

I guess it is a bit of a luxury to go anywhere you want,

To drive there in a car and seem to enjoy the journey a lot;

Travelling around in a car to get to where you want to go,

Up streets and roads and highways along some kind o route you know.

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The Japanese seem to haveÂ cornered the market in the average best,

The Europeans have performance and prestige so take the little test;

The British have the best means to go comfortably from A to B,

While the Americans drive their yank tanks which are big and nice to see.

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With motors costing money to get to that nearest motel,

All filling up with petrol not beers from the hottest hotel;

And panel beaters dream that they can fix anything on earth,

Just like the mechanics charge for it and the service stations worth.

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When your old cars broken down on the side of the old road,

Then you need a tow truck to get you home and road;

Because you think you can't race up dragways and bikies never mind,

As freeways cost money and you have to drive them very kind.

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There is a whole lot of things to read on all the signs,

Like your licence really matters with your tyres between the lines;

The speed limit is applicable and you're always on the gauge,

As the indicators go and blink like this is on a page.

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The motor registry keeps a record of your number plate,

Engine and chasis numbers matterÂ in compliance with tare and weight;

Auto shops sell parts and things and dealers buy and sell cars,

So you have to be a good driver and drive it like aÂ star.

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Signed;

Watch Out For Pedestrians.Â