

## *Motion*

### *On the Road*

I'M sure that you have met me:  
You know me very well.  
I'm the one who drives a car –  
The motorist from hell.

Roads in busy cities  
Are all delights of mine:  
They give two lanes to drive in,  
So I use the dotted line.  
With everybody in a rush,  
This is the way one makes  
As certain as one ever could  
That no one overtakes.

And when I head a patient queue  
That waits at a red light,  
It's only when the light turns green  
I say I'm turning right.  
And then I wait for ages –  
It shows I'm still the boss –  
So when the light is red again,  
There's only me across.

And when I'm on a winding road,  
I am the slow one who,  
Without apparent effort,  
Will always lead the queue.  
With my hand out through my window,

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I can also be a pain.  
It's not that I am turning:  
Just checking on the rain.

And when I drive on motorways,  
I am the moron who  
Stays firmly in the centre lane  
And cuts three lanes to two.  
This irritates my fellow men,  
But I don't give a damn:  
What's the point of being thick,  
If I don't show I am?

The outside lane is also good  
For blocking – don't you see?  
I hog it because no one else  
Can drive as fast as me.

Oh, by the way, I'm also blind,  
And therefore hit the heights:  
I drive behind you in the dark  
And never dip my lights.

All in all, I cannot see  
How people can survive a  
Meeting on the road with me –  
The average British driver.

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