

Motion

Smiling's Through

DRIVING has destroyed the smile.

Just check it out:

You'll have no doubt.

The average driver's simply vile

When letting other drivers in

Or flashing other drivers through:

He doesn't wear a cheery grin,

When indicating, *After you!*

Driving has destroyed the smile.

It's all too plain:

Just look again.

You don't get many to the mile

From drivers decked in hanging dice –

And nodding dogs, just now and then –

Who give no sign of being nice

When being kind to fellow-men.

Driving has destroyed the smile.

Just look and see,

And you'll agree.

What you're getting all the while

Are gestures with a flapping wrist

That come distinctly sour-faced

And irritatedly insist,

For God's sake, move! No time to waste!

Driving has destroyed the smile.

It's such a shame —

And what's to blame?

Can the car have made us vile?

Motion

Courtesy with face of frost!
Human attributes congeal!
Simple niceties are lost,
In a box of glass and steel.

Driving has destroyed the smile –
And you can tell!
Oh, bloody hell!
Those baleful faces, full of bile!
Through their windscreens, they extend
Blank expressions – often sour.
Progress would be at an end,
If it came in smiles per hour.
