seems to go away, always ready to hunt some more
It doesn't matter how many times with their drug they score
He stalks them through the hours long
With stamina everlastingly strong

They're so tired, so very, very weary
That it's impossible for them to think at all clearly
So they just keep running like animals under the spotlight
Looking over their shoulder into the light so bright

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Hypnotised

Have you ever seen those shows
When someone is hypnotised
And bites happily into an onion
Right before your eyes

They munch and crunch this tasty veg
Savouring the pungent taste
They cannot get enough of it
Nothing is left to waste

Can you imagine if on this show
Someone was given a little white stick
That contained dried out foul smelling leaves
Which was lit just like a wick

It was suggested to them for the rest of their life
These sticks they must smoke on and on
Until all of the hope that they had
Like their health and spirit, all gone

Would you believe it possible?
Or would this be stretching credulity
Far, far beyond its natural limits
Into the realm of absurdity

Alessandra Liverani

Hyponicotinaphobia

Ambulance please come quick
We have a medical emergency
There is a person here quite ill
They need fixing with some urgency

What is the problem may I ask?
So we can send the right supplies
Nicotine levels are very low
They must be raised, or this man dies

Oh my God, that sounds quite serious
I'll send the paramedics right away
Let me know if breathing stops
Then we may have to start to pray

So what drugs are you going to bring here?
To fix this poor person up
They are feeling very poorly
I think that they have suffered enough

Well actually no drugs can help this person
It's hyponicotinaphobia that they've caught
Could you repeat that please
Did I hear it as I ought?

Yes, you heard correctly
I'll translate to you from Greek
A fear of low nicotine in the blood
Is what's making this person freak

Sure, we can elevate nic levels
By pumping some more in
But that will not remove the fear
So it will not be such a win

This hyponicotinaphobia
How do we remove this fear
By reading doggerel such as this
Is one way and it's right here

Alessandra Liverani

I Always Have A Reason

I always have a rational reason to light up a fag
But to think up thirty reasons per day is becoming such a drag
Sometimes I must start an argument to give me a half decent one
So if you see me itching for a fag, you'd better start to run!

I always have a reason which seems so logical in my mind
To inhale noxious fumes you need a logic of some kind
The logicality of which I cannot clearly explain to you
Because right at this moment I have many other things to do

But if you come back next week, I'll help you understand
My logic, why I smoke them, it's not that I'm under their command
Come back next week and I'll put my reasons on the table
And you'll understand my logic, you'll be so much more than able

To comprehend so clearly the benefits smoking gives to me
Come back next week, and I'll explain it clear as clear can be
My logic will astound you, it'll impress you very much
The logicality of my logic, it's a logic that can't be touched!

Alessandra Liverani

I Am Not An Addict

I am not an addict, I am not deceived
I do not hold any kind of belief
That a fag or a liquid or a pill or a potion
Are worthy from me of unquestioning devotion

I do not become anxious and rather jumpy
The ride for me is smooth, not jarring and bumpy
I do not believe that I must inhale deeply the fumes
Of a cigarette, I have never assumed

That they are of some benefit, that they give me strength
And I certainly would not go to the extraordinary lengths
Which addicts think quite normal, to get their urgent fix
Reality and fantasy are two things I never mix

To believe that mere cigarettes should rule me with absolute power
Is a belief so absurd, it leaves me with a taste most sour
I see them as they truly are, disgusting, foul, smelly sticks
My mind, thank goodness, has never in this way been tricked

Alessandra Liverani

I Bow Before You

Oh wondrous cigarette of many different brands
How many you have helped across our widespread lands
I bow before you, Almighty God
Not for a second do I think you are a fraud

Exalted Cigarette who has lovingly bestowed
Your might and strength, which have generously towed
All of your worshippers through their obstacle filled days
Yes, you have helped them graciously in so many, many ways

I put my humble self completely at your mercy
To think you have no power would be a complete heresy
Your guidance and help are absolutely essential
Whatever your philosophy, even if existential

I bow before you, completely prostrate
I submit myself wholly, my passion never to abate
With religious fervour of the highest scale
Without your comforting presence, I'll emit a high-pitched wail

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

I Can'T Be Bothered

Why don't smokers think like this?

I can't be bothered smoking cigarettes
It really is a pain
Sometimes you've got to huddle out there
In the cold and freezing rain

I'm sick of what I have to do
Always carrying them around
And then feeling tense and anxious
When the rotten sticks can't be found

Oh they are such a nuisance
Stinking up my clothes and hair
And they cost a lot of money too
It just isn't fair

They really aren't worth a toss
There's nothing in it for me
Why don't I just throw them out?
And start to feel so free

Why don't smokers think like that?

Alessandra Liverani

I Deserve A Cigarette

I deserve a cigarette
I deserve to breathe noxious fumes into my lungs
I deserve to always crave a cigarette
I deserve to feel anxious if I do not have one

I deserve to feel guilty and weak
I deserve to push my guilt onto others
I deserve to get emphysema and lung cancer
I deserve to pay for cigarettes

I deserve to smell disgusting
I deserve to live in fear
I deserve to spend any spare moment breathing noxious fumes
I deserve to think I am getting something out of it

No-one deserves that

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

I Don'T Need Them

Today I have decided not to smoke for evermore
I've come to the conclusion that they really are a bore
And I think I realise now where I was always going wrong
My mantra of 'I don't need them' is not what I should sing along

Because no-one on this earth needs a cigarette to smoke
Cigarettes do not fix a thing at all that might have gotten broke
They merely break it further till it's dejected and all clapped out
'I don't need them' is not at all what it's about

'They have nothing of value' is much closer to being true
Nicotine is a substance my body just doesn't do
My mind is all confused and thinks my body craves for it
But my body does not like it, not one single little bit

So when I stop today, I will say clearly to myself
That nicotine is something which is best left on the shelf
It has nothing whatsoever to give me, in any possible way
Nicotine's a poison, which is best thrown far away

Alessandra Liverani

I Don'T Resent

I don't resent at all the money on fags which I spend
I'm more than happy to keep smoking until the bitter end
It doesn't bother me at all that my lungs are being clogged
The reason I don't worry may be that I'm in rather a fog

Because if I saw things in a manner untwisted
Through clear sighted glasses that were completely unmisted
I'd realise most vividly that I was being taken for a ride
A ride that was always ever on a downwardly slide

Not to resent spending money to inhale noxious fumes
Is not a good thing at all, it spells out d-o-o-m doom
I should feel very resentful, infact hopping mad
The fact that I don't is really quite sad

Alessandra Liverani

I Grant You Permission

I grant you permission to throw your fags away
I grant you permission as from this hour, this day
You're not convinced, you want it in writing
That can be arranged, faster than lightning

Here is the document, signed by the proper authority
It's dated and stamped, definitely no forgery
Signed with a flourish by the highest power in the land
Who might that be, why it's by your very own hand

Alessandra Liverani

I Want To Smoke

I want to smoke, just like them, well not quite
'Cos not all of the day and not all of the night
I want to smoke, but addiction, what's that all about?
I'll smoke, thank you, but leave the addiction bit out

I want to smoke just for the heck of it
As long, of course, as my life I don't make a wreck of it
I want to smoke, I'm assuming there's some benefit
Otherwise people would stop, they'd simply just quit

I want to smoke, I think it's daring and wild
It's not about fear, like the fears we have as a child
I want to smoke, I think it's grown up and cool
And I can't understand why people say I'm a fool

Alessandra Liverani

I Will Help You

I am Mr Poison, I am here to help you
With everything you say and everything you do
Just reach out your hand and I will firmly clasp it
I'll help you anyway I can, all you have to do is ask it

If you feel you're slipping, just grip me ever more tightly
Don't worry that every day, I'm making you more unsightly
Because I am here to help you, something you must never forget
I am here to help you, you are forever in my debt

You could not survive, without all the help I give
Your life would be a life that could not at all be lived
So firmly grasp this hand that I hold out to you
I won't pull you down, that's something I would never do

Alessandra Liverani

I'D Like To Teach The World To Smoke

(parody of 'I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing')

I'd like to build the world an addiction
And furnish it with pain
Grow tobacco leaves and more tobacco leaves, people's got smoking on the brain

I'd like to teach the world to smoke
In perfect harmony
And grasp it slowly round the neck, laughing as it choked

I'd like to see the world for once
All addicts a gasping, choking mix
And hear them echo through the hills Oh, where's my latest fix

(That's the song I hear)
I'd like to teach the world to smoke (that the world sings today)
In perfect harmony

I'd like to teach the world to smoke
In perfect harmony

I'd like to build the world an addiction
And furnish it with pain
Grow tobacco leaves and more tobacco leaves, people's got smoking on the brain

I'd like to teach the world to smoke (that the world sings today)
In perfect harmony
I'd like to strangle it in my arms and make my company money
(That's the song I hear)
I'd like to see the world for once
All addicts a gasping, choking mix
And hear them echo through the hills Oh, where's my latest fix

(That's the song I hear)
I'd like to teach the world to smoke (that the world sings today)
In perfect harmony

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

If You Believe

If you believe that black is white
Do you know that you'd never be right
If you believe that short is long
Do you know that you'd always be wrong

If you believe that left is right
You might give yourself a great big fright
If you believe that front is back
You might give yourself a heart attack

If you believe that in is in fact out
You'd spend all your life living in doubt
If you believe that up is really down
You'd probably wear a puzzled frown

If you believe with all of your heart
That there is only one way you could possibly start
The day, with a lungful of tobacco smoke
Do you know you'd be part of a very sad joke?

