

# Synchronised

The M50 finished at Morton's old gate ,  
The traffic was terrible you just had to wait,  
The queue was long and now I will relate  
The status of traffic In Ireland's Free State.

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The Motorway finished at this exit so fine,  
The motorist was ecstatic well almost sublime  
He loved waiting in this endless old queue  
But the Gardai that arrived just had not a clue.

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They arrived to help the traffic true flow,  
When green was showing they said you cant go !  
We want to help you when the lights show bright red,  
We will keep you here till you wish you were dead !

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We like to improvise , show what we just know,  
When we are in charge the traffic is slow,  
When the lights show green , you know you can't go,  
Your countenance just starts to redden and glow !

A scroll of parchment with text, featuring wooden rollers at the top and bottom. The parchment is yellowed and has some cracks. The text is centered and reads:

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Yes my Friend there is life without end.,  
But God help you when you have rounded the bend ,  
Just close your eyes as your speed slowly dies ,  
With garda help you have been Synchronised.

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But eventually its time for the garda's sweet tea,  
Now they leave the choice up to just you and me,  
And the traffic once more flows freely you see,  
The dumb traffic lights have their own victory !