

Forever A Goldwinger

**Those days that I cruise down the road on my goldwing,
Are the special days in my life where my heart soars and sings-
To that of the melody of my heart racing that makes me come alive
again,
For I'm never too old, nor too young to those places where I have been-**

**The highways are like pathways to the wingers delight,
As riding past cars they wave and tell us we're outta sight-
I weigh not or dare to measure the distance I have traveled,
Nor the time in hours, minutes even days that I have spent on my
rides-
For to those of us who are goldwingers we take great pride,
As we ride to the great west-
Knowing that we own the road and we know we're the best,**

**Or perhaps to the east-
It's no joke or even a tease,
For when we head south-
We see people just drop their mouths,
Then as we head back home to the north-
We say ah hell, let's do it again for what it's all worth,**

**Now this goes without saying that we could have been many things in
life-
Perhaps a doctor, teacher or preacher,
But hey, I'd rather just continue being one heck of a goldwinger!!!**

Written & Dedicated By Todd A. Clark