

RICKY ROAD.

(BASED ON 'PENNY LANE' BY THE BEATLES)

In Ricky Road there is a poet writing poetry,
On every thought that's come her way of recent times,
She makes sure it rhymes, but it don't sometimes,
However much she tries.

On the corner, there's a meeting room with lots of chairs,
Watford Writers swap ideas and say good things,
But no luck does it bring, she's lonely thing,
She can't even sing.

But there's hope despite the tears within her eyes,
She'll not give in to those teary sighs,
Cos she hopes one day that,

The prize will come to her and make her proud of all she's penned,
To tell her children that she knelt down for to pray,
She'll be proud to say, 'The win came my way,
It's a happy day'.

And then one Monday it came from the blue,
The host she said, 'The winner it is you.'
And tears they came again

When she got home to the children, they did celebrate
They all knew she was a star, she had the art,
From the very start, she would go far,
She was their ma.

In Ricky Road there is a poet with a beaming smile,
That spreads the love, the happiness, to all around,
Her calling she has found, her feet have left the ground,
She has unwound.

Ricky Road is in her ears and in her eyes,
There she sits with children by her side.
Who smile so full of pride.
Watford Writers they did make that woman proud,
And lifted from her mind that darkened shroud,
In Ricky Road.