

Upwardly Mobile by Judith Boardman

I bought myself a smartphone but I'm not smart
I fumble with the touchscreen like a real old fart

My stubby fingers tap, tap, tap, as through the screens I go
but what the heck's an app - I don't know

GPS and wi-fi, now I've got it all
but when it rings I've really have no idea how to take the call

My old phone was a trusted friend, a real old brick
with solid though worn out buttons, no need to flick

It had no fancy features, no bluetooth in my ear
I simply shouted louder though my wife could never hear

But now I've got my upgrade I can face the modern age
I stare at the screen in silence, reviewing every page

My smartphone handles everything, I've become a mobile geek
with email, Facebook and Twitter, I never have to speak!

In cafes, pubs and living rooms, I ignore both my friends
take heed of every whistle, latch onto every trend

No it's not rude, now everyone enjoys their mobile phone
but hang on...where have they all gone, I'm in the pub alone