

## JUST A TRI GUY

Put me at the start  
And I'll give it my best go  
I'm not much of a swimmer  
My times are just so so

(Chorus)

I'm just a tri guy  
With a passion for the sport  
I love to be out racing  
Though I often come up short

I'll run into transition  
For the change I have to make  
For now I'm on a mission  
Not to take a break

It's me and my machine  
Out on the road together  
Taking in the scene  
No matter what the weather

In T2 I rack my bike  
Slip on my shoes  
And running gear not delicate-like  
For more time I hate to lose

I've taken aid and feeling strong  
I start to pass the fading masses  
It's not too hot and not too long  
Before the finish line too passes

Yes I'm just a tri guy  
on the road to where it takes me.  
(Steve King 2005)

## OVER THE HILL

I'm a master they all told me  
When I hit the big 4-0  
But I know I'm not on empty  
As I'm still ready to go

With pb`s now behind  
And placings further down  
The goals I can still find  
And age group wear the crown

Any surface I embrace  
Or distance undertake  
As long as I can race  
For only racing`s sake

Then came along my 50<sup>th</sup>  
With no lessening of the thrill  
I may not have been the niftieth  
But I'm far from over the hill

More challenges lie ahead  
And hopefully decades yet to run  
Training gets me out of bed  
For the sound of the starter`s gun

I cannot take for granted  
The right to race and train  
But the seed got planted  
As the pleasure's in the pain

Though the pride's forever  
And the pain can use a pill  
I pray that it'll be never  
That I'm really over the hill.  
(Steve King 2005)

## RUNNING IN THE ZONE

It keeps me running  
Till the twilight of the day  
It keeps me running in all weathers  
Come what may

I'm fleet of foot  
I'm heavy and I'm slow  
But I'll never stop  
Because I'm –  
Running in the zone

The time moves on  
and my pace is steady  
I'll finish this off  
When I'm good and ready

I'm having a blast  
Over country and the road  
For peace of mind it's the only mode  
Because I'm –  
Running in the zone

I'll run alone  
Or in a pack  
I'll take on the hills  
Or hit the track

I love to race  
To be at my best  
To make the pace  
And to complete the test  
Because I'm –  
running in the zone

never alone  
away from the phone  
my body's just on loan  
yes ET's going home  
(Steve King 2005)

## ADRENALINE RIDE

There's a reason we all do it  
Some say it's for the rush  
It's not about the money  
Though it can make you flush

It's about the speed  
It's about the drive  
It's the thrill of now  
Of being fully alive –  
It's an adrenaline ride

Boarding down a hill  
Riding in a storm  
Seeking out a thrill  
Anything but the norm

It's not about complaining  
Or sitting on the side  
It's about the urge for –  
An adrenaline ride

The chemicals are surging  
Through the body's range  
It takes a little urging  
Sometimes a glance exchange

To understand the drive  
To undertake the dare  
Is to feel fully alive  
And fully face the scare

Nothing can compare  
No nothing can compare  
To the thrill that comes inside  
From an adrenaline ride  
(Steve King 2005)

## PEDAL POWER

Put the pedal to the metal  
Lean onto the bars  
And ride the highest gear  
Sail along the roadway  
Like the sports big stars

Stand up and feel the grind  
As the hills begin to wind  
Toward another peak or imaginary goal  
May the ride be perfect  
And soothe the rider's soul

Take it for enduro  
Or just a little spin  
For convenience or for fitness  
Embrace the Lance within

Go on a solo trip  
Or maybe a group ride  
But for a cycling junkie  
It's hard to sit inside

The time and miles go quickly  
If the engine's in good shape  
Ride another hour  
or until the sun goes down  
As long as there's no spills or flats  
There's pleasure in pedal power  
(Steve King 2005)

## SWIMMING

Breast, back, fly and free  
In the pool or the open sea  
Before the judges and the FINA panel  
Or the challenge of the English Channel

Perkins, Popov, Thorpe and Spitz  
Would make any list of greatest hits  
Taking to it like a fish in water  
lots of tykes both son and daughter

rising early to put in the laps  
goggles are donned as well as the caps  
fins, pull buoys and boards  
all give assistance to the thrashing hordes

the coaches are there to impart their know how  
to challenge the slackers and work on technique  
to work on work ethic  
and to strengthen the weak

The past is the past  
And the curtain is down  
The times were so fast –  
It led us to frown  
And as one coach stated,  
Regarding low voices of gender female  
They're swimmers not singers  
Not male, though doubt lingers

Each of the tykes may have their dreams  
The future is golden for some it seems  
The past is full of podium names  
who made their mark at the Olympic Games  
(Steve King 2005)

## EXHILARATION

Nervous tension pervades the body  
stomach turning, limber up,  
go through the exercises,  
moving forward – now the start.

