

The ballad of the newly retired Husband

by Mike copeland

They gave me a watch of gold, told me I was too old,

My legs about to fold, this old body ready to turn to mould.

My wife, she did scold, told me to get out in the cold, to find a new role.

Oh God! Save my soul!

But I'm not a clot and started to plot,

To find a cushy slot where I could do not a lot

And even maybe get a tot!

Oh God! Please give me the lot!

I was caught in thought for the thing that I sought

But it all came to nought

And I started to drink more than I ought

Oh God! This isn't sport!

I needed to pull something out of the sack

Or else I'd get even more flack!

I think I'm really in the cack!

Oh God! Please cut me some slack!

I was ready to stray, but decided to stay

I started to pray for somewhere to play

And a voice came back

“TRY U3A!

I found a group with a yearn to learn.

Which didn't cause me any concern

After all they are never ever stern!

Even though I no longer earn

I still feel I've joined a much better firm

Oh God! Thanks for Coventry Sherbourne U3A