

That Old Model T

As I sit here in my good old chair
 And all those big cars see
 It takes me back when I lived in a shack
 And I drove that Model T.
 My neighbour had an old Ford car
 He never drove no more,
 The top was gone, the tires bald
 And no handles on the door.
 So I went over there one day
 My neighbour for to see.
 For twenty dollars and an old horse collar
 I bought that Model T.



I cranked her up and drove her home
 And I pulled it up to the door.
 I saw my mother shake her head
 And I know my father swore.
 My sisters and my brothers
 They came running out with glee
 But I just sat there like a king
 In that old Model T.

I used to take my girl out driving
 In that old Model T.
 And drive her around with the old top down
 Till we came to a shady tree.
 We'd sit and park till it got dark
 And you could no longer see
 Then I'd drive her home by the light of the moon
 In that old Model T.

On a Saturday night the work was done
 Some of the boys and me
 Get a gallon of wine and a bottle of shine
 And crank up that Model T,
 And stay up all the night
 We'd drink that brew and have a stew
 Sometimes we'd have a fight.
 We wouldn't get home till the sun was up
 But we were happy and free
 If we had a flat we didn't worry about that
 We'd bring her home on three.

I cranked up that old Ford one night
 And I headed into town
 I thought I'd have a little fun
 just chasing the girls around.
 But my neighbour's cow got out somehow
 And she ran in front of me
 When we hit she splattered it
 All over that Model T.

When I got married forty years ago
 I drove that Model T.
 Through a foot of snow and twenty-below
 Where my bride was waiting for me.
 We went to the church and tied the knot
 Then I paid the pastor his fee
 And we took off on our honeymoon
 In that old Model T.

No you can have your fancy cars
 With colour of yellow and green
 But I wouldn't give that old black Ford
 For any that I have seen.
 And maybe someday not far off
 When the gas gets scarce you'll see
 You will have to trade that big car off
 And go back to the Model T.
 Patrick Whalen
 R.R. #4
 Tweed, Ont.