Meditation On The A30

A man on his own in a car
Is revenging himself on his wife;
He open the throttle and bubbles with dottle
and puffs at his pitiful life

She's losing her looks very fast,
she loses her temper all day;
that lorry won't let me get past,
this Mini is blocking my way.

"Why can't you step on it and shift her!
I can't go on crawling like this!
At breakfast she said that she wished I was dead-
Thank heavens we don't have to kiss.

"I'd like a nice  blonde on my knee
And one who won't argue or nag.
Who dares to come hooting at me?
I only give way to a Jag.

"You're barmy or plastered, I'll pass you, you \*\*\*\*-
I will overtake you. I will!"
As he clenches his pipe, his moment is ripe
And the corner's accepting its kill.

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