

Part 16 - 'Twas the bikes before Christmas

'Twas the bikes before Christmas  
Who purred as they rode  
To a Sunday tradition  
Down the old 'frog and toad'.

Cold was the weather  
The sky overcast  
The riders well wrapped up  
They rode not too fast.

The bikes were courageous,  
The riders were brave  
As they pulled up for breakfast  
At the Hollyville Cafe.

They met many others  
The carpark was tight  
Dozens of old bikes  
It made quite a sight

With breakfast now ordered  
They wandered outside  
To revel in wonder  
At the lines of old bikes.

They talked about brake shoes,  
adjustments, and spanners,  
One guy said, "To start it,  
I mention a hammer".

Many great marques,  
representing the past  
British built bikes,  
Here's the proof that they last.

The voice of the waitress,  
Had yelled "Thirty-four!",  
One more hungry biker,  
Went in through the door,

Inside there were riders  
and helmets and gloves,  
And mugs full of tea,  
Next to plates filled with grub,

They talked about speedos'  
ammeters and more,  
and bad oil drips  
Which flowed under shed door.

Now breakfast is finished,  
And time's marching on  
They'd love to chat longer,  
But need to be gone.

The engines are started,  
Then all wave goodbye  
They cheer "Merry Christmas  
To you and your bike".

