

## Pie and Mash

Jim could not remember when  
He'd had a *better* pint, but then  
It was some time since he'd been out  
For pie and mash and a glass of stout.

So, he sat in the snug, watched the world go by  
Supped his pint, and enjoyed his pie  
For Jim there was no better way  
To top this most unusual day.

He even met two perfect strangers  
Shot the breeze, decried the danger  
Of London life in uncertain times  
And shook his head at the rising crime.

At ten, they left, to catch their train  
'Goodnight Jim – see you again?'  
'Perhaps,' he said, 'we'll have to see  
And if we do, next round's on me!'

*This is, Jim thought, my idea of heaven*  
And when Big Ben rang out eleven  
'Time,' said he, 'for just one more!'  
...Then two dark shapes approached the door.

How cruel a scene to end his day!  
As burly bobbies blocked the way.  
'Allo, Allo, what 'ave we 'ere?'  
'The end,' said Jim, 'of my jaunt, I fear...'

And so, that night, there'd be no pubs  
As Jim returned to Wormwood Scrubs  
But there was no need to scream and shout  
For he had had: A Grand Day Out!