**Oh, where are my glasses.....? (v4)**

Oh, where the hell are my glasses,

He asked with feelings of dread?

As the sky begun to darken,

And the atmosphere turned to lead.

They must be here or very near

I’ve used them all day long

With trepidation I suggest

We really can’t go wrong.

But nonetheless the swinish thing has disappeared

From view

They could be up, or round, or down or on the way

To Katmandu!

The rituals begin and we know how it goes

Each man has his place, she keeps on his toes

No stone unturned but we need some more pace.

He has a hospital appointment – really face to face!

Voices are raised, papers scattered on the ground

Recriminations are spoken, ‘Oh let them be found.’

We are turning into gargoyles with our faces near

To bursting.

The spares have gone a similar route, ok with a bit of dusting.

But hey what’s that in our living room a tiny glint

Of light

Buried beneath a pile of books, and given us a

Fright.

Is it just a tease

 cos I’ve been on my knees and feeling worse for wear..?

You punch the air with a primeval scream to

Proclaim the winner’s there.

“I knew they were there... ooops the wrong thing to say

To partners on the edge of their tether.

The expletives that followed were choice and full on

And hardened from years of rough weather!

So fellow Travellers of a certain age

please try to up your game.

Keep to routines and simple regimes –

exercise the grey matter all the same.

and so …....

Be ready and prepared, look after you and yours -

Life’s too precious to waste it crawling on all fours!!

Banjo-boy