

LEAVING CHINNOR

It is but early morning and I'm on my way to Thame,
But constantly I'm reminded that things are not the same,
Such traffic and congestion there didn't used to be,
An occasional car, a horse and cart was all that one could see,
Now the roads are teaming, bursting with every sort of thing,
Lorries, coaches, vans and buses, the pollution that they bring,
They join together unmercifully to drown the simple pleasure,
Of birds and nature's wakening that provide a sound to treasure,
From whichever crossroad I choose to make my exit, the problem is
the same,
I watch, I wait, I wonder, why I ever play this game,
The driver who is opposite is revving for to go,
But please just wait a minute, here comes a crazy so-and-so,
The school bus takes up half the road as it waits beside the kerb,
Just why there isn't a lay-by is really quite absurd,
The traffic forms a queue behind and horns begin to blast,
Wait a little longer motorists for you just cannot get past,
Here comes the brewery lorry, delivering quite a load,
It's just what I expected, it has blocked the other road,
The minutes they tick by but I must bide my time,
Oh! the joys of leaving Chinnor, twixt half past eight and nine.

JERRY'S JOINT

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