Alessandra Liverani

I'M Not Really A Smoker

I'm not really a smoker, though I smoke day and night
I'm not like those others, I can easily take flight
I'm very different and the reasons I smoke
Are not like those others, they're quite a joke

I need to smoke because my job's very trying
I need to smoke 'cos my customers ain't buying
I've got my reasons and my reasons are sound
I need to smoke, yes my reasons abound

You'd smoke too if you suffered like me
You'd die for a fag, you'd get very cranky
Although maybe you wouldn't if you realised quite clearly
That fags give you nothing, just make you pay very dearly

Alessandra Liverani

I'M Sick Of It

I'm sick, sick, sick of cigarette addiction
I'm sick of movies and their dishonest depiction
That smoking is glamorous, sophisticated and cool
When what it really is is something that rules

The cigarette addict from morning to night
And all the hours in between, they can never take flight
From the constant nagging fear that they must inhale the fumes
Of a deadly poison that will lead them to their doom

A cigarette addict can barely do a thing
Without a cigarette, it's got them on a string
They have to smoke it now, it just cannot wait
And then, another and another, they've really taken the bait

A cigarette addict is as helpless as a lamb
On a frosty hillside with no mother to keep it warm
Their mind is so confused that they actually believe
A cigarette is their saviour, they are so deceived

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Image In The Mirror

A smoker wants some sympathy
He wants you to understand
The terrible anxious feeling he has
When he's under the cigarette's command

But he also wants you to believe
That he is in total control
That he smokes because he enjoys it
This image is also his goal

No wonder he cannot break from this dreadful affliction
He doesn't know what's fact and what is fiction
Well, just to make things a little clearer
When you look right in the mirror

The image of you being in control
Is wrong, you're just a poor lost soul
Once this truth you fully accept
Escaping addiction, you'll be much more adept

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

In Any Way At All

If smoking was beneficial in any way at all
Then I would say go out and have yourself a ball
Those years of life cut short wouldn't matter a single whit
I'd say go out and enjoy every single drag of it

Those filthy ashtrays, that stale smoke smell
The fact that it doesn't make you feel so well
If you were being repaid in a handsome way
I'd say go out and do it day after day

The sheer cost of it, please don't do the sums
It'd be worth every penny, if it really made you hum
But it just turns you into an abject slave
Someone who always has a constant crave

A craving that always needs a feed
From a bitter obnoxious noxious weed
And that is why I say to you today
Please can you give those fags away

Alessandra Liverani

It's A Drug

It's a drug

My goodness, is it really?

Yes, it is.

Wow, I'm impressed.

It's got magical powers

Has it really?

What can it do?

It can turn you into a complete slave.

Really, how does it do that?

Well it's a drug.

Really, it's a drug.

Yes it is.

And it's got magical powers

It's very, very powerful

It's incredibly powerful

It has so much power

You wouldn't even believe all the power that it has

Try to imagine how much power this drug has

Can you imagine it?

I'm trying to.

It has turned people into absolute slaves

How does it do that?

Because it's a drug.

Oh I see, it's a drug

Wow, that's impressive. It's a drug

Yes, and drugs have lots of power

Once you start taking a drug you have to keep taking it

For how long?

Forever

Why?

Because it's a drug.

Drugs have lots of power

Wow do they?

Yes, lots and lots of power and once you start taking a drug you must continue

Why is that again?

Because it's a drug. It's very, very powerful

What if you don't believe in the power of the drug?

Then it has no power.

(Sydney, Australia - 2008)

Alessandra Liverani

I've Got It All Under Control

I've got it all under control, I'm fine
I don't need any thoughts from your mind
It's very easy for me
I will just stop in a day or three

Couldn't be simpler, nothing to it
All you have to do is just stop doing it
The shortest distance between here and there
Is a straight line, not a convoluted square

And I'm not one for overcomplicating
I've given this a zero in terms of difficulty rating
Though right at this very moment is not a good time
But don't you worry, I'll be fine

Alessandra Liverani

Limericks

There was an old man from Alabama
Who spent 55 years in the slammer
His prison was of a kind
That he created in his mind
The prison of addiction, it's really a whammer

There was a young lady from Dublin
Who had a question her mind it was troublin'
Are there some perks
Or any kind of lurks
In smoking, the answer: There's nuffin'

There was a young lady from Gloucester
Who took up smoking
But it cost her
An arm and a leg and a pain in the head
That foolish young lady from Gloucester

There was a young man from wherever
Who took up smoking to be clever
He thought he could quit
When he grew tired of it
But looks like he'll be smoking forever

There was a young girl from Warilla
Who wanted to do something which thrilled 'er
So she lit up a smoke, but started to choke
So she persisted
But then it killed 'er

There was a young lady from London
Who didn't want to end up in a dungeon
So she never lit up a fag
Never took even one drag
And now her lungs very well they do function

There was a young man from New York
Who ate cigarettes up with a fork
You may say how absurd

He may as well eat up turds
But he thought they tasted as nice as roast pork

There was a young man from Crow's Nest
Who listened to others as to what was best
They told him to smoke
So he did, poor bloke
Now he must continue without any rest

There was an old man from Land's End
Who frequently coughed up phlegm
They asked him as to why
And this was his reply
I smoke, have you got me one I could lend

There once was a lady from Hertfordshire
Who didn't think it was at all queer
To inhale noxious fumes
Could not see the doom
Now she's dead and buried, I fear

There once was a man from Shellharbour
Who decided to to visit his barber
His barber told him with disdain
You smell like a leaky old drain
Your not smoking is something I'd rather

There was a young man with great lungs
Whose health good fortune had brung
But he made a mistake
Started smoking, at eight
Now to the oxygen tube he has clung

There was a company called Benson & Hedges
Who desired a high profit in all of their ledgers
So they sold in packets of gold
A poison which killed, they were so cold
Those people of Benson & Hedges

Alessandra Liverani

Mental As Anything

Smoking, we are indoctrinated
Time and time again
Is glamorous, relaxing, enjoyable
Basically man's best friend

But what is not even whispered about
The truth of which has never come out
Is that nearly all the patients of the mental hospital
Smoke like chimneys, it's really awful

The damage to your lungs and heart
Is mentioned every day
But the damage to your mind and spirit
That's never put into play

And yet, it could be the worst of all
It is your mind that is being mauled
The constant worry of your addiction
That is what is the real affliction

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Monsters Inc

In the movie Monsters Inc, the monsters were scary
Some were green, some unclean, some were hairless, others hairy
To scare little children was the task they performed
And the terrified screams emitted into electricity transform

But these frightening monsters themselves, ironically
Were petrified of little children something chronically
Because they thought they'd die from a child's slightest touch
Even if it was just the merest of an accidental brush

Though as it turned out it was all just a lie
These monsters could safely touch children and never happen to die
Now you may think what I'll say next is extremely annoying
You may think that my logic is exasperatingly cloying

You may wish that I would keep all these thoughts inside my head
You may think that this poem is better off unread
But I would like to point out, at risk of raising your dander
I'll just say it out now with my usual candour
That the monster who is terrified of a tiny little popette
Is just like a smoker who's frightened of not having a cigarette

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

More Torture, Why Not?

Smoke, withdrawal, smoke, withdrawal, you know the drill
There never really was any kind of thrill
Just a slow insidious torture that took over your life
Took from you the ability to thrive

You've suffered in silence, too afraid to speak out
Wanted to escape, but your mind filled with doubt
More torture for sure, escaping this curse
Better staying in prison, freedom would only be worse

Freedom, no, not for the likes of you
Only more punishment all your life through
You've suffered for years and deserve only more
True freedom, never, something you'll never score

(Sydney, Australia - 2006)

Alessandra Liverani

Most Important

I think it's most important that smokers smoke their smokes
Because I know that if they didn't, and this is not a joke
The earth would stop spinning on its axis right away
And the middle of the night would never become a new born day

It's absolutely crucial that a fag they diligently ingest
Because I say this to you, and I do not say it in jest
Otherwise their bodies would turn into lumps of clay
And their freely flowing hair into bales of prickly hay

Without a cigarette, life as we know it would just end
The cigarette is something, something on which you must depend
To keep you breathing freely, keep a finely beating heart
Without it, well, I just can't imagine the disaster that would start

A catastrophe of such magnitude, incomprehensible to the human mind
And that is why smokers, those poor smokers are in such a bind
Because once they start it, it's imperative that they keep on track
God forbid that they should cease it, the sky would turn all black

Alessandra Liverani

My Cigarette, My Friend

I've got a bit of sinus
My throat's a little bit dry
My lungs are a little bit wheezy
But I'm not going to cry

All my teeth have been stained yellow
My fingers and nails too
Some say it's the cigarettes I smoke
They say that they accrue

I think that that is an outright lie
No, cigarettes do me no harm
They are my very best friends
To me they have lots of charm

Do you want me to explain it
All the benefits that fags give to me
Well, where do you want me to start?
I'll tell you the lot, from A to B

Firstly, there is the advantage
Of having to buy them everyday
It puts order in your life
And makes sure that you won't stray

Then, of course, each time you smoke one
Your withdrawal pangs disappear
Not for very long, mind you
But you'll have another, have no fear

