

## Part 19 - old glory

The caff is the place where the bikes congregate,  
Leather clad rockers, don't half look a state  
A mod on a scooter? now isn't that rude.  
Let's all run out quickly and get him to shoo!

So why don't you visit the 'vintage cafe',  
experience and savour the fifties heyday,  
Black boots and white socks, a cool leather jacket,  
all ribbing and shouting, don't half make a racket

the stylus is dropping, you'll have to ride fast,  
to get there and back while the record still lasts.  
If you are first back, your luck you can savour,  
As you have just earned that nice lady's favour.

Maybe your mate wants a burn down the street,  
If you can outride him, then he'll feel defeat.  
A ton to the garage, a sharp turn so fast,  
the pegs dig, you've ditched it, you're sat on your ass.

Your mate he is laughing and taking the piss,  
but he checks you're alright and that nothing's amiss,  
your ego is dented, the bike is alright,  
a ton back to the caff and the world is alright.

Me and my Moto, We would've looked hard,  
If this was the 50s, down the old boulevard,  
But now all the new bikes are made out of plastic,  
but still we are proud, as we're now called a classic.

No longer just old heaps their fortunes revived,  
It's amazing how many old Classics survive,  
Especially when you consider the story,  
Of sad rusting motos turned into old glory.

Some were forsaken and left down the shed,  
Or others on scrap heaps just thrown out for dead,  
Some survived, well stored in moto collections,

Others restored as old bike resurrections.

But sadly for some, the revival's too late,  
Damaged, not working, for parts they did break.  
unfortunate some of them caught in a smash,  
or racing too quickly, end up in a crash

Some years back old bikes were considered just funny,  
But they're 'in' again (plus they're worth lots of money),  
Now there are clubs and events you can go to,  
Where many proud owners display their old motos.

All bright polished chrome, the paint's 'Polychromatic'  
This bike was restored with a tank from some attic!  
Triples and twins, plus those singles that chug  
oh look, there's a Norton parked on a red rug!

A lovely old gent could not ride anymore,  
he placed a sale advert, they rushed to his door,  
A matchless G5, a bit tatty, complete!  
But it might need some oil as the wheels seem to  
squeak!

That very same day it went into a shed,  
New owner so chuffed as he put it to bed,  
It took many months, lots of love and devotion,  
Then special day came, two kick start (and emotion)!

He went to the cafe to show his G5,  
A cute girl there liked it and wanted a ride,  
She snuggled up close, put her arms round his waist,  
If this plays out well, he'll be set for the day!

We're so very lucky we treasure our past,  
and not junk the old stuff cos we want to go fast,  
You may not agree, but try as you might,  
You'll still turn and stare as an old bike goes by!