

BARRY WHITEHEAD

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## Bournville to Kings Heath (Anticlockwise)

The winter's chill, a refreshing breeze  
In frosty Birmingham, on a winter's morn  
The number 11 bus route, a winding course is born  
From Bournville's chocolate halls to Kings Heath's charm  
The bus ride's a journey, through the city's psalm

The snowflakes dance, like diamonds in the air  
As the bus rumbles on, with passengers so fair  
Their breaths misty clouds, like dragon's breath  
As they huddle in, from the winter's wrath

The bus driver's smile, a warmth in the cold  
His voice a soothing melody, as he's told  
To keep the bus on track, through the snow and ice  
To bring the passengers, to their destination nice

The route winds through, the city's heart  
Past shops and cafés, a winter's part  
The Christmas lights, a twinkling sight  
As the bus rolls on, through the winter's night

The passengers, a mix of young and old  
Each one with stories, to be told  
Their journeys different, yet the same  
As they ride the bus, through the winter's game

As the bus rumbles on, with ease  
The passengers, a community so strong  
Riding the number 11, all day long