



When I was Young

When I was young all planes had props
While most still had two wings
You sat right up there in the wind
The best to see God's things.

No worry if your engine quit
It was no great big deal
You checked the wind and landed on
The nearest farmer's field.

Our telephone hung on the wall
Right by the kitchen sink
While letters momma sometimes wrote
With pens that held blue ink.

But things are better now for sure
I just can't think of what
Jet planes are fast and internet
Brings us all close...somewhat.

James Brown