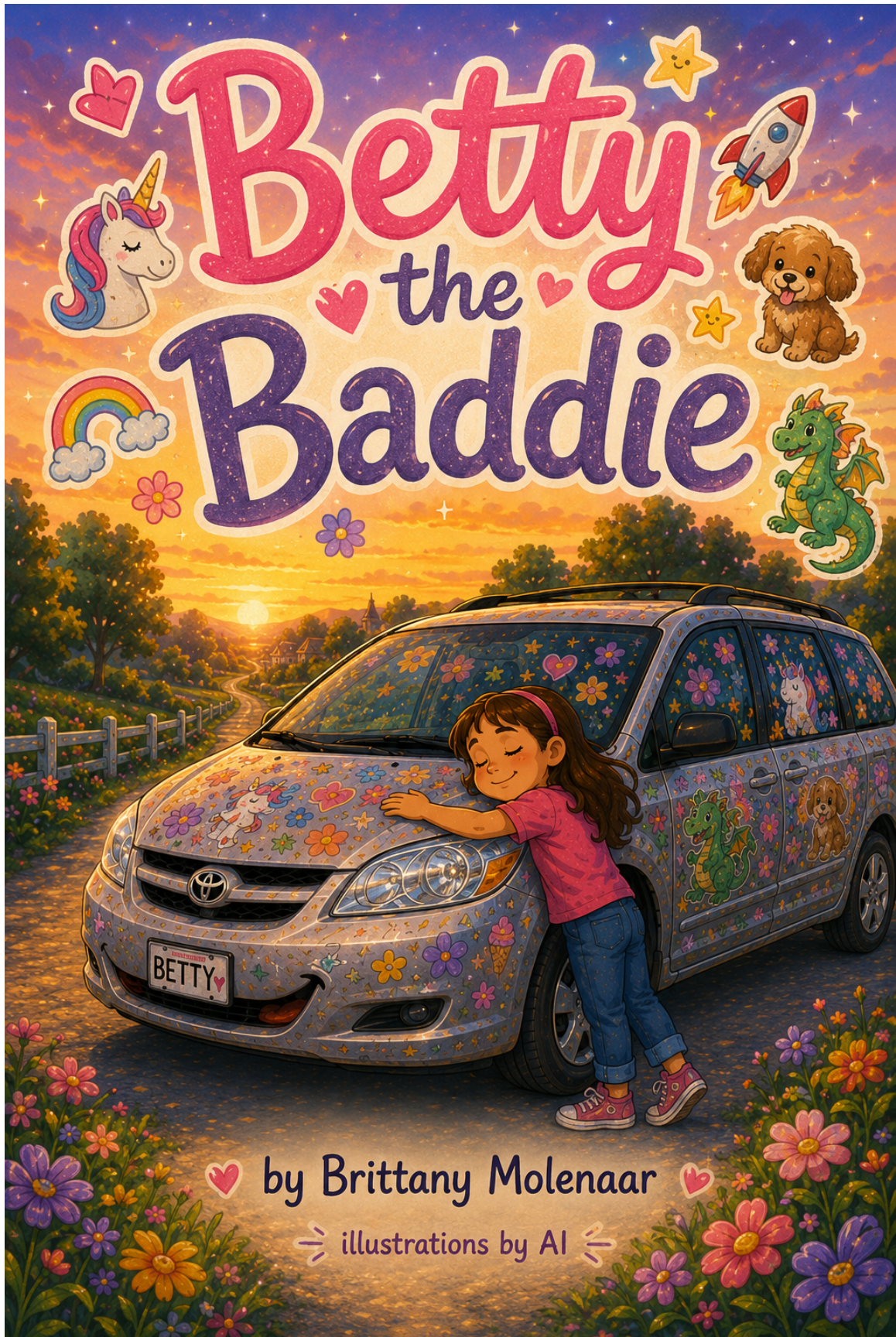
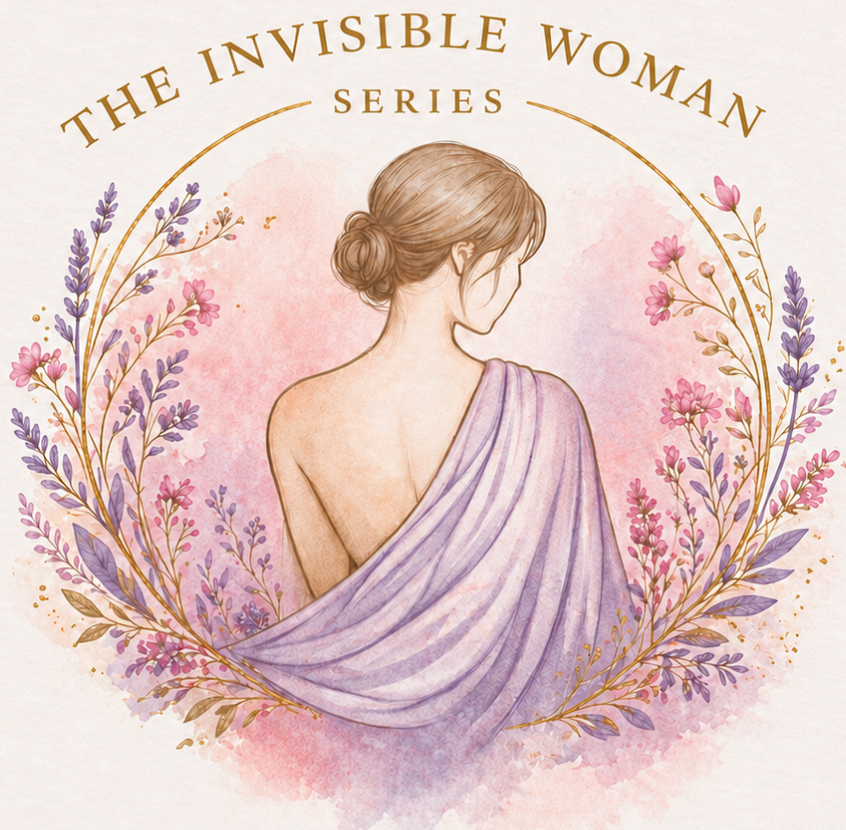






