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| What gives you satisfaction,  What puts your world to rights,  Mine is very simple,  I kick a bottle top with all my might.  Can’t resist that full leg swing,  Launching that mini disc,  Foot connecting perfectly,  On a logo image on tin.  Sometimes one kick is all it takes,  Sometimes two or three,  My record stands at seven,  To be beaten in due course by me.  Kicking a bottle top up the road,  Has stayed with me all my life,  Can’t resist even rusty ones,  That have been left to erode.  The twists and turns,  Dips and whirls,  While spinning through the air,  An unmanned flying saucer,  Going who knows where.  Dipping left and curving right,  Bounces off a wall or tree,  Finds a lamppost on its way,  Sometimes a stranger’s knee. | A hard landing coming soon,  Crash landing upside down,  There it will stay motionless,  On a level ground.  Funny how a simple thing,  Can make me feel content,  After kicking a bottle top up the road,  Walking briskly with a grin.  I spot one by a rubbish bin,  My foot contacts, it begins to spin,  If I make eight kicks,  My new record is in.  Bottle tops are a win, win, win… |