

The Day I Ran Away

The first thing I remember, was when I was three.

I was running away from home,

With my metal riding horse, my doggie, and me.

At Grandma's I would be greeted with hugs and kisses.

There would be cookies, home made bread,

Hot black and green tea, just for me.

I would be welcomed with open arms.

By grandparents happy to see me.

With my horse and doggie, we three.

But along came a man in a big blue truck.

Asked, where you going young man?

I knew I was in trouble, just my luck.

He put my horse in the back of the truck.

I was placed in the front seat,

With Tippy my dog, along side of me.

This man was taking us home,

He knew who we were.

My horse, my doggie, and me.

The look on Mom's face, is one I'd rather forget
As she thanked the man in the big blue truck.
For bringing us home, we were surely outta luck.

I was put in a corner a long time that day.
Me on my knees, it was sore that way.
With my toy horse, Tippy and me.

Mom hollered and screamed that day.
Told dad about the man in the big blue truck.
They were not happy with me in any way.

Grandpa and grandma will be sad to hear,
That we didn't make it for tea.
My horse, my doggie and me.

My knees were sore, when I went to bed.
Both mom and dad were mad at me.
For running away, us three.

I've learned a lesson, I won't forget.
Don't take the horse, he'll slow you down.
It'll just be my doggie and me.