

The Old Codger

Late one summer eventide
I took my old bike for a ride.
As I cruised o'er hill and dale
I dreamed of sampling country ale.
Then steering round a bend quite sheer
I saw a country pub appear.
Throttling down my ancient steed
I parked outside with thirsty speed.
Alas, t'was then that disaster struck,
For fate conspired to change my luck.
Approaching towards me at full steam
Was an ancient codger with eyes a gleam.
My arm he seized in vise-like grip
While his mind commenced a memory trip.
"Ah," says he, with distant gaze,
"that bike recalls long-bygone days."
On he rambled about bikes he'd owned
And changing times were much bemoaned.
My unquenched thirst increased in strength.
As on he droned at endless length,
At last the codger's tale was done
And towards the pub I commenced to run.
The door I reached with breath a-wheeze
Only to hear, "Time gentlemen please!!"

