

Ode to Jerome

There once was a guy called Jerome Masood
With the Classified team he was in a constant mood
He bullied us and hassled us every week
We retaliated mostly with a bit of cheek

Every deadline at exactly four
He would beat defiantly on the classified door
"Your time is up, no more copies that's it"
We winged and argued that his deadlines were shit
Then the phone would ring at 5 past 4,
"Jerome is it okay if we give you just one more"
He'd sigh and he'd huff but he had a good heart
"Well you'll have to go and type it up for a start"

But with the copy deadline out the way there was still lots to do
"This ad is in twice, I need a 7x2"
He gave us our orders, driving us round the bend
"I'm not using that, I need the URN"
He left our new starters quivering in their shoes
"I'm just not accepting any more blues"

But once in a while there'd be a smile on his face
Jerome, there must be ISDNs you want us to chase?
So we would demand a few amendments, and some logos to be scanned
Rearranging the pages and all that he'd planned
His good mood would be shattered the classified team had struck once more
We are sure he's looking forward to leaving the medical floor.

Well we wish you good luck, you have been a star
Without you in the hot seat, classified wouldn't have got very far
Hopefully the new person on the way does the job as well as you
But perhaps won't swear as much at the classified crew
And despite moving on to pursue your next career dream
I bet if you admit it you'll miss the classified team.

