

AUTUMN DAYS

**As the white clouds turn cold and grey above me,
And as the leaves crunch below me.
I start my work with a gentle growl.
I turn on my engine and I start to plough
The golden corn standing tall
With autumn leaves that start to fall.**

**I remember once when I was young I roared
But now I'm old coughing and spluttering
my feet are tired, worn out and battered.
I need a place to stay
I wish I was young again.**

My name is little red tractor.



By Amy Jones & Bethany Ward