

LEESON'S MILLIONS

He stashed it away

For a rainy day

No more are the bank

He was once their think-tank

An insider job

Not your usual job

Rogue trader took the lot

But what has he got?

Two million they say

But he's had his payday,

Hot shot is now out

But will he throw it about?

Sold stories to the papers

A kind of comedy capers,

Is the car still there?

Life glamorous or bare?

His wife has left him

Is he out on a limb?

They say he's been ill

But who picks up that bill?

Prison bar blues

Breaking no rules,

Model inmate I hear

Flogging, the fear!

Not a peep of concern
He was quick to learn,
A mattress of straw
Placed on the floor

No joys for the crime
This boy's done his time,
Travelled back in a plane
To the wind and the rain

So, what happens now?
What will they allow?
He's bound to draw dole
This man of no soul

A book to write
He'll sell the film rights,
Money without pain
Dealing, again?