

Tramwags – Memories Of A Black Country Chap

Poem by Johnny Mogs

Shoulda sid us kids on tramwags,
Bombin' down the 'ill,
Feet up, 'onds off breks,
Squailin' at the thrill.
'Avin' a bostin' time,
Weavin' through the trees,
Bashin' 'eads 'n' elbas,
Tekin' skin off 'onds 'n' knees.
We'd goo crashin' into lampposts,
Knock old women off their feet,
Yow cud 'ear the whales a rumblin'
As we 'urtled down the street.
We'd avoid the occasional car,
Drag us feet when slowin' down,
We'd splash through ev'ry puddle
And dodge things warm 'n' brown.
We'd goo out in any weather,
We'd fly off any crest,
Was 'appy times we 'ad back then,
Them tramwag days woz best.