

My First Hero

by Martyn Lawrence

I was born and bred in Bodiam
Where Guinness grew their hops
But they also farmed some arable
With a variety of crops

Rex my next door neighbour
Drove a Massey 65
He'd tell us all about it
And we'd wish that we could drive

At about the age of seven
When I was somewhat thinner
We'd listen to his 65
As he drove home for dinner

We'd hear it in the distance
And couldn't wait to ask
Just what he had been doing
And what was his next task

As soon as school was over
We'd cycle anywhere
To see that Massey working
And just stand still and stare

Rex then had a Major
But we didn't like the thing
It may have been more powerful
But the engine didn't sing

I wonder what he'd think today
About the way farming has gone
Alas, I cannot ask him
Because sadly, he has passed on

Yes, Rex was my first hero
I've seen him do the lot
I haven't any photographs
But those memories I've still got.