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Betty the Baddie



Once in a town where the prairie winds blew, lived Betty the Baddie, a minivan, true.

A silver Toyota from twenty-eleven, her riders all swore she was highway-bound heaven.



Now, Betty wasn't perfect, not shiny and new,
She'd weathered some adventures and rough patches, too.

One sliding door groaned, "I don't work anymore!"
So everyone climbed through the opposite door.

Long ago, duct tape had helped her get by,
Like a silver-gray bandage beneath the blue sky.



She acquired some dents and a little bump, too,
The sort that old road-tripping champions do.

But Betty just chuckled and rolled down the street,
For she knew that her kindness made her complete.



Her owner, a girl with bright dreams in her head,
Would pat Betty's dashboard every time that she said,
"Betty's the coolest! The best one around!
The queen of the road from the city to town!
Her momma would smile as she gave Betty a tap.
"She's carried our family through every mishap."



Five busy kids piled in and out with a shout,
As balls, snacks, and backpacks came tumbling about.

They bounced, and they giggled and sang on the way,
Turning every old car ride into a play.



Then one afternoon, full of sunny delight,
They decorated Betty to make her look bright.

With unicorn stickers and rainbows galore,
They covered her windows from ceiling to floor.



There were rockets and puppies and stars that all gleamed
And dragons and flowers and ice cream supreme.

When Betty rolled by, people started to say,
"Now THAT's a baddy-vehicle serving HER way!"

Betty felt proud, but she knew deep inside,
The stickers weren't really what made her glide.



For one day, a shiny new car rolled past,
Its paint sparkled brightly, polished and vast. The little girl stared
dumbfounded as it cruised down the lane.
"Betty," she whispered, "do you ever complain?"

Your door doesn't work, and you've got a few dents.
That fancy new car looks worth thousands of cents."



Betty hummed softly as she rolled along,
Her engine replied with a comforting song.

"My paint may be faded, my door may be slow,
But there's something much greater I'd like you to know.

It's not what you wear or how fancy you seem.
It's not whether others think you're a dream.

