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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