

Homeless

I'm walking through the streets alone,
with plastic bags all on my own.
The tea-room helps me to survive,
A rotten sandwich keeps alive.

I lost my job, my home, my wife,
that put an end to civil life.
My kids don't know me any more,
in my face they slammed the door.

I walk the streets and have no hope,
I drink my booze and shoot up dope.
I kill myself in different ways,
numbered are my lonely days.