

THE FAST LADY

As a young lady in the spring of her years,
She loved to run barefoot and had very few fears.
Life was simple and fun,
As she played in the sun.
Wearing shoes all the time now she's older,
She's been noticed by men
Who have all tried to hold her.
Some thought her a gem
When she ran rings around them,
There was even one top hatted old gent,
Who suggested her doing a turn in his tent.
Older still and to follow the trend,
She latched on to a coloured girl as a friend,
Who was in fact really coal black.
Being younger and thinner,
She was an absolute winner,
Who worked out a lot on the track.
She, like most young girls,
Liked young men in the main,
Meeting fancy clothed ones again and again.
This caused lots of talk increasing her pride,
When she heard they all fancied her as a ride.
The other one broken and older still,

Has sadly lost a lot of her will.
Allowing herself because of her need,
To be shafted daily for a bed and a feed.
She's on the streets now no matter the weather,
Taken to wearing shiny black leather.
Life's gone from fair to far worse,
She's become a drag artist in front of a hearse.
It's not so amazing and there's no recourse,
Because after all she's only a horse.