

# PART 3

## **PAY DAY**

While feeling shocked and spellbound,  
she dreamt of heading homeward bound,  
for this baffling background,  
wasn't a free playground.

In this wonderful world of rhyme,  
it was only a matter of time,  
before someone would say,  
that she had to pay,  
in more than one way.

Money doesn't grow on trees.  
Clouds don't rain bills in the breeze.

Down on her sore knees,  
she begged for help –  
Oh G-d hear me, please!  
But it would take a miracle for her to pay these fees!

## **PLAY OR PRAY?**

With her eyes tightly shut, she continued to pray...  
She wished that a hero would come save the day.  
Maybe Hansel and Gretel wanted to play?  
Or Charlie would leave his factory and slay?

## **MONEY MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND**

Money makes the world go round,  
So, don't make one single sound,  
Or you run the risk of being found...

## **BY DIVINE DESIGN**

A shiver ran down her spine, a warning so fine,  
A sign that she'd crossed the invisible line.  
No matter who held the final say,  
She knew she couldn't stay; nothing could remain this way.  
When the sky turned dull, its grey shroud unfurled,  
It was plain to see—she was no longer welcome in this world.