

# I Remember The Cheese Of My Childhood

I remember the cheese of my childhood,  
and the bread that we cut with a knife,  
When the children helped with the housework,  
and the men went to work, not the wife.

The cheese never needed an ice chest,  
and the bread was so crusty and hot,  
The children were seldom unhappy  
and the wife was content with her lot.

I remember the milk from the billy,  
with the yummy cream on the top,  
Our dinner came hot from the oven,  
and not from the fridge in the shop.

The kids were a lot more contented,  
they didn't need money for kicks,  
Just a game with our mates in the paddock,  
and sometimes the Saturday flicks.

I remember the shop on the corner,  
where a pen'orth of lollies was sold  
Do you think I'm a bit too nostalgic,  
or is it... I'm just getting old?

I remember when the loo was the dunny,  
and the dunny-man came in the night,  
It wasn't the least bit funny  
going out the back with no light.

The interesting items we perused,  
from the newspapers cut into squares,  
And hung on a peg in the outhouse,  
it took little to keep us amused.

The clothes were boiled in the copper,  
with plenty of rich foamy suds  
But the ironing seemed never ending  
as Mum pressed everyone's duds

I remember the slap on my backside,  
and the taste of soap if I swore  
Anorexia and diets weren't heard of  
and we hadn't much choice what we wore.

Do you think that bruised our ego?  
or our initiative was destroyed  
We ate what was put on the table  
**and I think life was better enjoyed.**