

# Dad's Pride & Joy - Now Mine

*By Jan Moore*

**Rob Jones** asked for poems  
But he gets no reply  
So, I say I should write one  
And then start to try

I search through the brain  
And the words start to come  
Maybe I can write something after all  
Maybe I'm not quite so dumb

I think of my Dad  
And the poems he wrote  
It seems to me now  
They had a real Leyland note

So now like my Dad did  
I drive a Red P76  
It's finally on the road again  
After a jolly good fix

I'm super happy and proud  
To be in the driver's seat  
Now Dad's Red pride & joy  
Is again on repeat

The way it still sounds  
And the smooth roomy ride  
The way it leaks in the rain  
And the funny smell that's inside

The clunky wipers still go  
And the familiar spluttering start  
The tears in my eyes

And the swelling joy in my heart

The large wallet we now need  
Just to fill it with fuel  
And room in the boot  
(Thank God) - for every damn tool

New exhaust, new condenser  
New warrant and new tyres  
Old seats, and old carpets  
Old mirrors, old admirers

Someone said just in passing  
"My God she's a beaut"  
"The way that she sounds"  
"And all that room in the boot"

Sadly, Dad don't remember  
The car or the folk  
The AGM's they attended  
And how he always had a joke

So now it's our turn to make  
All new memories in the car  
And believe me we've enjoyed  
Every minute so far

So, to the friends that we've met  
And those still yet to meet  
We're now new Leyland members  
And we're out on the street

So, I'll sign off now I'm finished  
There're no more words to write  
Just know I drive a Red Leyland  
And I even dream of it at night!!!!

