Recently, a friend approached, in a manner quite aggressive,  
Asking 'Why do you use so many words in your little nonsense songs?  
Do you think it makes them look somewhat more impressive,  
A task which I'd consider most difficult and dauntin'  
You could learn a thing or two from that new kid on the block '  
That nice young Mister Thornton.

His rhyming lines are short in length, but expressive, clear and pithy;  
Long wordy lines you won't get from Mister Thornton,  
It's not the size of his vocab that Mister Thornton's flauntin'  
He's an economical word-smithy.

When he talks about a man,  
He describes him as 'a man' and what could be simpler?  
You, however, would describe him as a person of the masculine persuasion,  
Average height, fair complexion, probably Caucasian  
Or something roughly sim'lar,  
Exercising your limited vocabul'ry  
As if you were a fully paid-up member  
Of the local, sometimes vocal, Victorian constabul'ry,  
As you did on one occasion, last November.  

If Mister Thornton needed to describe a spade  
He'd just call that thing a spade,  
But you would probably describe it as a digging instrument,  
Horticultural, wooden-handled, uni-functional, foreign-made;  
That's how you'd describe a spade!

And you could improve your style by studying The Beatles,  
Those famous English writers, all millionaires as well;  
Those chaps wrote wond'rous lines -  
Penetrating, brilliant and insightful, as anyone can tell;  
Things like that masterpiece of modern verse  
That poem most inventive, the one they called 'Michelle'

Michelle, my belle,  
These are words that go together well,  
(They don't write lines like this any more)  
My Michelle.
Learn to write like this - you could do a whole lot worse.

So, why can't you write words like that,
Or perhaps some lyrics to embellish
That Norwegian Wood -
I bet, if he put his mind to it -
Mister Thornton could!

So, I thought about this thing,
Perhaps my friend was right,
I do ramble quite a bit
When I should be brief and trite:
So, if brevity's the way to go,
I'll now eschew my past excess
And learn to call a hoe a hoe,
It's time to re-assess.

I'll write lines of minimum length,
Or should that be mini L,
And gather wordless strength
Like the Beatles with Michelle;
I'll not waste a single word,
My watch-word now is brevity
So, dear reader, be prepared
For shorter lines and fewer words
But don't expect much levity!