

Nevil Shute Norway

by Stanley J. Alluisi

We were promised flying cars
Later on a trip to Mars
Now even the moon's a bridge too far
What ever happened to my flying car?

We were promised wings to fly
Still there's no highway in the sky
Now we're all just left to die
Relaxing under Norway's sky

One-oh-one should surely teach
That haste makes waste no matter what the niche
Now we're all sitting on the beach
waiting for Armageddon's reach

Little Jimmy earned his stars
In two different theatres, he earned his bars
But now he seems out of place
Fatigued enough to make mistakes

At first pure joy, watching reindeer play
Then sheer terror come today
Cold and stress put to the test
Can he outwit England's best?

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