Now cigarette butts, that's a tough one
I can't seem to find an advantage there
Maybe just the satisfaction of ridding myself of them
Getting those nasty things out of my hair

So when they bury me in the ground
And place my gravestone up above
I'd like for them to put on it
I died for my cigarette friends, with love

Alessandra Liverani

My Grandmother

My grandmother has been smoking since the age of thirteen
Barely a decade after from her mother's breast being weaned
She's still smoking keenly at the age of eighty-five
'How lucky she is' you say, 'That she is still alive'

That she was able to enjoy all those years of smoking
All those many, many years of constantly choking
On the poisonous, unpleasant fumes of the deadly cigarette
How lucky she has been, she should have no regrets

Through war, through poverty, through immigrating to afar
Always buying, always smoking, from not a day was she barred
Every single day a life spent with cigarettes, her friend
They have comforted her through all her life until the very end

Alessandra Liverani

My Lot In Life

I'm a smoker, you wouldn't comprehend
It's my burden to carry, until the very end
You don't understand why I have to do it all the time
The problem is your lack of understanding, not mine

You can't see the urgency there
You can't see the burden I bear
Why do you fail its critical importance to grasp
Why can't you see that it's something I cannot unclasp

What's wrong with how you think things through
It's plainly obvious it's something I have to do
I've tried to explain it to you as clearly as I can
But no matter what I say, you just don't understand

Alessandra Liverani

My Name Is David

My name is David, and I have a fear
Which I'd like to explain to all of you here
It's not complex at all, the epitome of simplicity
To rid myself of it would give me much felicity

Although my fear is simple, not in any way complicated
Do not for a second think it can be overrated
It's killed many people, billions in fact
Ruined their lives, yes it has really done that

I know that you're wondering what could have that power
And I don't want to keep you here, hour after hour
So I won't delay any longer, with more introductions
I won't turn this into a major production

The fear that I have, if you'll just bear with me briefly
Is of not having a cigarette, that's what it is, chiefly
Could not live my life without its magical presence
Which is very strange, since it's really a menace

Alessandra Liverani

Myths And Misconceptions

The tooth fairy's not real, nor is the Easter Bunny
It's your Mummy and Daddy who cough up the money
And Santa Claus with his red coat and sackful of gifts
He's just a fable, a fabrication, a myth

Now take the cigarette monster, huge and alarming
Many believe him to be, but he's actually quite charming
Once you get to know him, behind his fierce, brutish features
He's really the most amiable of creatures

But there are many who believe with an unswaying fervour
If you don't smoke a cigarette, he will commit murder
So they keep smoking constantly all through each and every day
And sadly don't realise that he just wants to play

Alessandra Liverani

Natural Phenomena

Volcano, power, respect it
Earthquake, power, respect it
Lightning, power, respect it
Fire, power, respect it
Flood, power, respect it
Hurricane, power, respect it
Addiction, power, respect it

Volcano kills, watch out
Earthquake kills, watch out
Lightning kills, watch out
Fire kills, watch out
Flood kills, watch out
Hurricane kills, watch out
Addiction kills, watch out

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Never Ending Time

Time never ends, as far as we know
It goes on forever, like the wind which blows
Neverending time, passed without cigarettes
An impossibility, because I'll never forget

That I always need them, why, I'm not quite sure
But I will always remember their wonderful allure
Hours spent, days spent, months and years
Without a cigarette, would be my greatest fear

I cannot even contemplate a smoke free existence
Cannot even go there, not even in the distance
Because I cling so very tightly to them, hold them to my chest
To not have them in my presence, I would feel undressed

An eternity without them, my definition of hell
Because I constantly am hearing an insistent little bell
Which keeps on telling me time after time
Drag on a cigarette, you don't need reason or rhyme

Just keep doing it and doing it and doing it again
Keep drawing up those noxious fumes until the very end
Keep filling all those ashtrays with disgusting little butts
An eternity of smoking, from ashes to the dust

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

No Law

No-one's passed a law which said
You must have a fag when you arise from bed
No-one's made an inviolate rule
A fag must be smoked when you get out of school

You won't be given an enormous fine
If you don't smoke, it's not a crime
Your parents won't give you extra chores
If those smelly fags, you completely ignore

A doctor will never give advice
To smoke a fag, they're rather nice
Apon the cross you won't be nailed
If those gaspers you don't inhale

I'm trying to think of a possible downfall
If those cigarettes aren't smoked at all
But I fail to think of a single one
I cannot believe they are such fun

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Not A Problem

Sure, I smoke, but it's not a problem
There is no problem I see
It's social, it's enjoyable, it's relaxing
What possible problem could there be?

Why, I can fly for 23 hours
Without a single puff
I just like to have one with my mates
I have no problem with this stuff

Tomorrow, for example
I could quite happily choose
Not to smoke a single cigarette at all
Easy, I'm sure I wouldn't lose

I don't understand why you want me to stop
There is no problem here
What, do you think I'd be worried without them
Do you think that I have fear?

Alessandra Liverani

Notification

How are you notified everyday of your life
That a cigarette must be smoked right now
What kind of signal is passed to your brain
Exactly what is transmitted and how?

Does a ghost appear deathly white in your vision
And intone a sepulchral chant?
Or does a messenger on foot arrive at your doorstep
And relate the message in between pants

Does a head suddenly appear around the corner
And shout out at you the word 'Boo'
Or does someone discreetly wink in the corner
That you alone know is your cue

This message unseen by the rest of us people
Is being received by you loud and clear
Can this signal at all be intercepted
So that it will only fall on deaf ears?

Alessandra Liverani

On A Railway Platform

As I walked up the stairs, I could tell
Someone was smoking, by the unmistakable smell
Politely I told her that this was not allowed
She surveyed me through the noxious cloud

Trains give off fumes, so why can't I
'Is that your logic?' I responded to her gritty try
What can you do, can you give me a ticket?
'No I can't'. She thought she had taken my wicket

'Oh you're desperate', she jeered, relishing an easy win
But then my response put her head into a spin
'You pay money in order to inhale noxious smoke'
'And you're calling me desperate', were the words I spoke

A few seconds ago she'd seemed so tough
Now she couldn't stub it out quickly enough
Maybe this brief comment had cleared her head
And she'd decided to breathe in fresh air instead

(Sydney, Australia - 2008)

Alessandra Liverani

Optical Illusion

Smokers standing in the street
An illusion their minds cannot defeat
Year after year, decade after decade
This illusion never falters or fades

Like the high tide coming in, filling every cranny and nook
Though it never recedes, it's permanently booked
Swirling through every part of their mind
Tightening, twisting, strengthening the bind

How sad to see someone controlled by an illusion
Controlled by delusion and confusion
Controlled by something which arrived out of thin air
To stay forever, leaving only despair

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

Panic Attack

Panic is a feeling that we all know very well
Anxiety and uneasiness are others I could tell
Although they serve a purpose, we avoid them at all cost
When they appear within us we'd like to tell them to get lost

But if we discover in the dead of night
Our house has flames shining oh so bright
It's panic that makes us run for our life
We know if we stayed we'd be in big strife

Panic is a quick, instantaneous reaction
We need to respond quickly to feel satisfaction
But sometimes it needs to be overridden
Not always should we answer to its bidding

The fear of low nicotine in the blood
Is one infamous example of such a dud
You feel the panic start to rise
'Light up a smoke' a voice within you cries

We can let panic grow faster and faster
Or we can let ourselves become its master
Remember that panic will not last forever
We can overcome it if we are very clever

If we ride it through calmly knowing it won't last
Realise it may return but know it'll be outclassed
Eventually it will accept defeat most graciously
And we can live our lives ever so much more vivaciously

Sydney, Australia - 2003

Alessandra Liverani

Pavlov's Dog: Advanced Lesson

Pavlov was a psychologist, I think
Who supplied his dogs with food and drink
But always preceded the giving of the victuals
By ringing a bell, that was his ritual

The dogs became conditioned and would begin salivating
Upon hearing the bell, which to the food they were relating
Their mind was programmed by this little tinkle
Though they didn't realise it, they had no inkle

The noise of a bell, though it didn't taste or smell like food
Got these dogs in a very hungry mood
Just like smokers are conditioned to relax and unwind
By inhaling noxious fumes which only confuse their mind

(Sydney, Australia - 2006)

Alessandra Liverani

People's Lying

People's lying here, people's lying there
People's lying everywhere
People's dying here, people's dying there
People's dying everywhere

People's dying 'cos people's lying
People's crying 'cos people's lying
People's denying that they is lying
No-one's defying all this lying

Even people who's dying still keep lying
So more people's crying
More people's dying
'Cos people's only know lying

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

Play Time

Children, please come inside, the light is going fast
But Mum, we can't, there's a dragon we must get past
A fire breathing monster guarding the front gate
We can't fight against it, it's spewing venom and hate

Don't be silly, children, that's just your imagination
This terrifying creature that has such fascination
Quickly come inside, there is nothing for you to fear
Come in this instant children, do you hear?

