

When Monday comes and everything seems a bit hard.....

The Kind of Day When Your Trouser Zip Breaks.

It usually happens on a Monday  
When things are already low.  
The alarm didn't sound,  
Your shoes just can't be found -  
And something's afoot below...

It's the sort of day where all goes wrong  
With blunder after blunder.  
You're running at pace,  
Fall flat on your face -  
What else could fall down, you wonder...

It's when things can't seem to get worse,  
Yet fate merely deepens your plight.  
The car won't start,  
It falls apart -  
And something else doesn't seem quite right...

It's the 'go-back-to-bed' type of day,  
Where everything's such a hotchpotch.  
You get to where you're going,  
With a feeling something's showing -  
And then you look down at your crotch...

It rounds off the day, just tops it all off,  
The bitter icing on the cake.  
You're flying blatantly low,  
And it's then that you know -  
You're having 'The Kind of Day When Your Trouser Zip Breaks'.

This day happens once in a blue moon,  
But it always gets round to you.  
And with nowhere to hide,  
You just have to abide -  
There's just nothing that you can do.

The Gods have conspired against you,  
And are no doubt having a laugh.  
And it's then you realise,  
As you survey your open flies -  
That today is the staff photograph...