

Our villages are growing exponentially it seems,
Hundreds of houses springing up to meet some people's dreams
Of escaping to the country. For most it works out well,
For some it's harder to accept that country sort of smell!
Fresh blood for our communities, new friendships to be made,
Good for local businesses, more customers, more trade?

Well, the postman's very busy, doing what he can
To deliver all the parcels – had to get a bigger van
To compete with Evri, Amazon, FedEx and DPD.
(Our country roads have potholes where no potholes used to be.)
Horseriders, bikers, hikers, must keep a wary eye
Out as the supermarket online grocery shopping trucks go by.

We don't leave home too early or we'll have to join the line
of commuters queuing up to get to school or work on time.
The doctors and the dentists have no time to spare
You must be patient on a waiting list to be a patient here.
The water folk are busy with all those extra drains
And run-off from the driveways every time it rains.
Storm storage tanks discharging into river, stream and lake,
Wild swimming's not advisable, e-coli lies in wait!

The councils have their targets that have to be fulfilled
But are the homes they're building the ones they need to build?
"Affordable" is relative, our youngsters cannot stay,
To find somewhere within their means they have to move away.
So the demographic's ageing, but at least there's still a bus -
As long as we are home by eight; it's matinees for us!