

Mr. Sirdifield

Engine roaring,
Tyres burning,
Sirdifield gets set to race.
Sonic boom,
The threat of cameras,
Lend excitement to the chase.

Photo snapping,
Picture printing,
Only capture crimson light;
The burning tracks
Of Sirdifield,
The motor monster – out of sight!

You've tried to kill me twice before,
I know you'll try again...
But when you do, drive naturally;
Dead fast – it's more humane.
I don't like long and lingering deaths,
I don't like lasting pain.
So on the day, drive naturally;
Dead fast – it's more humane.

Each time I cross the rugged road
I look about in fear:
From left to right and round about,
In case *he's* somewhere near.
I dare not venture from the house -
Oh! try to understand.
I'm *paranoid* that Sirdifield
Is hiding close at hand!

The nightmare's just beginning now,
It seems to have no end.
Each time I turn a corner
I expect you round the bend.
More awful still, the motorway,
A dream to drive insane:
The thought of you, a yard or two,
Behind me in *my* lane!

Now passengers of Sirdifield,
Allow me to advise.
Never put things in his boot,
No matter what their size.
He's waiting for the moment
When you open up the door,
To switch into reverse
And roll you flat upon the floor!

Sirdifield, the motor monster,
Sadist on four wheels.
Takes great delight in squashing things
And listening to their squeals.
Country drives – the thrill to kill!
He totals up the dead.
And always finds his way back home
By driving where it's red.

W. M. R. Simpson