

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

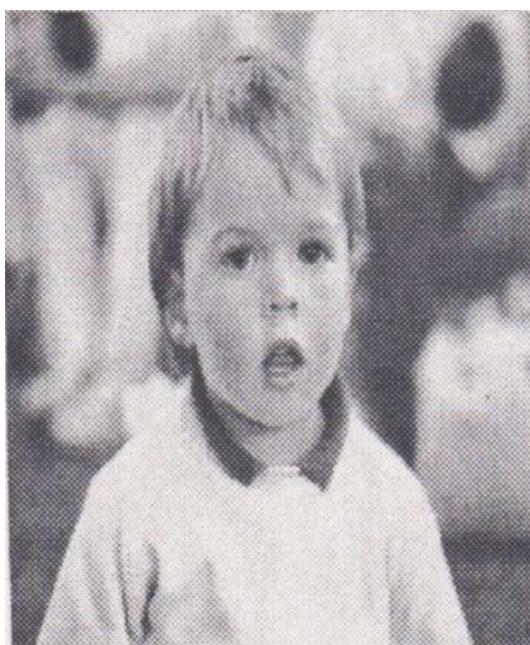
Compared to others he's no bother at all
Easily gets along, picks himself up from a fall
Carries himself well, princely and tall
When he's not about, he's missed, by one and all

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

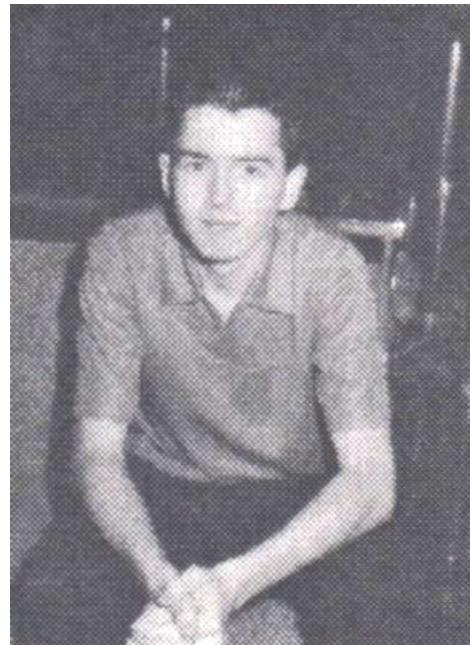
Hello and farewell, with a hug and a kiss
For all of the family, whenever we miss
He works and plays hard, for money and fun
Wish he'd get out more, in daylight and sun

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

