

## SATNAG

For forty years I drove to work in sunshine, fog or rain  
And at five o'clock, my day's work done, I'd drive back home again  
I could spot the dangers lurking round every curve and hillock  
I always drove conscientiously and never like a pillock.

I knew my way from A - B a map inside my head  
And if I had to get to C I'd use an A to Z  
I knew the traffic hot spots, the queues from nose to boot  
So, making use of back streets, I'd adjust my route to suit

It was a time of solitude, of silent contemplation  
Or a time to turn the radio on and hear my favourite station  
I could sing to myself, Sinatra like, in a deep, rich baritone  
Half an hour all to myself, driving home alone

But now that I've retired I've got a Satnag in the car  
And it issues its instructions before I've gone too far  
"Watch that car coming out of there, slow down you're going too fast  
I wonder how much that house costs, the one we've just gone past?"

"Are you sure this is the quickest way, I'd have gone sharp right  
Why are you trying to park it here, you can see that it's too tight?  
If he breaks hard you'll never stop you're driving far too near  
If you'd put your glasses on you wouldn't have to peer"

My Satnag wonders how I drove without its constant warnings  
How I arrived with car intact on all those workday mornings  
It seems I'm stuck with Satnag on the rest of my journeys for life  
So I've given it a pet name - I simply call it Wife!