

## **Peter My Son**

Peter my son, the bright younger one

Peter Sellers, named after, a Goon now gone  
Also St Peter by the gates, for help later on  
Buying shares in the afterlife, for my youngest son

Born in Watford, the Hornets next door  
As a toddler he was always an interesting chore  
As the outdoors he loved, so much to explore  
Off he would go, through the first open door

Out on his bike, or roller-blades the same day  
Over the fields, upsetting the farmer's new hay  
The more he was told, the less he would stay  
Off he'd be out, with his mates to play

To school he would go, and say work was done  
For a letter to arrive, from teacher about this one  
Its trouble again, for our younger son  
A little bother again, but I'll not let on

He's bright; he's clever, so sensitive too  
Makes friends so easy, helps his brother with a few  
Always first in, amongst strangers our  
Pete Home to bring, lots of new pattering feet

He's tall dark and handsome, like his big brother John  
A good role model for him to build on  
But he's his own man, our younger one  
These days in Lincoln, he's so often gone

Sports, well so many, he's tried such a lot  
To football, to rugby, and basketball he'll trot  
He's up for the fun, and game for a laugh  
He'll not fret too much, if he makes the odd gaff

He's helped his big brother, with many a chore  
To-gether we'll work, on the house, the garden and more  
But Pete he will play, he's so easy to bore  
Still to this day, he's off out the door

He's good with people, of many an age  
He takes on their problems, before turning a page

If it's a joke, a song or a role in a cage  
It's Pete first up, on any old stage  
Cool head for some mate, who flies into a rage

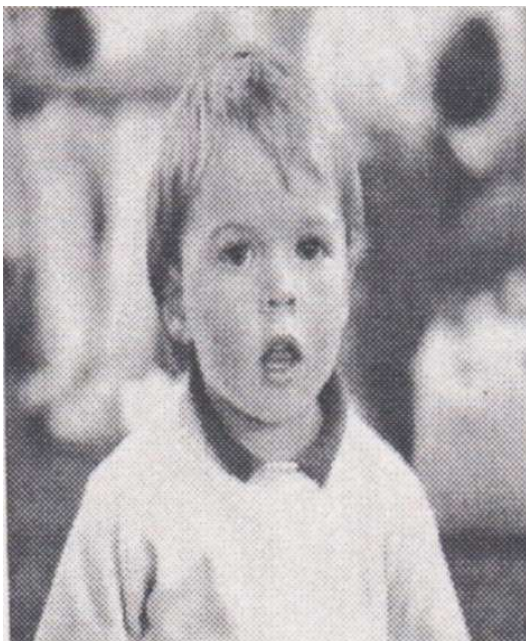
Compared to others he's no bother at all  
Easily gets along, picks himself up from a fall  
Carries himself well, princely and tall  
When he's not about, he's missed, by one and all

He's off to his uni studies, criminology no fear  
Away from his Mum, who misses him dear  
Along with his brother, she now seems to pine  
In her chair by the fire, with a fine glass of wine

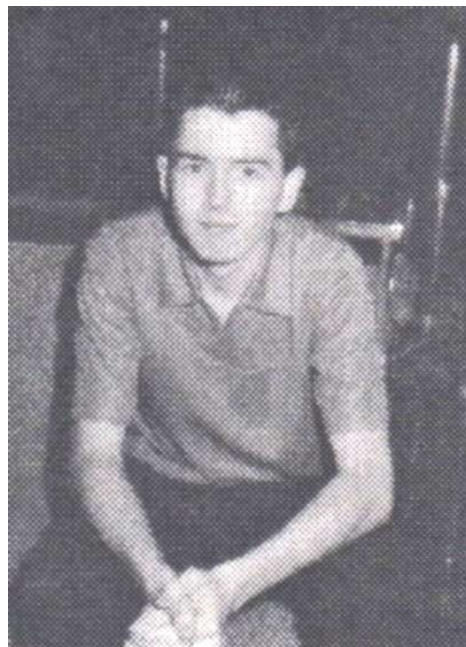
Hello and farewell, with a hug and a kiss  
For all of the family, whenever we miss  
He works and plays hard, for money and fun  
Wish he'd get out more, in daylight and sun

Maybe like some other, a prodigal son  
Says the wise Gran, when I moan about this one  
I watch him in action, holding court in a throng  
He'll do all right, out and about, getting along

How lovely to be, a father to this son  
To show love a great treat  
For this son My Pete



*Peter 1986*



*Peter on the Topaz  
Cruise Ship 2000*