The gun is fired and away we go  
shoving, pushing, clicking heels,  
a thousand feet going through the motions,  
not too fast, not too slow.

Trying to set a relaxed pace  
but this is not just training,  
It's hard going, it's a race,  
got to go for it and give it all you've got.

Finding some going slower,  
halfway there, legs feel heavy,  
but mind is strong, so push along,  
positioned well and holding on.

Now the pace has slackened around,  
am passing others and feeling good,  
must be my day, I'm onto a good one.  
Harmony of mind and body.

Lovely feeling for a while,  
though the doubts start to creep in,  
it's the last mile,  
can I do it, will I win?

I can, I really can I say.  
See the finish the finish and pump my arms,  
the legs respond and then it's over.  
Thank you Lord, for those precious moments.  
(by Steve King)

## THE ATHLETE

The streets are empty,  
the night is cold,  
a figure passes upright and bold,  
onward strides to goals unknown,  
save those in thoughts, his own.

Who is the man, what are his aims,  
some seconds in minds of others ponder,  
not to many, but those so dear,  
are they expressed or made too clear,  
Let them wonder.

He pushes forward, the miles pass by,  
going well he's feeling high.  
Rain and sun his zeal diminished.  
Hurry up let's get this finished.

Could it be ego, love of praise,  
hero worship, crowds amaze?  
Not for him, our lonely hero,  
he's just average, praise is zero.

Do I know this lonely figure,  
running/walking with such vigour?  
Can't sit back and spectate  
Get out quick it's getting late.  
It is me – I wish I were great!  
(by Steve King)

COLIN YOUNG

Of small and wiry stature,  
thereby stands his frame,  
a man of such great valour,  
though how many know his name?

His deeds we must report,  
for those who would retort,  
what is this talk of walking,  
it hardly is a sport.

To them I ask sincerely,  
give a thought or two,  
for the goals he plans so clearly,  
to see each long race through.

Not for him comes national fame,  
no fortune for his winning,  
he lives his life just like a game,  
hard and fast and spinning.

Not confined to one interest,  
his talents are abounding,  
at reporting he's the best,  
on washboard he's astounding.

Record books can't keep him out,  
endurance is his forte`,  
fleet of foot and heart so stout,  
his fans they say Salute`

Who is this man of which I write,  
whose praise is rarely sung?  
Why it's no other than my friend  
Mr. Colin Young.  
(by Steve King)

## WASTE

Waste of time,  
waste of money  
looking back,  
it's not so funny.

Things gone by,  
chances passed,  
dare not try,  
came in last.

Thinking now,  
of misspent youth,  
sitting down,  
long in tooth.

Given up?,  
do not despair,  
for if you think,  
then hope is there.

Push yourself,  
move with haste,  
times goes on,  
but now not waste.

(by Steve King)

FULFILLMENT

For years the yearning nestled,  
and lingered on in hopes.  
That passion and ambition,  
hanging taut like ropes.

One day the sun arises,  
all glorious and aloof.  
It was not wasted longing,  
for there's the living proof.

Suddenly it's over,  
just as quick as came,  
reflections then are all we have,  
but life is never the same.  
(by Steve King)

LONELY FACE

That lonely face,  
seen in a crowd  
uttered not,  
yet spoke out loud.

Always there,  
where many walk,  
distant look,  
in search of talk.

A kindly word,  
from just one being,  
that's all is needed,  
not just seeing.

So pass not by,  
without a greeting,  
that lonely face,  
albeit fleeting.

For you the soul,  
who gave off cheer,  
you made a friend,  
to me that's dear.

(by Steve King)

### JUST SMALL FISH

Resting soul and tranquil space,  
settled mind and peaceful face,  
blissful setting, no big rush,  
life moves by, no more crush.

Country life with its own pace,  
such contrast to the rat race,  
cultural happenings may not see,  
but when I'm back do you see me?

Just small fish in a giant bowl,  
each one seeking some different goal,  
doing things against our wishes,  
for the food to feed the fishes.  
(by Steve King)

## MONEY

Money brings us many things,  
though lack of it so few,  
governing our daily lives,  
in everything we do.

Whether Old or New World,  
the problems still remain,  
some will have and some will not,  
though our needs are same.

Give and take,  
supply, demand,  
make of it what you will,  
for life revolves around this thing,  
and man will even kill.

(by Steve King)