

## The Tramp

There's a tramp who stays in our garden  
Not in the garden shed, for that is far too full of tools and equipment  
Nor in the garage, for that is far too full of cardboard boxes and of bottles for recycling  
But in the summerhouse, where there are curtains for his privacy  
And an electric cable with a kettle and toaster

There's a tramp who stays in our garden  
Who climbs in over the wall, and steps carefully between the bushes  
Sitting quietly on the reclining chair, thoughtfully stroking his stubbly chin  
Choosing to sleep on the floor, rather than on the airbed  
Which lies in the corner, as deflated as his confidence

There's a tramp who stays in our garden  
He was once married, to his life-long wife, or so he thought  
With children and friends and work and a career  
Then that all changed one day, when he came home  
To find his clothes in a case on the lawn, and the locks changed

There's a tramp who stays in our garden  
Who won the argument that no fixed abode didn't apply to his car  
In which he lived for a while, with his letters posted through the quarterlight  
And the three-season sleeping bag spread over the folded rear seats  
And the cereal packs spilling over the floor

There's a tramp who stays in our garden, where does yours stay?