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Owed to a

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# Spell Checker

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Owed to a Spell Checker  
I have a spelling checquer  
It came with my pea sea  
It plane lee marks four my revue  
Miss steaks aye can knot sea.

Eye ran this poem threw it  
Your sure real glad two no  
It's vary polished in it's weigh  
My checker tolled me sew.

A checker is a bless sing  
It freeze yew lodes of thyme  
It helps me awl stiles two reed  
And aides me when aye rime.

Each frays comes posed up on my screen  
Eye trussed too bee a joule.  
The checker pours o'er every word  
To cheque sum spelling rule.

Bee fore a veiling checkers  
Hour spelling mite decline,  
And if we're laks oar have a laps,  
We wood bee maid too wine.  
Butt now bee cause my spelling  
Is checked with such grate flare,  
There are know faults with in my cite,  
Of nun eye am a wear.

Now spelling does not phase me,  
It does knot bring a tier.  
My pay purrs awl due glad den  
With wrapped words fare as hear.

To rite with care is quite a feet  
Of witch won should be proud  
And wee mussed dew the best wee can  
Sew flaws are knot aloud.

And now bee cause my spelling  
is checked with such grate flare  
Their are know faults with in my site  
Of nun eye am a wear.

That's why aye brake in two averse  
By righting wants too pleas  
Sow now ewe sea why aye dew prays  
Such soft wear for pea seas.