


by Derek Morrison

 I have a new toy and it's very very light
It's made of carbon fibre, and its lines are tight
It has disc brakes and an electric gear
Much better than the one I bought last year.

It looks so good I don't want to take it for a ride
Messing up its beauty with splashes from the side
But unless I get it out there and into public lights
I'll miss my five minutes of fame, I'll miss my bragging rights.

It will make me go so much faster of that I'm sure
For my declining performance this has go to be the cure
So I anticipate improvement, my purchase will enhance
For it's the same one as ridden in the Tour de France.

It weighs half a kilo less than the one I bought before
But that is reflected in the price, it cost much much more
But viewed rationally it made no economic sense
With each gram of mass reduction equaling 100 pence.

The same sum applied to my losing each gram of weight
Each 100 pence saved, reflecting less food on my plate
Would mean there would be much more to enjoy
From an improved performance on a lesser toy.

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