But Mum, you know that dragons really do exist
What about the cigarette dragon, you have heard it hiss
It has had you shaking, shaking in sheer fright
You've tried to fight against it with all of your might

But you can't fight a dragon, because they are fierce and huge
You can't fight a dragon, it's like fighting a deluge
All you have to do is see clearly in your mind
That this is a dragon of the imaginary kind

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Power Of The Mind

Is your mind a despotic tyrant?
Who brutally pushes you around
Does it order you to smoke cigarettes
Hound you, forever hound

Does it tell you incessantly that you need them
When it's patently obvious you do not
Does it briefly reward you when you listen?
Only rarely, just to keep you on the spot

Has your mind become a traitor?
Living dangerously inside you
Has it become a loose cannon?
Which to you is no longer true

Alessandra Liverani

Pretty Packages

Glossy, gold, glittering sophisticated boxes
Shining down from their huge, colourful displays
What's inside these pretty packages
Luring, inviting, gloriously ablaze

Flip open the top and peer inside
Nestling identically on the silver foil
Are filter capped pretty white sticks
Regular, virginal, unspoiled

But if you look a little closer
You will see much, much more
Hidden inside these pretty packages
Behind the secret trapdoor

Pain, fear, disappointment, death
Frustration, anger, loss and shame
Disfigurement, poverty and disease
This packaging has a lot to blame

Alessandra Liverani

Priorities

I've got my list of priorities fixed firmly in my mind
And do you know what at the very top you'll find
Way, way, way above, at least 10 miles higher than all else
Is the priority of the little white stick, sitting on its very special shelf

Priority? That is the understatement of all time
It's prior to priority, and prior again yet to climb
It's the be all and end all, nothing else even comes close
I must have my weekly, no daily, try hourly life giving dose

Because it's a priority, what more can I say
A huge priority that keeps all the monsters at bay
And when I say priority that's exactly what I mean
Please don't tell me that it's exceedingly unclean

It doesn't matter if it kills me, doesn't matter if it costs
Because it's a huge priority, without them I am lost
Give me, give me, give me, those little white sticks right now
They are my priority, my priority you stupid cow! ! !

Alessandra Liverani

Problem Solving

To solve a problem you must be
Analytical and objective
You must include every single fact
And refrain from being subjective

Let's look at smoking impartially
And collate the various facts
Nicotine is a mild stimulant
I'm not talking through my hat

The drug itself does not relax
Infact it does the reverse
How can we explain this mystery
It all seems rather perverse

A mild stimulant is ruling your life
Yes, that's right, it's not even strong
It's got you at its beck and call
Stringing you all right along

A mild stimulant? The joke's on you
And all of your friends in this farce
This drug is laughing itself silly
That you fell right into its path

It has no power other than what you give it
It'll take whatever you've got
And use it against you mercilessly
It does that quite a lot

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Puppet On A String

Millions of strings fill our space
At the end of each one, a lonely puppet's face
Arms, legs, fingers, mouths and hands
Also attached, a puppet show most grand

The strings are jerked day and night
So the puppets move ceaselessly, to the puppet master's delight
His nimble, slick fingers control with immense skill
So that the puppets think that it is their own will

Which makes them repeat actions robotically
Hand to mouth, drag deeply, oh so constantly
He gives the strings a yank, well-timed
The puppet responds with an action well mimed

Hand to mouth, drag deeply, again and again
He thinks the cigarette is his friend
Although it will kill him in the end
Certainly not something on which he can depend

Alessandra Liverani

Rashonull Argument

Let's have an argument, just you and I
I'll say what's bad about fags, you reply
With all of the good things, that keep you so chained
Be my guest, go ahead, and to me explain

As to why you are better off sucking on them
You've got your reasons, at least about ten
And when I mention something that isn't so good
You'll respond very rashohnully, I knew that you would

The cost, the health damage, the sheer slavery
They don't really count, you match them with glee
With reasons, you've found them, in a maze of your construction
It's much better to smoke, how's that for a deduction

I'm dumbstruck, I'm flabbergasted, I'm still sucking for air
You've come up with a positive, how did you dare?
For the most loathsome, most vile, most disgusting of all vice
You've found something to say about them which is rather nice

Alessandra Liverani

Relentless

Outfoxed, outsmarted, outplayed
No sign of fightback displayed
Complete submission has been given
To the power of addiction, relentlessly driven

All your weapons surrendered with amazing ease
At the slightest stir from your conqueror, you freeze
Unable to provide more than the most feeble of whimpers
The heavy shackles you locked on have you somewhat hindered

You're beaten, you're whipped, you're done
The chance of escaping is exactly none
Your jailer walks past with dangling keys
But you just can't get up off your knees

Alessandra Liverani

Sandy

Sandy the golden retriever, a gentle and loveable soul
A long walk, a friendly pat, food in a bowl
These were his normal, natural goals

He was so happy bounding along
So surefoot, an expert, his balance was strong
His tail a gracious proud plume, his stride free and long

Yet Sandy had a fear, which had me quite floored
He wouldn't exit the car from the front passenger door
Only from the driver's side, no matter how much you implored

If you tried to drag him out, be careful, he'd bite
Sandy, so loving, but it was just in his fright
Would do anything not to exit, try as you might

One day two little dogs accompanied him in the car
Two little dogs who did not bear his scar
Two little dogs whose minds did not have this bar

When the car finally stopped at its destination
These two dogs were waiting in a state of excitation
For the passenger door to open, to fly out without hesitation

And Sandy, a dog also, could not watch them run free
Could not stay in the car, but jumped out quite gladly
Out of the door that had him spooked so eerily

Dare I suggest that an analogy can be invented
Between Sandy and those who from their lungs smoke is vented
Something for which their lungs was never intended

(Sydney, Australia - 2004)

Alessandra Liverani

Scared Stiff

Have you ever been scared out of your wits
And screamed and screamed and screamed
For example, you thought a man was lurking in the back of car
But it all turned out to be a bad dream

Noone heard you screaming all alone
In the dark street at night
Noone responded to your call
That you had received one hell of a fright

Even when you found that there was no man there
You were still a little bit miffed
That noone had come rushing out of their house
To see if somebody needed to be biffed

But some time later you could see
That there was a funny side to it
All that screaming, all in vain
At least you safely got through it

A smoker's life is spent in fear
Of their nicotine level going too low
The fear is real, but it is upside down
Of being too high is how it should go

But if you can see the funny side
Instead of anxiety, pain and grief
You might have a laugh at yourself
And give those things up in relief

Alessandra Liverani

Scary Movie

Sometimes we pay money to scare ourselves silly
By watching horror movies which turn us pale as a lily
We scream and we scream at the monsters of the night
We shake and we shiver in absolute fright

But when we pay money to buy a packet of smokes
We're not thinking of fear, that would be a joke
We're thinking that now we will appear so cool
We're thinking how daring to break all the rules

Fear is the furthest thought from our mind
And that is why we are completely and utterly blind
Because if we persist in inhaling fumes from these logs
A lifetime of fear will keep us in a shadowy fog

Cigarettes are not about being so cool
Cigarettes are not about breaking the rules
Cigarettes are about fear that rules every moment of your life
Observe closely, think carefully and you may avoid a whole lot of strife

Alessandra Liverani

Security Alert

Hackers are not just computer geeks
Who sit at their computer week after week
No, some hackers hack into the human brain
It's easily done, doesn't even cause pain
At least not initially, but from there on after
It'll take away your fun and laughter

The tobacco companies have to keep snaring
More young people whose lives they are little of caring
How do they do this, it seems their hands are tied
Not at all, they can still lay traps far and wide
Beautiful and handsome stars are ideal bait
Stick cigarettes in the mouths of George and Cate

Dress them well and parade them on the screen
And the subconscious mind will see the unseen
The hacker got through, a piece of cake
Planted his virus to cause misery and heartache
Instead of computing disgusting, foul and frightful
The computer computes delicious and delightful

(Sydney, Australia - 2006)

Alessandra Liverani

Shaking Like A Leaf

You've just found out the bad, bad news
They need someone and it's you they choose
To speak in public, you've never done it
Now you must, you cannot shun it

The fateful moment has now arrived
You walk on stage, oxygen deprived
You cannot do this, but you know you must
These people have put in you such trust

The paper in your hand's shaking slightly
Your voice comes out a little tightly
But as you speak, your fear decreases
The trembling of your body ceases

The next time you are asked to do it
It is as if there's nothing to it
You stride on stage, a seasoned pro
Receive applause and start to glow

If someone told you here today
Right now those fags you must give away
You'd stare out blankly, frozen stiff
You'd rather jump right off a cliff

You used to be much more than able
To not smoke for days, you had the label
Of being one of those who did not partake
You hadn't yet made your mistake

And you can be now what you once were
Do it now, do not defer
You don't want to stay in jail
You can do it, jump the rail

Alessandra Liverani

Shiftwork

I know you've been wondering, it's kept you up nights
Why does that voice in your head not have to take respite
It never seems to draw breath, just drones on and on
Always hale and hearty, never pale and wan

Well, there isn't only one voice, infact there are two
One does the morning shift, the other follows through
Deep into the night, while its mate takes a rest
So that early next morning it will be at its best

Refreshed and alert, ready to face a brand new day
For its task of one thing over and over it must say
Drag on a cigarette, drag deep as you can
They'll get you, this duo, that is their plan

Alessandra Liverani

Smoker's Rap

Listen up people and listen to me good
I got important news so I think that you should
I know you was told it before but it wasn't told right
Listen to me now don't put up a fight

You know smoking is bad smoking ain't good
But you gotta look cool out there in the hood
You gotta look cool when you're young and unsure
I understand that but I understand more

You think to yourself oh hey I'm so smart
I'll only do it for a while 'fore it gets to my heart
I ain't so stupid as those choking old fools
Why can't they just stop and follow the rules

You smoke when it's cool then you stop after that
It ain't rocket science it's like cat in the hat
They don't even taste nice only doin' it for the look
I can stop easy won't get caught on no hook

What's the problem here why can't they just stop
What's happened to their minds they always going to the shop
To buy more cigarettes they always need more
At least they'll have to stop when they give their final snore

It's too late to tell them then so listen to me now
I can tell you what happens but I can't tell you how
Lots of folk get addicted, we're talking millions here
People same as you and me, year after year after year

It ain't pretty and it's not very nice
So before you take that first puff please think about it twice

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Snigger Is The Trigger - Pass It On!

