

# 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