

Tramp

Mungo Jerry

The sun was low, and the shadow was cold
On the pale drawn face, that was wrinkled and old
A newspaper coat, hanging loose 'round his throat
And the shoes on his feet, strips of leather tied up with rope
His uncombed hair, and eyes that would stare
At the people passing by, who didn't know or didn't care

This poor old man he's all alone
He's got no money or no home of his own
The back street's his kitchen
The footpath's his hall
And the chalk on the brick work
Are the pictures on his wall
He lays down his head
On the pavement that's his bed
And when he sleeps, his dreams fade away

He walks down the street, with his hands in his coat
Looking down at his feet, for a dog-end he could smoke
He thinks about food, good drinking and good fun
As he searches through the dustbins, his life almost done