

## **The Coachmen**

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But what about the coachmen?  
The telegraphists too?  
Soda jerks and chimney sweeps  
What are they to do?

Each time a new invention  
Replaces someone's task  
We wonder how they will go on.  
What's next for them? We ask.

Are all of us replaceable?  
Do any of us matter?  
How can we get a job that's safe  
Atop the corporate ladder?

But we went on and did new things  
With cars and phones and wires.  
Learning, doing, growing; then  
Pink slips become new hires.

Now let's not fret for future work,  
We'll change as new tech rises.  
We need new folks to learn new jobs  
And handle new surprises.

So bring on all the robots  
A.I. and automation  
Each one will need a lot of help  
And that's the new vocation.

But what about the coachmen? Well,  
They learned another skill.  
We'll teach and train each other now  
To fit the future's bill.