

## Bucket List

### (This Year I Nearly Went to Glastonbury)

Don't wait till you lose all your marbles,  
Or mark time till your last ship has sailed,  
And never procrastinate,  
Hang about till it's far too late  
And then regret when you find out you've failed.

I haven't yet swum the Channel,  
Or traversed the world by balloon,  
Gone to India by train,  
Jumped out of a plane,  
Or signed up to visit the Moon.

I don't have a Chemistry Masters,  
Learned Latin or gone on a cruise,  
Studied law, anthropology,  
Forensic psychology,  
Had face-lifts, butt-tucks or tattoos.

But this year is proving quite different,  
A decision that might just tempt Fate:  
Get out of the rut,  
It's become quite clear-cut,  
Go to Glastonbury before it's too late!

So I've managed to come by a ticket.  
Concession. Half price. OAP.  
Good deal? In your dreams!  
Glasto's not what it seems  
And I thought that you got in for free!

Booked a room in the town for the weekend,  
But it seems now I need to re-think.  
I was all set to go,  
When my daughter said, 'No,  
It's Hell and the toilets all stink.'

'You'll be five miles away from the action,  
And the price of a taxi's sky high.  
The site is on farm lands  
Manure, cows and punk bands  
And I doubt you'll connect to Wi-Fi.'

Then she warned me about yet more pitfalls,  
And sent me a strong-worded text.  
But, the drugs are just fine,  
Rock and roll and red wine,  
And I positively welcome the sex.

But my attention was focussed on one act  
And the heart-stopping show that he brings,  
And if he's strutting his stuff  
And he runs out of puff,  
Defibrillation awaits in the wings.

'Mum, I hope you have heeded the warnings,  
Seen sense and have listened to me.'  
'But darling.....for God's sake.....  
.....Only going for Rod's sake..'  
(sigh)  
So put my list in a bucket,  
Then simply just chuck it  
And stay home and watch on TV.

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