

# My Dad is a Formula One Driver

by Andreana Chan

My dad is a Formula One driver,  
He loves to drive into the river.  
His car is lavish, gleaming red.  
In the car there's even a bed.

My dad drives his car at high speed,  
He doesn't even stop to feed.  
He swerves, rushes, accelerates.  
At this rate he's going, he can't be late!

Dressed in a posh, neat tailcoat,  
He goes so fast that he seems to float.  
Fit to get the ultimate prize,  
He doesn't have to improvise.

Crash! Oops, I think he's in trouble.  
Look, his car is injured, hurt double.  
Now his prize is running away,  
N'er to be seen again, I say!