

Cars are made and bought and sold,  
And go to the supermarket for food and gold;  
Then next thing you know there is a tragedy,  
There's no room in the boot and you've lost the key.

Life's a bit like that it takes a fair bit of luck,  
But remember to pray a prayer not to hit a truck;  
For the future and fortune is the traffic factory,  
When all roads lead to Rome and there's a hairline fracture.

The traffic factory is a grave yard where cars live and die,  
And send all their fumes to that place in the sky;  
But on the production line of parts and mechanics,  
The assemblers all drive and set all the speed limits.

But their a factory of friendship and consideration for the drive,  
So you can maintain your car and be a friendly arrive;  
For the road and the highway can eat up your tyres,  
As you follow the winds and look above to the wives.

The traffic factory is like a mint that used money and air,  
And will sap the life out of you if you fail to care;  
But to get where you're going just like everyone else,  
Differentiates and discriminates the models and the colours.

Well at the end of the day a car gets you from A to B,  
To tell you've enjoyed the journey and had plenty to see;  
And if you drive your car wisely with confidence and care,  
The traffic factory will end up being the only millionaire.

Signed,

To get where you're going