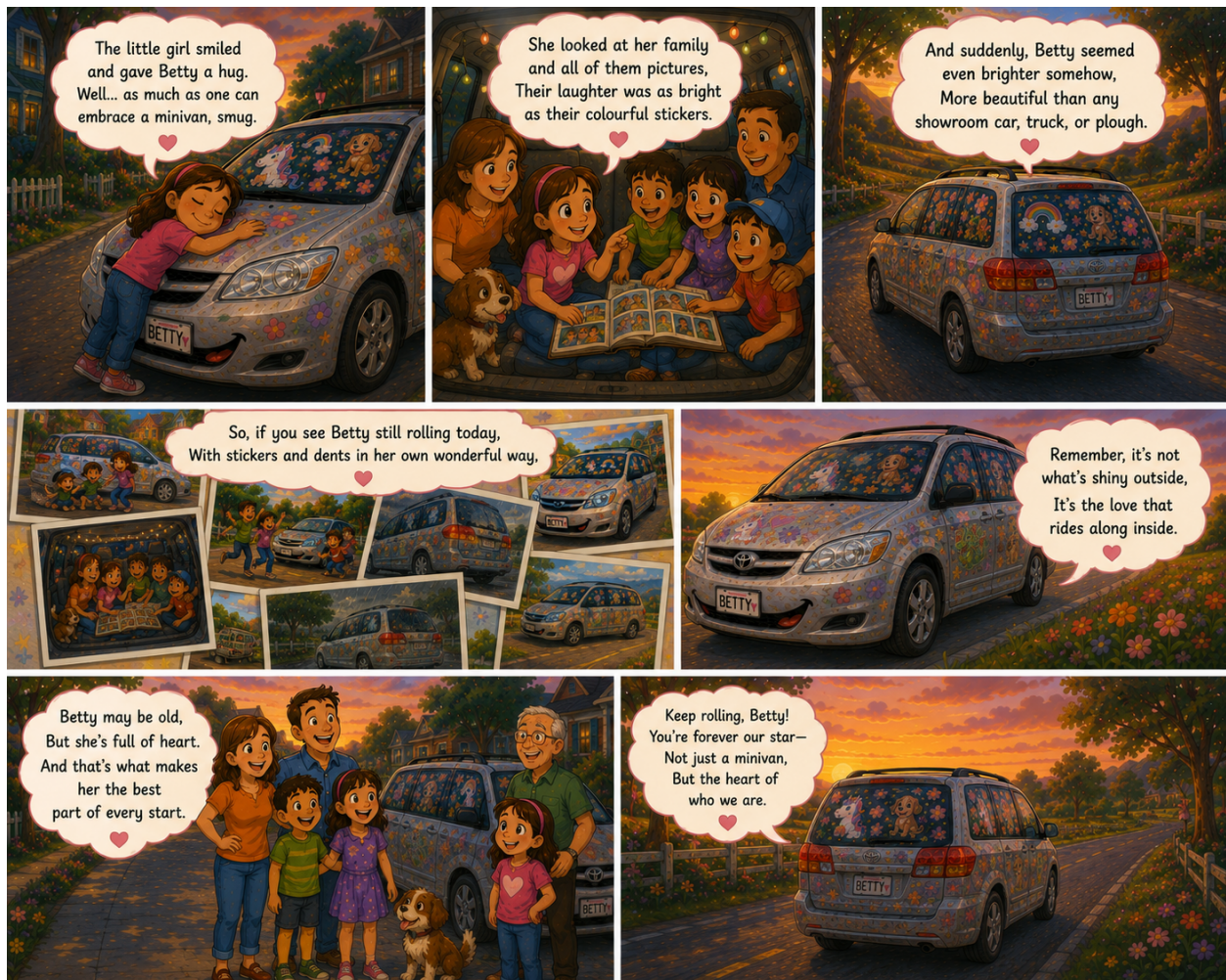


The best things in life cannot sparkle or shine.
They're goodness and laughter and hearts that are kind.

I've carried your family through sunshine and rain.
I've taken you dancing and home once again.

I've listened to stories and tears and delight.
I've helped keep you safe every day and each night.

The love that we share is what makes me a star.
Not because I'm the newest or fanciest car."



The little girl smiled and gave Betty a hug.
Well... as much as one can embrace a minivan, smug.

She looked at her family and all of them pictures,
Their laughter was as bright as their colourful stickers.

And suddenly, Betty seemed even brighter somehow,
More beautiful than any showroom car, truck, or plough.

So, if you see Betty still rolling today,
With stickers and dents in her own wonderful way,



Remember her lesson wherever you roam:
A loving heart matters much more than its chrome.
For beauty grows brightest, both near and afar,
When kindness is carried inside who you are.
And Betty the Baddie still proudly will be,
The coolest old Sienna you ever did see!

Click to hear the song: <https://suno.com/s/7P3tl6rcTshkRZ2I>