

Ode to a Generous Four Wheel Driver

Once on a bleak and windy moor
I met some crazy folk
Digging up some shiny ore
Some girls, a boy, a bloke.
Their ute was loaded to the hilt
There was no room for more
But still they stuffed that booty in
You could hardly shut the door.
The springs were groaning with the weight
The road was mighty rough
I sighed "Oh well I'll have to walk
Life can be so tough."
But not when these folk call the shots
"Jump in!" they said with insane glee
We'll see you safely out of here
Just you wait and see.

Roller coasters can't compare
With that rollie pollie ride
The ruts were deep. The rocks were big.
We'll end up on our side.
But not when Beverly takes the wheel.
We rode those ruts with ease.
She took the step downs like a champ
It really was a breeze.
We cheered her on
She brought us home
With all our gems in tact
Now give us just a month or two
I think we'll all be back.

Thanks Bev for saving us a hot trudge up hill. We owe you!!

Gill