

You don't know me anymore.

I can see ahead and far below
From this mantelpiece, where I'm on show.
My view is bold and clear
Other things are not too near.
I prefer my very own space,
I'm from a time of slower pace.
We liked to drink, mine was beer
But I drank too much my dear.
For many years I was admired
Now it seems I've nearly expired.
I was loved so much; washed and cleaned
A good life here, of such I dreamed.
But now I gather dust,
Along with Chopin's bust.
Such is the lot of old ornaments
We don't get many compliments.
Sitting here but never seen.
Dismissed with a shrug,
And I really want to scream
I'm your Toby Jug!