

GPS Poem

I have a little GPS
I've had it all my life
It's better than the normal ones
My GPS - my wife

It gives me full instructions
Especially how to drive
"It's sixty k's an hour", it says
"You're doing sixty five"

It tells me when to stop and start
And when to use the brake
And tells me that it's never ever
Safe to overtake

It tells me when a light is red
And when it goes to green
It seems to know instinctively
Just when to intervene

It lists the vehicles just in front
And all those to the rear
And taking this into account
It specifies my gear.

I'm sure no other driver
Has so helpful a device
For when we leave and lock the car
It still gives its advice.

It fills me up with counselling
Each journey's pretty fraught
So why don't I exchange it
And get a quieter sort?

Ah well, you see, it cleans the house,
Makes sure I'm properly fed,
It washes all my shirts and things
And - lets me have a shed.

Despite all these advantages
And my tendency to scoff,
I do wish that once in a while
I could turn the damned thing off.

Provided by Ted Tregillgas

12th Jan 2014

Ted wrote: PS I don't like want to cause trouble but Jim Grenfell told me he wrote this little poem!