

Part 14 - Chugger

You change gear with your right foot,
There's one, two, three or four,
I often try to go for fifth,
I think he needs one more.

There's no such thing as suspension ,
He's got a rigid frame,
Thank God the seat has springs in it,
Or I would be in pain.

He's only got one cylinder,
That's really all he needs,
he's got an ancient magneto,
From whence the spark plug feeds.

A dynamo is also there,
Which keeps the battery fed,
And helps to keep the lights working,
Except when it goes dead.

The tyres they have inner tubes,
In which you put the air,
You lean the bike to corner,
But not more than you can dare

Inside that big old metal block,
The piston up-and-down,
Which bounces off explosions,
That hit it's on its crown.

Sometimes my bike, it just wont start,
and it can be a bugger,
But when it runs, it sounds so good,
That's why I named him "Chugger"

Chugger likes the smaller roads,
avoids the motorway,
Probably because they weren't
invented in his day.

He isn't a performance bike,
no way will he go fast,
but cruise him at a steady rate,
that way the engine lasts

The pace is slower on this bike,
long trips are an endeavour,
but as long as you care for him,
old 'Chug' will run forever.

morning rides can be a laugh,
just after three am,
through sleepy village, throttle wide,
wakey-wake, ahem!

Why do I like this ancient bike,
that isn't hard to see,
cos strangely in reality
I found Chugger likes me!

It's really quite a mutual thing,
this bike is so much fun,
but I find when we ride we merge
two of us become one!

From other guys, I've heard some jibes,
But when I ride my mare,
check that wide smile which fills my face,
and wish that you were there.