

I'M JUST AN OLD SET OF WHEELS!

(Reflections on getting older)

It used to be, I was the frame
that held them all together.
The engine that would power them
and move 'em down the road.
I was the cab that warmed them
and kept them safe and sound.
The steering that would navigate
and guide them homeward bound.
I was the wheels that moved them on,
the springs that kept things smooth.
At times I was the radio
to sooth them and amuse.
I was the lights that guided them
when darkness came along.
At other times I was the spare
'case something did go wrong.
But now they're older, on their own
and things are different now.
They say I'm still important though,
to teach and show them how.
But I don't care how great it sounds
or how it's really meant,
to me I'm just a figurehead;
the old hood ornament!