

The thought went by on the way to town,
The on the train line the rain came suddenly down;
The track was wet as we traveled in,
The strain to maintain and stay on and win.

Thinking along as we watched and waited,
People talking and chatting and children hated;
Each station we stopped at picked up passengers,
A city out of sight and a train full of messengers.

As it filled up nearly all the seats were full,
The engine chugging and puffing like a bull;
Each with their daily work to attend,
The strain on train now what to amend.

As we approached our final destination,
The railway attendant appeared for investigation;
When all the travelers were safely unloaded,
The stress and the strain were quickly decoded.

The crew were questioned and asked what's wrong,
As to why did this train have to take so long;
Tickers were collected and passed in for account,
Of the burden and weight of such an amount.

Well the answer is simple said the conductor to driver,
If you overload the train don't expect a survivor;
Though on this occasion there was not a single life lost,
But the locomotive was retired and that's was the cost.

Signed,

The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plane train