See someone smokin', you can frown
That ain't gonna get it on down
See someone smokin', you can scold
Doesn't work, so I been told

See someone smokin', you can ignore
Although you know it's one hell of a bore
See someone smokin', you can fret
Hasn't helped anyone I've ever met yet

But see someone smokin', you can snigger
And I figger you'll never find a bigger trigger
So let's get sniggering and work as one
Chuckling and a' chortling we'll get this job done

(Sydney, Australia - 2008)

Alessandra Liverani

Social - I Don'T Think So

Smoking is a very social custom
That's what all the smokers say
Non-smokers beg to differ
They see it in a different way

They just can't seem to find what's social
About inhaling noxious fumes
Or being in the presence of filthy ashtrays
That decorate the rooms

They don't think it's all that social
When their eyes sting and turn a shade of red
Or when their clothes stink unpleasantly
As they take them off to go to bed

If you have been a smoker
But have managed to break free
Become a social non-smoker
It's healthy and it's free

And non-smokers will love you
They'll welcome you with open arms
You are the epitome of socialness
They'll think you have lots of charms

The smokers may be disconsolate
That they have lost one of their own
Well, that's their problem
You were only there on loan

Alessandra Liverani

Sucking On A Poison

Sucking on a poison
Calms me down no end
Sucking on a poison
Something on which I can depend
Sucking on a poison
Feels so safe to do
Sucking on a poison
Perverse, but oh so true
Sucking on a poison
If I didn't, my panic'd soar
Sucking on a poison
Exactly what I'm scared of, I'm not sure
Sucking on a poison
Does seem a little crazy
Sucking on a poison
How it started's a little hazy
Sucking on a poison
If I didn't, I'd go mad
Sucking on a poison
Please don't tell me that it's bad
Sucking on a poison
It'll be the death of me
But sucking on a poison
Can't ever see me being free
Sucking on a poison
Do it morning, noon and night
Sucking on a poison
Even though I know it isn't right
Sucking on a poison
Costs me money too
But sucking on a poison
Only way that I get through
Sucking on a poison
I consider it a reward
Sucking on a poison
Even do it when I'm bored
Sucking on a poison
Can you feel my pain?
Sucking on a poison

It's such a sad refrain

Alessandra Liverani

Take The Day Off

I know I've been a real hard boss, for many a long year
I keep all you lot under control by using elementary fear
You start your work at the crack of dawn
I never let up, but I note you look a little drawn

I've placed relentless pressure, I'm a tough, tough bloke
The never ending cigarettes that I've ordered you to smoke
Maybe I'm just growing mellow as the years go by
But I thought that tomorrow, I'd give it a try

In a magnanimous gesture never seen before
After you leave today, when you walk out that door
Take tomorrow off, yes that's right, don't clock in
What's with the sad face, I was expecting a wide grin

But hey look, if you want to clock in tomorrow
You can, even if it causes you much sorrow
But if you want to take the day off and be bold
You can, you might even discover gold

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Take Your Medicine

Imagine having to take medicine every morning, every night
A bitter tasting medicine, not something for delight
If you didn't take it, your hair would all fall out
You'd be marked with an itchy, blotchy rash, your knees'd be full of gout

Your digestion would stop digesting, your heart no longer pump
And from the middle of your head would grow a large, unsightly lump
You had to take this medicine every hour that you could
I think that you'd resent it, I really think you would

And yet you're quite happy to keep on smoking every minute of the day
Even though this smoking doesn't help you in any way
It doesn't stop unsightly lumps or your hair falling out in alarming clumps
Does not prevent a blotchy rash, just costs you lots of needed cash

Can you please explain to me
Why you don't want to become free
From a disgusting, filthy, nasty weed
That your body does not need

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Teach Me How To Smoke

Can you please teach me how to smoke I think it looks quite smart
Just how difficult is it to achieve it looks like quite an art
Put the cigarette in your mouth and as you light it take a drag
Then afterwards you blow it out and so on, to the end of the fag

That sounds quite easy I'll give it a go, I can do it but there's a problem
The taste and smell's not pleasant at all do you know how I can overcome them?
Oh, it's quite simple, you will see just do it for a while
Then you won't notice taste or smell because you'll be a smoke-a-phile

But I don't want to be addicted I just want to smoke when I choose
I only want to enjoy them, I don't want to lose
Sorry, that is not an option you cannot enjoy a cigarette
They are intrinsically unpleasant but they can still catch you in their net

Because my friend they can play with your mind they can create in you a fear
That if you don't have one in very good time you will not be full of good cheer
Once the fear has come it doesn't want to go, it can hang around forever
All the smokers round you have it inside now they don't think they're so clever

But they will tell you plain as plain that they enjoy their fags
To admit to themselves that they're under a spell is just a little bit too hard

Alessandra Liverani

The Addict's Mind

The addict's mind is forever spinning, turning
Bobbing, weaving, feinting, swerving
Reason tries to land a punch, no chance
The addict's mind can really dance

When Reason says in calm and measured tones
That addiction will sink you, like a stone
The addict's mind skips away
It doesn't want to hear that today

It cannot comprehend at all
That the only time it has a ball
Is after it has suffered misery
After it has been frantically, desperately

Pining for some silly drug
It just cannot see it is a mug
Because it dodges with expert skill
Each time Reason comes in for the kill

Alessandra Liverani

The Agony And The Agony

An entire minute's gone by, you've resisted that long
Another sixty seconds slowly pass, you've desisted, how strong
Although anxiety is building higher and higher
Feeling as taut and tense as a highly strung wire

Those nauseating fumes are undoubtedly tempting
But from this vicious cycle you are yourself exempting
An hour, finally, has excruciatingly elapsed
But it's becoming too much, is it time for a relapse?

The tension, the stress, the fear, the pain
Of not dragging deeply on your friend, your bane
Oh no, you've succumbed to its evil lure
The agony of failure, is there any cure?

You endured all of that stress and all of that worry
But ultimately surrendered, in a great panicking hurry
Now you feel lower than the lowest of lows
Addiction, so cruel, strikes the most vicious of blows

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

The Bully

Do you remember the bully from school
The one who tried to make you look like a fool
He'd push you and shove you and take your lunch money
He'd laugh at you, sneer at you, thought it was funny

But one day this bully got a nasty surprise
You shoved him back, the look in his eyes
He didn't expect it, his bluff had been answered
His ticket as bully had been made void and cancelled

The bully who bullies you from morning to night
Maybe it's time that he got a big fright
Maybe it's time that this big puff of nothing
Was punched in the guts, knocked out the stuffing

You won't be any longer handing over your lunch money
Because from your point of view, there isn't anything funny
About being ordered to inhale fumes of tobacco most acrid
By someone whose muscles are really quite flaccid

Alessandra Liverani

The Cable Blues

I moved house several days ago, bringing all my cables
But in the rush I forgot to go and give them all some labels
Now I don't know what plugs to what, and what goes into where
I've got the cable blues so bad, I'm sitting in despair

It was all set up and worked so good in the place I lived before
I watched the internet on TV and made phone calls by the score
Through my little voip box which had little blinking lights
That told me everything worked real fine and it was all plugged in just right

Before they carried 'traffic' on a range of numbered ports
Lots of little network packets of many different sorts
Passing back and forward on the superhighway of information
Routed effortlessly and accurately to their respective destinations

But now nothing's going nowhere, it's all completely stopped
No-more traffic passing through its many varied hops
Does anybody out there know what plugs in to what
'Cos if they don't a tangled mess is all that I have got

Alessandra Liverani

The Challenger

Dave, I brung a new boxer
What kind of punch has he got?
Can't see him around Wally
Don't worry Dave, you'll see him a lot

But I can't see him
Oh, you'll see him soon enough
Now get your gloves on
'Cos this match'll be tough

Watcha waitin' for Dave
Start sparring with the guy
But I can't see him Wally
Can't ya, well give it a try

He just hit ya right in the guts
And that one, that was fair in the nuts
Did ya feel it, right where it hurts, Dave
No Wally I didn't, you're startin' to rave

You'll see him alright, and he'll become so real
That each punch that he throws, you'll certainly feel
And he can throw punches from all over the place
This challenger I brung for you to face

You're right Wally, I can see him so real
He just smacked me hard, like I was raw veal
He just smacked me again, near knocked me down
I tried to punch back, but he stepped right around

Dave, I'm trying to tell you how cigarettes work
'Cos I don't want you to be such a berk
They'll take hold of your mind with a vice like grip
And believe me, it sure ain't no pleasant trip

