

# Our Last Night at the Nunnery Motel 2.0 in Milano

*by* Jerry Ratch

They make you work  
For your pizza in Italy  
You have to slice it yourself  
While wearing a gas mask  
To ward off the cigarette smoke  
From every neighboring table  
While chasing away the  
Mosquitos and the pigeons  
The flies and the gypsy rabble

And on our last night in Milano  
We stayed out near the airport  
At Motel 2.0  
We slept on half a pillow  
Though they did give  
Good apricots and towels  
Really it was  
More like a nunnery  
Than a motel

Well it was Motel 2.0 after all  
But talk about weird dreams  
In the nunnery, Oy vey  
Yea, for I have seen  
The Father, the Son  
And the Holy Toast

But in that room  
We didn't even have  
Bare bones to gnaw on  
Though I could have sworn  
I smelled the ghost  
Of someone's burnt toast

