

“JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT?”

One of the highlights (to me anyway) of being in the TVR Car Club is when a number of us get together in our monthly regional meetings.

At some West Midland meetings, during the winter months, the brave (or foolish) stand outside a pub in Meridan (supposedly the most central point of England), and shiver as we discuss TVR's whilst our beloved other halves sit inside, in front of a roaring log fire, drinking a hot toddy (sensible – or what?!)

At other meetings, we line up all the TVR's, and, having admired them and taken the obligatory photos (which are usually the same photos we took at that event the previous year!) we again stand around discussing TVR's whilst our beloved other halves find something else, supposedly more interesting, to do.

I can well remember my first meeting - it was a Lion's Charity event in Kenilworth, and there were loads of stalls, events for the kiddies, and this line up of TVR's in the background. I'd only had the car a few weeks, and brother John suggested we take both cars together (at the time he had a Chimeara). So, off we trundled, down the M42, M40 and A46, with me playing some great driving music on the tape player.

Well, at least I tried to play some great driving music - to be honest, with the wind noise at 70¹/₂ mph (I refuse to admit any more) and the hood down, plus the exhaust noise (sorry - note), I actually couldn't hear the tape - I think it was Status Quo - but then it could have been Led Zeppelin (showing my age a bit there!!)

Anyway, we arrived at the site and duly parked up. As we got out I remarked to John that it was virtually impossible to listen to music in that car and at that speed, at which point his facial expression changed to one of incredulous disbelief, as he said, “What do you mean, you can't hear the music - you're not supposed to be listening to music - you're supposed to be listening to the sound of the engine and the exhaust!” At which point, he wondered off to speak to someone else, muttering something that sounded like “sacrilege” under his breath.

Duly chastised, I was quite concerned that if other TVR drivers saw the half dozen tapes in the front of my S2, it would give the game away and I would be struck off the TVR Car Club register for life - or at very least, the laughing stock of the West Midlands branch - so I hurriedly scooped them all up and threw them into the boot!

It's taken me 2 years reading the adverts that say “...latest 6 stack CD player included” that I have come to realise listening to music is allowed, although I still can't hear mine!

But I digress (“what's new there!” I hear you say!) - back to the car club meetings.

The ones I like best are when we go out together - especially in convoy - or “for a rumble” as the Bristol group suggested when they went to Cheddar Gorge (June Sprint mag). In that same month, the West Midlands group went on a similar venture into Shropshire, then just over the Welsh border, and back through numerous pretty villages (much to the surprise of most of the local yokels, who were probably asleep after their Sunday lunch at the time – although not after we had roared through!). We felt like *Kings*, as we drove through *Kington* and we were ‘*eard*, as we paraded through *Eardisland*. I was just glad we avoided the village of Lower *Piddle*.

There were only 10 of us – a mixture of Chimaera’s, Griffith’s and S’s and my brother John in his Tuscan! He was really taken with a village (actually 2 houses) called “New Invention” – I think he felt he belonged there in his gleaming beastie!

After a gentle (?) meander up over Clee Hills, we descended to a pub for lunch, then on to a village called Pembridge for a “loo” stop. Here a chicken seemed to “own” the car park – she patrolled round it as we all lined the cars up, then, whilst we nipped into the local ice cream shop, she nipped onto one of the Chimps and managed to “poop” right onto the driver’s head rest. It was a good shot, but didn’t go down to well with Stuart who owns said Chimeara - he wasn’t impressed! He was last seen chasing the chicken round the car park with a packet of sage and onion stuffing in his hand!

But it was whilst we drove back, through Worcester, that I realised something was missing – then I realised what it was – we needed a TVR song – something we can sing together on such “rumbles”. Maybe I was harking back to those “good old days” round the camp fire, when we sang such meaningful words as:

“Ging gang gooli gooli gooli gooli watcha, ging gang goo, ging gang goo”

(isn’t that illegal now?) and played with each other’s woggles (I’m sure that is!)

So here’s two suggestions:

For those with no musical ability whatsoever, you could just sing:

T – V – R, T – V – R, T – V – R,
T – V – R, T – V – R, T – V – R,
T – V – R, T – V – R, T – V – R,
T – V – R.

In the same way football fans sing “Ing-er-land, Ing-er-land, Ing-er-land” or “Here we go, here we go, here we go”

Alternatively, for those who claim a little more musical ability, try this to the tune of “Onward Christian Soldiers”:

We've a T – V – R car,
Makes a lot of noise,
We are all just big kids
With our big kids' toys.
Like to show our cars off,
Driving or at shows,
But it's best when we rev up
So we can really pose!

Chorus:

*We've a T – V – R car,
Makes a lot of noise,
We are all just big kids
With our big kids' toys.*

All our cars are different,
No two are the same,
TVR keep changing
Doors or dash or frame;
But they all sound hairy,
With their throaty roar,
Makes you want to get back in and
Rev it up some more!

Chorus:

*We've a T – V – R car,
Makes a lot of noise,
We are all just big kids
With our big kids' toys.*

We like overtaking,
TR 8's or Stags,
Lotus, Mercs and Beamers,
Even E-type Jags,
But there is a small car,
We will never pass,
When we see the blue light on
We all ease of the gas!

Chorus:

*We've a T – V – R car,
Makes a lot of noise,
We are all just big kids
With our big kids' toys*

Tuscan, Chimp or Griffith,
Tasmin or S4,
We like driving flat out
Foot right to the floor,
Not that we are hot heads,
We all take great care,
We just want to make all drivers
Stop and gawp and stare!

Chorus:

*We've a T – V – R car,
Makes a lot of noise,
We are all just big kids
With our big kids' toys.*

When the day is over,
And we're in our beds,
Dreams of extra horsepower,
Fills our sleepy heads;
Then a new day's breaking
Time to drive once more,
First we wash and polish it –
Just like the day before!

Chorus:

*We've a T – V – R car,
Makes a lot of noise,
We are all just big kids
With our big kids' toys.*

Feel free to sing this (perhaps quietly?) at all future TVR events, and then send the Royalty cheques, made payable to David Morgan, care of the home for the slightly bewildered.....

David (G10TVR) Morgan