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

The Counting Game

A full pack of twenty, oh what joy
Now down to nineteen, I still feel buoyed
There's now eighteen of the precious white sticks
But who's counting, they're really not worth a nick

Seventeen left, still quite a few to go
Seventeen sticks of poison, that's quite a show
Down to sixteen now, a small hole starts to appear
Sixteen of the precious white sticks I hold so very dear

Fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven
I now no longer feel that I am in heaven
Because I barely have left now more than half a pack
Of those little white sticks which keep me on the rack

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four
Now is when you'll see me walking out the door
To buy some more cigarettes, I cannot go too low
For I must always see the end of a cigarette glow

Cigarette addiction is very much a counting game
But to count something of no value is a real, real shame
Because a false value to it will be given
And counting the blasted things is now what keeps me driven

Sydney, Australia
Copyright (c) 2003 Alessandra Liverani

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

The Faraway Tree

Deep in an enchanted forest, grew a magic tree
Inside its trunk was a slippery dip so you could slide down easily
Atop its branches every day
A strange land blew in from faraway
And hovered for a shortish stay

There was Topsy Turvy land, that turned life upside down
Not So Happy Land, where everyone wore a frown
The Land Of Do As You Please was welcomed as a treat
But not the Land Of Clumsy Folk where everyone had two left feet

Or that very strangest land of all
From daybreak through to nightfall
Folk drew through a stick
Deadly fumes into their lungs,
And became quite sick

In this land the folk shunned clean fresh air all around
And if you climb the branches up from the ground
Of the Faraway Tree and arrive in this land
I suggest you slide down the slippery dip as fast as you can

Alessandra Liverani

The Friend

There's bills to be paid and food to be bought
But the money in your bank account always seems to be short
How in this world can you for yourself fend
Oh, it'll be alright because along comes your friend

And your friend gives you some money to help make ends meet
This friend of yours, well he's quite hard to beat
Just when you think you'll go under for sure
This friend comes along with money galore

But what you don't realise is things aren't as they seem
This friend comes from a nightmare, not from a dream
Because before this friend gives you even one cent
He's taken money from your account which was for the rent

Sure, he seems like he's always giving something to you
But he takes first in secret and then gives you a few
This friend that I mention, did you guess, he's the cigarette
A friend who takes in secret will always keep you in debt

Alessandra Liverani

The Great Leveller

Sweet old ladies, mafia dons
World politicians, ex-criminals and cons
Young innocent teenagers, loutish punks
Rock stars, film stars, handsome hunks

Checkout chicks, garbage collectors
Teachers, sailors, company directors
Artists, writers, shopkeepers too
Infact, the entire mixed up motley crew

When they are under the cigarette's power
They can barely go an hour
Before they all become trembling wrecks
They're all into it, up to their necks

The power of the little white stick
Is quite unbelievable, it's a conjuring trick
It's hard to grasp, absolutely amazing
Don't take them away, or they'll come out blazing

The little white sticks rule mafia dons
The little white sticks rule ex-criminals and cons
The little white sticks rule shopkeepers too
The little white sticks rule the whole motley crew

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

The Hoverer

Smokers love to live in Fantasy Land
They swim in its warm waters and play with its white sand
Listen to the announcements piped through its loudspeakers
They haven't ever found a place that is any sweeter

In Fantasy Land they find that there are many benefits
Being a smoking addict, they don't ever have to admit
That it is such a burden to carry on your back
As well as turning your lungs a nasty shade of black

Sometimes they take a trip over to Reality Land
In a helicopter, but it doesn't go as planned
Because they merely hover twenty metres above
And then head back to the place that they love

Alessandra Liverani

The Machine

Facelessly, soullessly, mindlessly it proceeds
Twisting, crushing, destroying as it feeds
Deceiving, distorting, always trying to mislead
Its motion potion unadulterated high octane greed

Travelling incognito, its true purpose a charade
Camouflaged, concealed, a dark and grubby masquerade
For it full well knows society does not like its real crusade
Of placing sons and daughters into a miserable downgrade

Unthinkingly, unseeingly, senselessly it desecrates
Our people and our planet it willingly contaminates
Selling a product which everybody hates
Too bad Big Tobacco can still everywhere lay its baits

Alessandra Liverani

The Meadow

Fragrant with clover, flowers colour splashing
Vivid and vibrant, although never clashing
Undulating gently, a stream has been added
And the meadow's surface with lush grass has been padded

At the end of the meadow is an orchard replete
With crisp apples, juicy peaches, cherries so sweet
You want to partake in this bountiful feast
But you're very frightened of a brutal and fearsome beast

Which you believe stalks this meadow, always prowling
You've never seen it, but clearly imagine it scowling
So you've never enjoyed taking a walk by the stream
And picking the choicest fruit, you could only dream

Until one day you realise this beast doesn't exist
And you realise on all of the fruit that you've missed
Then you'll walk through this meadow enjoying every stride
And pick out the juiciest fruit, eating it with pride

Alessandra Liverani

The Poker Game

This was a game for the best of the best
Those who had crumbled, they had all left
Now at the table were four expert players
You could count on all of them, they were the stayers

They felt confident, that they were in with a chance
This game was their game, they knew the steps of this dance
But then at the doorway appeared a spectacular sight
They glanced up and received a terrible fright

For standing there in all of his glory
Was the Ciggie-Wiggie bluffster, now that is a story
This man was notorious throughout the land
For winning every time with nothing in his hand

He'd sit there calmly with a blank look on his face
And his opponent would start sweating, his heart would race
He'd fidget and fuss, his hands would start shaking
Even when he knew that the bluffster was faking

Because although he knew with his logical mind
That a hand full of nothing was all that he'd find
He'd fold every time, could not take the pressure
Those blank eyes had spooked him, he did not have their measure

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

The Response

If you stopped smoking cigarettes
Just like that, so suddenly
Do you think your body
Would raise an urgent plea?

Do you imagine it would implore
That you inhale the nicotine it so adores
Go down on bended knee
And beg for some so desperately

Or would it give a heartfelt thanks
That its heart and lungs which were so lank
Now began to burst with joy
The nicotine no longer would annoy

Would your lungs start celebrating
Because they were no longer aching
Your arteries and veins join in the party
Now they felt so hale and hearty

Alessandra Liverani

The Smoking Trap

Have you ever wondered why every single day
People fall into the smoking trap for which they pay in many ways
It must be a very clever trap ingeniously designed
Because it's worked for hundreds of years and people still are blind

They see others all around them smoking for dear life
But they don't for a second think that they would end up in strife
Is it the initial unpleasantness that makes them think they won't get hurt
Is it the desire to be so cool that takes them off alert

Is it because they don't realise that cigarettes cannot be enjoyed
You either don't like them at all or without them are very annoyed
There is no in between state you go directly from one to t'other
And once you get there, boy are you going to suffer, brother

Each day you'll have to smoke some fags knowing it's killing you,
Taking money from your pocket but it's something you just have to do
You think you'll stop next week, next year but who are you trying to kid
Next week comes the next and the next, soon you're forty-six

A lucky few can break the hold but others continue on
Hating themselves for doing so because the battle they have not won
Some poor souls get emphysema, it means they can hardly breathe
Do you think that's going to stop them, no not until the final wreath

When those poor souls were young and free they felt so strong and sure
That they could stop whenever they wanted just like you. Will you take the lure?

Alessandra Liverani

The Tyrant

If there were a tyrant who ruled the land
A tyrant whose power was getting out of hand
A tyrant who wanted to be obeyed every command
Would you lay down and bow to this man?

This tyrant ordered you every single day
To go to the shops and with hard earned money pay
For cigarettes which turned your skin all grey
Would you in this land of fear stay?

Or would you flee from this land as soon as you could
Flee from this land of no person's good
Flee fleetly and silently out through the woods
I know that if I could, I would

Alessandra Liverani

The Voice

Why are you listening to that voice
Which echoes round the room
Why are you listening to that voice
It is the voice of doom

Why are you listening to that voice
It doesn't care for you
Why are you listening to that voice
Nothing it says is true

Why are you listening to that voice
Which repeats itself night and day
Why are you listening to that voice
Ignore it and it'll go away

Why are you listening to that voice
It's playing with your mind
Why are you listening to that voice
It is very, very unkind

Don't listen to it shouting
Don't listen to it pleading
Don't listen to it raving
Don't listen to it

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

There's Nothing Wrong With That

Have you ever seen a new born calf
Searching for its mother's teat, not by half
Frantic, desperate, cannot starve
There's nothing wrong with that

And have you been so cold and tired
A place to rest you deeply desired
With a warm and very blazing fire
There's nothing wrong with that

Have you been hungry, thirsty too
Or despairing of finding a loo
Shivering from being soaked right through
There's nothing wrong with that

But if you feel you cannot go on
Because you need to smoke a poison
Without it, all of your hope gone
There's something wrong with that

Alessandra Liverani

This Is A Test Only

You're sitting at your desk, trying to concentrate
When suddenly the loudspeaker crackles with a voice that just can't wait
THIS IS A TEST ONLY, PLEASE DISREGARD THIS MESSAGE
You then sit waiting expectantly, just a little bit on edge

For the certain piercing screech of the office fire alarm
It is warning you to leave, so that you'll stay out of harm
Yet you stubbornly stay put, continue working at your desk
Because you know that this is just merely a test

So when you here the urgent ringing of the nicotine bell
I suggest you just stay put, you'd really be as well
Because there is no fire that's going to cause you harm
It is a test only, an extremely false alarm

