

Lonely People

All the lonely people, where do they all come from?

All the lonely people, where do they all belong?

The empty chair, the empty plate

The cold side of the bed

No-one to plant the carrots

No-one busy in the shed

The silence is the worst part

No laughter now and then

No hugs when things don't go so well

No more Joan and Ken

First day at his new school

And not a face he knew

A red and black new uniform

The old one grey and blue

No-one in the playground

To choose him for their team

Would he ever find a friend ?

Or sit and watch and dream

The homeless man just walks the streets

His old dog by his side

Carrying a Tesco bag

With all he has inside

He looks for somewhere dry to sleep

To keep him from the rain

But sometimes as he settles down

He is moved on again

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All the lonely people, where do they all belong?