

## My Old GMC

Many have said; perhaps you agree  
There's much more to life than our old GMC.

We passionate people, who buy these old things  
Perceive lofty travel without any wings.

We try to make time, but within the law!  
It's all these darn problems, we never foresaw.

We're trapped in a village or some big city place  
With bogies removed and a long worried face.

Front wheels lay there without even a bearing  
We're sure we have bought a real a "red herring".

The parts may exist, but where do we get them  
The parts stores are crowded, our mind is mayhem.

We call up our friends, who might have a clue  
Where can I find that odd-ball brake shoe?

The brake line is coming, you tell me; from where?  
A town way up East? A place called Sayer?

"It'll be here tomorrow ", he says with a smile  
"Enjoy your vacation, go rest for a while!"

We storm and we stutter, we fuss and we fume  
We wish we were home in our own little room.

But nothing can hurry the pace of a part

We wish the parts people had been born with a heart.

But, finally! It's done; we're back on the road  
We're rolling along in our "mobile abode".

The sun suddenly shining, we smile with glee  
How great is this life, in our old GMC.

Betty & Gordon Morey  
Oct. 1993 trip to Texas