

A MODERN PASSENGERS LAMENT

Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone
Though we're glad your Ma will meet you in Athlone
And while we do agree this train is very slow
Could you shut up and tell your friend you have to go.

We've learnt the Prof. you have for English is a bore
That you can't stand poor Seamus Heaney any more,
It's really great to know how locked you were last night
We're not surprised you think that Shakespeare is just useless.

***We can't even do the crossword – we want to hear what you'll say next
Your fellow travellers wonder silently 'Why can't she bloody text?'***

We're intrigued to learn that Facebook is now old hat
And it's good how well you get on with your cat,
Yes, we think a spell in Perth would be a lark
Indeed a bonus if you were eaten by a shark.

We're all delighted you're going out for a Chinese
It's sad the dress you plan to wear is a tight squeeze
And just like you, we hope we're home in time to see
The very best of Simon Cowell on TV3.

***Is there any way to silence you short of ripping off your head?
We all sit here wondering helplessly how come your battery isn't dead.***

As Athlone comes into view we say a prayer
That the microwaves play havoc with your hair;
But then a thought strikes terror as you walk away:
Could it be you'll be our Taoiseach some future day?

(Written with a nod to Jim Reeves)