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Too Good To Be True

I've got a great, great deal
You'll really be amazed
This deal is being a non-smoker
Sorry, can you see me through the haze

Believe it or not it's absolutely free
I know you'll think there's a catch
But there isn't, would I lie to you
It's true, you pay absolutely no cash

Did I forget to mention your health
That'll just get better and better
And we'll refund if not satisfied
There's no need for a lawyer's letter

It's the deal of your life
Right here, come on and sign up now
We'll throw in some clean, fresh air
For nothing, I give you my honest vow

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Torture Chamber

You are lead by a masked man in black
To an instrument of torture, the infamous rack
Where this cruel man places you with evil intent
And stretches you slowly, you feel pain intense

Once he has tired of his macabre game
He leaves you weak, alone and lame
But then appears your saviour in white
He frees you and you clap your hands in delight

He then disappears and to your absolute dismay
The masked man returns, he's come back your way
And sadistically places you back on the rack
Turning it ever so gently, until your back gives a crack

But again he tires of his twisted pleasure
He leaves and is replaced by your white knight, what a treasure
Who wondrously releases you from this relentless agony
And again you clap your hands delightedly

But the masked man has not finished, he's back again
He racks you, the man in white liberates you, it's an endless refrain
One day, though, you notice with shock and surprise
When the man in black's mask slips, he has the man in white's eyes

I am telling you this quaint little ditty
Not because I want to appear witty
But to help you understand all about the cigarette pack
Certainly, it is the man in white, but it's also the man in black

Alessandra Liverani

Two For The Price Of One

When you become a smoker
You'll be given absolutely free
A fear, and then to complement it
Receive another, I can guarantee

The first is donated to the subconscious
It appears in the dead of night
You have no knowledge of its arrival
But it wakes you with a fright

This fear loves to tell you that
You'll feel very anxious if you do not
Inhale the fumes of a cigarette
The complementing fear says this is rot

It tells a contradictory tale
Of health warnings and of death
What happens when these two clash?
Are we left with one big mess?

The subconscious fear takes the upper hand
It is in the driver's seat
And it knows just what to do
So that it will never taste defeat

This fear has no weapons of its own
But steals those of its foe
Using camouflage, decoys and the like
To create a very sad tale of woe

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Urgent Delivery

Lady, could you please sign for this urgent delivery
Hold it just a second, I have an important inquiry
Exactly who is this parcel of nicotine for
Don't just think that you can go rushing out that door

I'm not completely sure, all I know is it is urgent
The truck's parked in a no-park, that's why I am impatient
Could you wait while I find out who wants this smelly bundle
Then I'll know just where I should take it on my trundle

Hello Mr Heart, did you by chance order some nicotine
You must be joking, it makes me feel so unclean
Mr Lungs, was it you who put in this order of top priority
Certainly not, oh no, oh no, it never would have been me

Mrs Veins, did you make this imperative request
Not me, I find nicotine so constrictive, it is something I detest
But you could try Miss Bones, she who has her nose up in the air
Lord only knows what she might order, ring her if you dare

Excuse me Miss Bones, but I wonder if I could trouble you with a question
Did you perchance order some nicotine to help you with your digestion
You silly fool, don't bother me with inquiries of such stupidity
It's plainly obvious that nicotine will do nothing good for me

Mr Courier, I think there has been some kind of mistake
Your package will only give these people some kind of ache
Please leave immediately and take your parcel with you
Your time of departure has become long overdue

Alessandra Liverani

Valued Victims

Valued victims, sorry I meant clients held in honorable esteem
Did we help you realise your adolescent dream
Valued victims, did we turn you into debonair sophisticates
Did we deliver what we promised, an image that is first rate

Valued victims, your patronage is very important for our wealth
Can you please keep buying cigarettes, don't worry about your health
Because your health is not important, not to us and not to you
Just keep buying cigarettes, that's what we would like you to do

Valued victims, we think it is your very right to smoke
We would like you to that right constantly invoke
And if your breathing sometimes seems a little laboured
Just keep smoking, you'll be doing us a favour

(Sydney, Australia - 2005)

Alessandra Liverani

View From Mars

Imagine being a Martian and peering down on earth
And puzzling and puzzling for all your Martian brain was worth
Why were those funny earthians standing in the street
And sucking on those little logs, you might have to admit defeat

With seven fingers and two triple jointed thumbs, you'd scratch your furry, green head
Because even from up on Mars, you'd know those logs would make you dead
The smell alone that you detected from your ten nostrils perched upon your ear
Was enough to instil in you a horrifying fear

That these earthians had been visited from some aliens out in space
Some nasty, vicious aliens who did not like the human race
And these aliens had then programmed some of our precious human kind
By writing a cruel virus prepared specially for the delicate human mind

If you were such a Martian, you'd be shaking in your twenty pairs of shoes
Because you knew it could be possible, that you'd hear it on the Martian news
That this virus had jumped planets, gone across to Mars from Earth
And of you verdant, martial Martians, there was now a severe dearth

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Virtual Reality

There's a great new game in the video arcade
It's called 'The Monster Truck Which You Must Evade'
Every time you see this screaming truck bearing down on you
Drag on a cigarette, that's all you have to do

If it comes back after it has veered off screen
Have another cigarette, do you see what I mean?
And when it returns with a vengeance truly frightening
Have another cigarette, am I being enlightening

This truck'll come at you from every angle all day long
But if you have a cigarette you'll always stand straight and strong
It will never run you down, never knock you off your feet
Just have another cigarette, but it won't ever admit defeat

Because it will always keep coming back for more
So have those smokes handy, you'll need them by the score
Unless one day you realise, realise clear and true
This truck is a virtual truck, it cannot get at you

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

We Are The Tobacco Companies

We are the tobacco companies
We are killing machines
The reason we exist
Is 'cos we're big and bad and mean

We ruin people's lives
But the government lets us prosper
Because we put a lot of money
Into a lot of people's coffers

We can even advertise
In countries like the USA
Over there we spend
16 million dollars every day

Promoting our deadly product
In every possible way we can
We love getting people addicted
It's all part of our plan

But we've never really thought our plan
Through right to the end
Because if we kill so many
We'll even kill our friends

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

We Don'T Care

We sell a product which destroys lives
But we don't care, even if those very same knives
Kill us too, give us cancer in the mouth
Cancer in the east, in the west and in the south

Kill our mothers, sisters, fathers, brothers, aunts
We can't go against our company, we simply can't
Our shareholders' dividends, that is our top priority
Not our very own lives and those of our family tree

We're simply programmed to promote tobacco
That's all we think and that's all we know
We don't care about something as trivial as people's lives
It's selling tobacco which really makes us jive

We sell it to the rich, we sell it to the poor
We sell it to the young, we sell it off the floor
We're tobacco sellers, get out of our way
We're tobacco sellers until our very last day

(Sydney, Australia 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

We Like To Give Children A Choice

There aren't enough choices, we think there's a gap
So we'd like to offer the choice of breathing in crap
We won't quite put it like that, to the young in our fold
We'll spin it and turn it, make them think they're so bold

There's just not enough choice for the young at this time
Sure there's tennis and swimming and mountains to climb
There's bike riding, karate, dancing - jazz and tap
But we feel there should be the choice of breathing in crap

That's what's missing in the world, from Manchester to Mozambique
And we think that we have a choice which is rather unique
It's a choice you'll regret taking, and soon realise is no fun
In fact you'll quickly discover that this choice is dumb

But then it's too late, ha ha you are trapped
By this choice we generously offer of breathing in crap
You're a poor child in Africa, like we care
All you mean to us is that you'll make us millionaires

inspired by the challenging "This World: Duncan Bannatyne Takes on Tobacco"

(Sydney, Australia - 2009)

Alessandra Liverani

We Sell

We sell glamour (not)
We sell sophistication (not)
We sell fun (not)
We sell relaxation (not)
We sell happiness (not)
We sell dreams (not)
We sell daring (not)
We sell defiance (not)
We sell rebellion (not)

We sell misery (yes)
We sell pain (yes)
We sell torture (yes)
We sell sickness (yes)
We sell anxiety (yes)
We sell fear (yes)
We sell lies (yes)
We sell confusion (yes)
We sell illogic (yes)
We sell slavery (yes)
We sell nightmares (yes)
We sell our souls (yes)

Would you like to buy some cigarettes?

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

What A Rebel.....Not

You think you're such a rebel, with that smoke resting in your hand
But you're an obsequious slave to an inner command
When you awake each morning, you're ordered to light up
And you would never disobey, you're a very obedient little pup

Then a short time later, this command to you is repeated
Drag deeply, I'll give you pleasure which is meted
In miniscule doses, I hold a very tight rein
Dare to disobey me, and you will have to explain

Explain to me why you have not lit up that fag, you dared
Oh, it's bad for your health, well tell someone who cares
Don't give me weak excuses that it takes up lots of money
You smoke it now, right now, you silly little bunny

You think you'll wait until tomorrow to break free
Ha! Not a chance, you will only take orders from me
And when I say light up a smoke, you'll just respond meekly with a nod
I don't want to have to get out my electric cattle prod

Alessandra Liverani

What Is It?

