

## **Egypt Trip March 1997**

### **A-Sailing We Will Go!**

A felucca is easy to sail.  
So simple you hardly can fail,  
But you have to be fast,  
When you climb up the mast,  
When the wind is blowing a gale

### **Funny Money**

I thought we were wealthy, had riches abound.  
But we nearly had fiscal disaster.  
For what I thought was 50 pounds,  
Was only 50 piasters.

### **The Boy King**

Tut always took plenty of flack,  
Claimed his palace was only a shack.  
Just wait 'til you're dead,  
Most everyone said,  
Your tomb will have nothing to lack.

### **The Shopper**

From T-shirts to scarabs, to cute colored Arabs,  
To camels with one hump or two.  
We saw the bazaar. They sell sand in a jar!  
A dollar will buy you a few.  
  
Nobody knows what to do with the clothes,  
Or what we were thinking when we bought those?  
But our interest soon lags, and the thrill sort of sags.  
When we can't stuff the stuff in our bags.

### **The Flamenco Dancer**

When he dances Flamenco, all colorful and loud,  
You think of El Toro, so strong and so proud.  
As he twists and turns and spins around,  
He seems so graceful in time with the sound,  
He uses his feet to tell us a story,  
About the bull in all of his glory.  
He dances and prances and stomps his feet,  
You can't tell the bull, from all the bull sheet

### **The Palmadore (Or the Old Flamenco Clapper)**

He sings a song that's ever so sad.  
He sounds like he's dying, and sings rather bad.  
He once was a dancer 'til his legs gave out.  
So now he's a clapper, he sings and he shouts.  
His hands are all hardened and tuned to the beat.  
He 's using his hands instead of his feet. Olé

### **The Billboard Bull (by Thelma)**

They call him El Toro, he's black and he's large.  
It seems like he's always ready to charge.  
'Ore the highway he reigns, unmoving, the king,  
The best of them all 'til he gets in the ring. Olé