

Twass The Night Before Race Day

by Lorin Wamsley

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Twass the night before race day, and all through the shop,
The activity was teeming and could not stop;
The owner had finally gotten off the dime,
And hoped that the car would be finished on time.

There were car parts and tools all strewn about,
And the location of any was always in doubt;
Oil jugs and spray cans of all sizes and shapes,
And various rolls of various tapes;

There's hoses and brake lines and wires of all sorts,
And the short ones are too long and the long ones too short;
The wrenches within reach are all the wrong size,
and that "one size fits all" thing, doesn't, That's no Surprise!

The work continues well into the night,
When the racer panics with a terrible fright!
He's all on his own with no where to go,
Cuz the parts store closed an hour ago.

He'll rely on the accuracy of that specialty kit,
And hope and pray that it will all fit,
He tries it this way, then that way, then ponders a bit,
But alas, we could have guessed, it just fidn't dit.

So out come the hammer, the grinder, and drill;
Getting it together is done by sheer will.
Put that over there, and this over here,
Then stop for a minute to finish a beer.

The noise is horrendous and the neighbors are pissed,
Thing aren't going well and he's pounding his fist;
He'd like to give up, but knows that can't be,
He runs in the morning and prepaid the fee.

He spent all that money for new tires and brakes,
So not getting it running would be a mistake;
Maybe an injector, a valve, or a wire, or
Maybe he could just set the whole thing on fire.

The insurance would cover most of his cost,
And a non-running car isn't much of a loss;
Other ideas go through his head,
Like taking up basket weaving instead.

But alas he's a racer and pride plays a part,
So come hell or high water the damn thing will start.
So he tries what he tried and then tries it again,
And lo and behold the crank starts to spin.

The sound is like music from Carnegie Hall,
With the exhaust resonating off all the garage walls.
He tunes it and tinkers with a smile on his face,
Knowing full well he's ready to race.

Now he knows what we knew to always be true,
There are certain things that we racer must do.
The right combination of swearing and sweat,
And blood from the knuckles, and way too much debt,
Will get the results that racers strive for,
A sweet running engine and traction galore.

After many long hours at this common quest,
He's thinking it's time for some much needed rest.
But after a last sip from a cold coffee cup
He exclaims rather loudly "Oh Crap, the sun's coming up"!!