What is it in your mind
That drives you on and on and on
And on and on and on and on
And on and on and on

A path so deeply etched
Is it permanent in your mind?
Or is there anything out there at all
That will make your brain rewind

To the state it was many years ago
When fags were just little white sticks
They didn't thrill you, didn't kill you
Didn't even cause a blip

Your face would remain a total blank
If they were waved in front of you
They had no meaning, you had no leaning
Towards their imaginary charms of honey dew

But now their importance dominates your world
These fags have taken control of your life
And I don't think their intentions are honourable
I don't think they want you to survive

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

What Part?

What part of 'Just stop! ' don't you understand
It doesn't seem to be an overly complicated command
What part of 'Smoking kills! ' doesn't make any sense
It's not for me to say that you are seeming a little dense

With what part of 'You're a slave' don't you happen to agree
Or maybe you're quite frightened at the thought of being free
What part of 'It stinks like hell' has to be translated
Am I being difficult to say against my nerves it's grated

What part of 'They cost a lot' hasn't been comprehended
Stop buying the dratted things and that's a debt that will be ended
I'm trying to say it clearly, as clearly as I'm able
Stop smoking now, forever, and lose the smoker label

Alessandra Liverani

What's On At The Movies

They can lock you in a dank cell and turn off the light
But they can't stop your imagination's fanciful flight
You alone have the power to pick out a reel
And it's your choice which affects exactly how you feel

Some continue choosing the same worn out celluloid
Not realising that it is the one they should avoid
Oblivious that there is an unlimited selection
All eagerly waiting to be given an inspection

I can see one with scenes of a yellow feathered bird
Chirping cheerily away, its joy clearly to be heard
Because it's chosen footage of fresh air, sunlight and seeds
Which just about cover all of its needs

What you do in reality will invariably be affected
By which of the films that you have selected
But if you pick a dud, no need to mope
Lots more to choose from, which inspire and give hope

(Sydney, Australia - 2007)

Alessandra Liverani

Which Voice?

In English, we have a choice
Between the active and passive voice
'I am in control' is on the go
'I am not being controlled' is rather slow

A person who is not addicted
Would see themselves clearly depicted
As not being controlled, the passive voice
That's how they'd see it, if they had the choice

To see it otherwise would assume
And already I sense impending doom
That there was something to be controlled
A zone to constantly patrol

An enemy to continually fight
A monster to battle with all your might
Sit back, put your feet up and relax
Passivity can be the sharpest axe

Alessandra Liverani

Who Am I?

I'm a smoker, that's what I am
I'll have a smoke whenever I can
You see me standing outside the office
And I've got one of those things stuck in my orifice

I'm a smoker, that's what I do
I do it because I continually have to
I have to do it again and again
And again and again and again and again

I'm a smoker, that's my habit
I'm a bit like a floppy eared, frightened rabbit
If someone took my cigarettes away
I doubt if I'd make it through the day

I'm a smoker, have been for years
I've carried around the greatest of fears
The fear of not having a cigarette
Of starting at all is my one biggest regret

I'm a smoker, I'm stuck in a trap
I'm sick of breathing in all that crap
But I have to do it day after day
I made a mistake years ago, but forever I'll pay

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Who Are They?

Are smokers weak and immoral folk
Who get through life with a constant choke
Or are they victims of a widespread fear
How they caught it, is a little unclear

The fear they caught is a dangerous one
It'll kill them slowly, one by one
Unless it is recognised for what it is
And understood, then it will fizzle

Fear is best not fought with fear
Don't scare smokers, their lives are dear
They unconsciously devoutly believe
They must have nicotine or they bereave

This belief, although invalid
Is so strong that they turn pallid
If they discover no smokes are left
The poor, poor smokers are quite bereft

To turn this notion right way round
Don't call these people foolish clowns
We've all been frightened of nothing at all
Remember the witch who lived down the hall

Remember before you could swim with ease
You were scared quite witless, it was no breeze
Or maybe you can't swim, it frightens you to death
Although you know your bones aren't made of lead

Please reassure smokers, they live in fear
If you're patient and kind you may one day hear
I'm free at last from the nicotine spell
My God, that was just like being in hell

Alessandra Liverani

Who Is The Master?

When you first light up a fag
It doesn't taste too good
But you will be its master yet
Indeed you will, you should

For you must be so hip and cool
Like all the other smokers
They are smart and clever people
Not like those other jokers

They're so smart that they can draw
A fag between their lips
And blow out smoke so easily
While making witty quips

The smoke drawn deeply from the fag
Is noxious, there's no doubt
And by sheer logic, must be true
It's noxious what's blown out

A minor detail, not your concern
What's crucial's how you look
You've got to breathe it in and out
And not look like you're crook

Once you can do that, you are like them
That cool and clever crowd
At last, you've made it to their world
And you can shout out loud

I can smoke without a choke
I have become its master
But wait a second, I have found
That it became mine faster

Alessandra Liverani

Who's The Clever One?

You think you are so smart and clever
You've trapped someone in a trap forever
A fellow human, it matters not
For fellow humans you don't give a diddly squat

Money is your commander-in-chief
Its absence gives you lots of grief
You want some more and then some more again
It has become your ultimate friend

You count your mansions, one, two, three, four
Your cars, your jewels but you still want more
You are addicted, make no mistake
You must have antiques that are no fakes

No, the only fake around is you
You'll lie and deceive til your nose turns blue
Because you must have much more than you need
The trap you've fallen into is the one called greed

Alessandra Liverani

Why Are You Running?

Why are you running so far, so fast?
What are you running from, may I ask?
I don't know, it's just something I must do
Those others are running, do you want to come too?

Why are you smoking so often, so deep
Surely that smoke stings your eyes, makes you weep
I don't know, it's just something I must do
Those others are smoking, do you want to smoke too?

You're all running, all smoking, but you don't know why
You just do it and do it, but it makes me cry
Because I don't like to see people themselves kill
When they don't know why but they do it still

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Why Go Back?

Do you remember that nasty spell
The one that came right up from hell
I'm sure you remember it only too well
The one where whenever you heard the bell
You had to go to the shops which sell
Those lovely things called cigarettes

But then came the day when you broke free
Oh, it was wonderful to have such liberty
You could live your life without paying the fee
For awful things which smelt like gone off brie
You could answer the phone quite happily
Without having to drag on a cigarette

So please remember the bad with the good
It's very important that you should
Don't cover them up with a great big hood
It's a curse, don't forget, as if you would
It'll take you under, if only it could
But you won't succumb to the cigarette

(Sydney, Australia - 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

Why Wait

Why wait, the time will never be just right
Why wait, time's wasting, accept your invite
Why wait til even the stragglers have left the celebration
You've waited long enough, now begin with exultation

Why wait, you'll wait your very life away
Why wait, do it now ie today
Why wait, you're not stuck in a queue
Start immediately, you know exactly what you should do

Waiting is boring, waiting is dull
Waiting is meaningless, it's unmeaningful
Waiting is trying my patience to the limit
Go on, what are you waiting for, just do it

Alessandra Liverani

Window Of Opportunity

Anxiety has levels from one right through to ten
At its very highest would not be the time at when
You would try to fight it, punch it in the chops
Chances are that that is when you would receive a knock

Let us look at levels from one right through to four
This is your opportunity, when you can take your chance to
But this is when so often, you decide to sit back and just
Instead of getting all fired up and taking out your axe

Addiction is something that must be knocked right on the
Because if it isn't, you will be the one who ends up dead
You cannot let it rule you, have you at its mercy
And sometimes, when you have to win, you've got to play it

You have to pick your moment, when anxiety is low
When you are at your strongest, then you strike your blow
Don't mess around and let it sneak its way back in
When you say it this time, you mean it, I will win

Alessandra Liverani

Yes Master

Will you smoke every single day the cigarettes I make and sell

Yes master

Even though I tricked you into buying them in the first place

Yes master

Even though I couldn't care less about your health

Yes master

Even though you are making me more rich and powerful than you can imagine

Yes master.

Do you believe that my cigarettes have special and magical properties

Yes master

Do you believe that they are your first priority, more important than your precious health

Oh yes master

Do you believe that you benefit from being a smoker

Yes master

Do you believe that you must continue being a smoker, since you have already started

Yes master

Will you be filled with a great fear if you do not have my magical cigarettes

Yes master

Will you always rationalise that you are better off being a smoker

Yes master

Even though it ruins your health and costs you money

Yes master

Do you believe with all your heart and soul that you **MUST** have my magical cigarettes

Yes master

Do you believe that you are in control and the reason you smoke is because you enjoy smoking

Yes master

Will you always buy my cigarettes even if you have virtually no money

Yes master

Will you smoke my cigarettes even if you feel guilty and stupid doing so

Yes master

Are you brainwashed

No master

Your obsequiousness is turning my stomach. Now get out of my sight.

Sorry master. I will now go and buy your magical cigarettes

Of course you will. I totally control you.

(Sydney, Australia 2003)

Alessandra Liverani

You Don'T Know What It's Like

You've never smoked, so how could you know
Exactly how a smoker's life goes
Well If you tell me all about it, every single detail
Then I'll know what it's like, how could I fail

So far you've mentioned the sheer sense of joy
Each time you light up one of those boys
But if there's more to add, no need for hesitating
Don't keep me wondering, wondering and waiting

You keep telling me that I haven't got a clue
Then you tell me it's so enjoyable, what am I to do
Enter your world of complete confusion
Or realise that smoking is a dastardly illusion

Alessandra Liverani