

Puppy Men on Vacation
by Joan Atkinson

They came from the west,
Out of the setting sun,
Driving a four by
And looking for fun.

Bikes and ice chest
and sleeping bags, too.
Their feet were large
But they knew what to do.

Cute red-headed Drew
And his buddy Big John,
They'd hang for a few days
And then they'd move on.

Visit with relatives,
Crash with some friends,
They had all the right looks,
Knew all the motor trends.

Old cars with cool engines,
And the cruising was neat.
They hung out in bars,
And ate footballs of meat.

They biked and they boated,
They off-roaded with glee.
They hooked up with cousins
And ate pizza Boboli.

Swimming at Pyramid
Sliding on clay,
They ate snazzy meals;
They knew how to play.

They learned lot of things.
How to get dirty was one.
Metates and rock throwing,
And Drumsticks were fun.

They filled up each day
With great gobs of elation.
They knew how to have fun;
Those Puppy Men on Vacation: