

Leisure Centre, Pleasure Centre

by John Rice

Through plate glass doors
with giant red handles,
into light that's as bright
as a million candles,
chlorine smells, the whole place steaming
kids are yelling, kids are screaming.

Watch them

wave jump
dive thump
cartwheel
free wheel
look cute
slip chute
toe stub
nose rub

in the leisure centre, pleasure centre.

Sporty people laugh and giggle
folk in swimsuits give a wiggle,
kids in the cafe are busy thinkin'
if they can afford some fizzy drinkin'.
In the changing rooms the wet folk shiver,
it's hard to get dressed as you shake and quiver.

And we go

breast-stroke
back stroke
two-stroke
big folk
hair soak
little folk
eye poke
no joke

in the leisure centre, pleasure centre.

And now we're driving back home,
fish 'n' chips in the car,
eyes are slowly closing
but it's not very far.
Snuggle-wuggle up in fresh clean sheets
a leisure centre trip is the best of treats!

Because you can
keep fit
leap sit
eat crisps
do twists
belly flop
pit stop
fill up
with 7-Up
get going
blood flowing
look snappy
be happy
in the leisure centre, pleasure centre.

